

POEMS

By the most deservedly Admired

M^{rs} KATHERINE PHILIPS

The matchless

ORINDA.

To which is added

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE'S

POMPEY	} TRAGEDIES.
&	
HORACE,	

With several other Translations out of

FRENCH.

LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for H. Herringman, at the Sign of
the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the
New Exchange. 1667.



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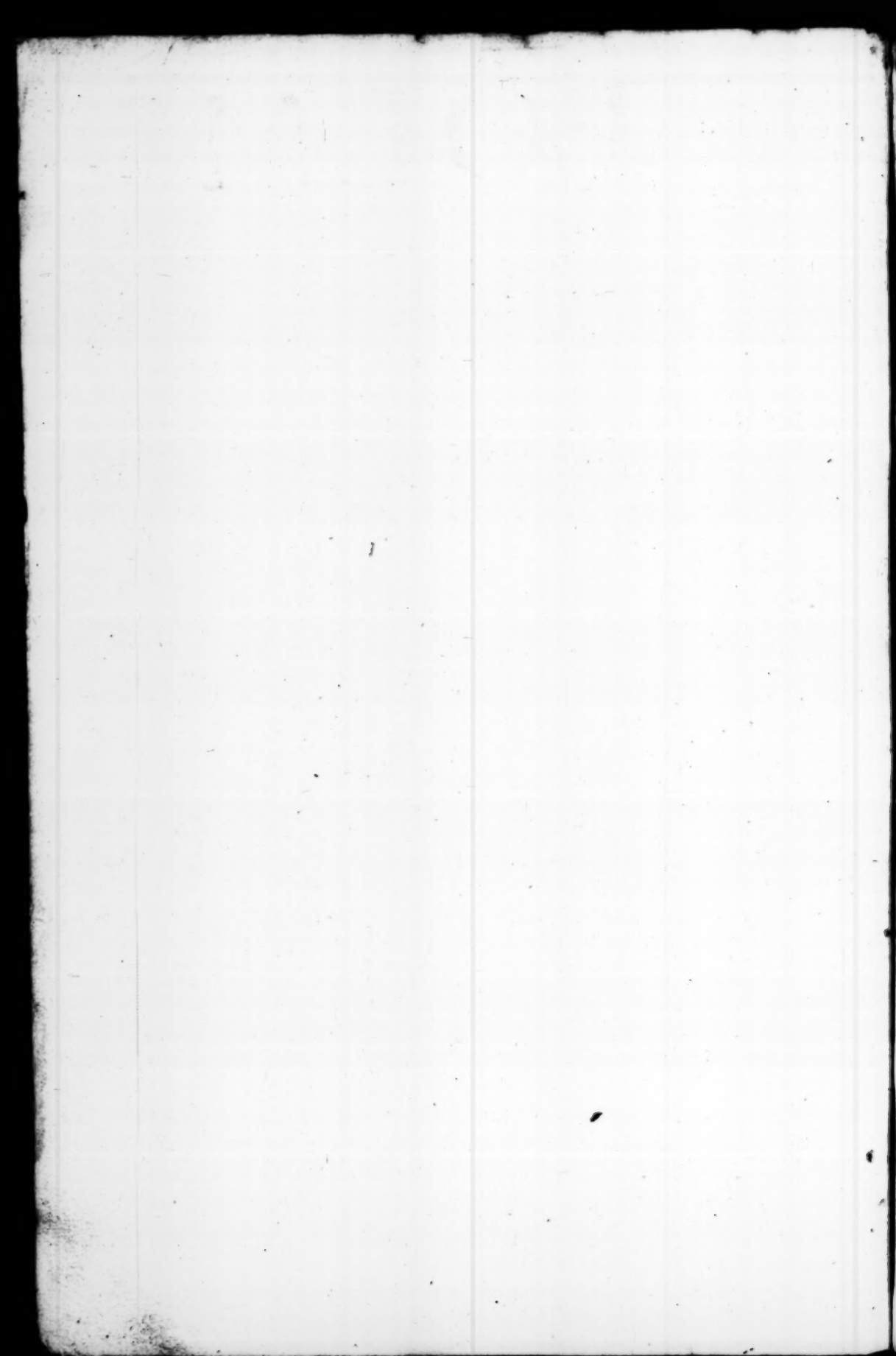
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PREFACE.

When the false Edition of these Poems stole into the light, a Friend of that incomparable Ladys that made them, knowing how averse she was to be in print, and therefore being sure that it was absolutely against her consent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (she being then in *Wales* above 150 miles from this Town) went presently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upon the Stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the Stationer himself for whom it was printed, and took the best course he could with both to get it suppress'd, as it presently was (though afterward many of the Books were privately sold) and gave her an account by the next Post of what he had done. A while after he received this Answer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that disguised Name she had given him, it being her custom to use such with most of her particular friends.

Worthy Poliarchus,

It is very well that you chid me so much for endeavouring to express a part of the sense I have of your obligations; for while you go on in conferring them beyond all possibility of acknowledgment, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your last generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy usage I have received at London from the Press, doth as much transcend all your former favours, as the injury done me by that Publisher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had. All I can say to you for it, is, that though you assert an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent person, and that it is impossible for ma-

A

lice

The Preface.

lice it self to have printed those *Rimes* (you tell me are gotten abroad so impudently) with so much abuse to the things, as the very publication of them at all, though they had been never so correct, had been to me; to me (Sir) who never writ any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord Falkland's mind, that said,

He danger fear'd than censure less,
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Prefs.

And who (I think you know) am sufficiently distrustful of all, that my own want of company and better employment, or others commands have seduc'd me to write, to endeavor rather that they should never be seen at all, than that they should be expos'd to the world with such effrontery as now they most unhappily are. But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a Rock and a Mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to spend their Solitude in what Resveries they please, and that our Rivers (though they are babbling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their Banks; but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate person that cannot so much as think in private, that must have my imaginations rifled and exposed to play the Mountebanks, and dance upon the Ropes to entertain all the rabble; to undergo all the railery of the Wits, and all the severity of the Wise, and to be the sport of some that can, and some that cannot read a Verse: This is a most cruel accident, and hath made so proportionate an impression upon me, that really it hath cost me a sharp fit of sickness since I heard it, and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am sure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am so innocent of that wretched Artifice of a secret consent (of which I am, I fear, suspected) that whoever would have brought me those
Copies

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Copies corrected and amended, and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed, should not have obtained it. But though there are many things, I believe, in this wicked impression of those fancies, which the ignorance of what occasion'd them, and the falseness of the Copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant, yet I could give some account of them to the severest Cato, and I am sure they must be more abus'd than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book, nor can imagine what's in't) before they can be render'd otherwise than Sir Edward Deering says in his Epilogue to Pompey.

———No bolder thought can tax
Those Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex,
As chaste the lines, as harmless is the sense,
As the first smiles of infant innocence.

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Vertue and Honour; and I am so little concern'd for the reputation of writing Sense, that provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge, much less connivance at this Publication, I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true Copies, as you advise me to do: which if you still should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune, and to general satisfaction; and that, as you tell me, all the rest of my friends will press me to it, I should yield to it with the same reluctancy as I would cut off a Limb to save my Life. However I hope you will satisfy all your acquaintance of my aversion to it, and did they know me as well as you do, that Apology were very needless, for I am so far from expecting applause for anything I scribble, that I can hardly expect pardon; and sometimes I think that employment so far above my reach, and unfit for my Sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever; and could I have recovered those fugitive Papers that have escap'd my hands, I had long since
made

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made a sacrifice of them all. The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riming, and intending the effects of that humour, only for my own amusement in a retir'd life; I did not so much resist it as a wiser woman would have done; but some of my dearest friends having found my Ballads, (for they deserve no better name) they made me so much believe they did not dislike them, that I was betray'd to permit some Copies for their divertisement; but this, with so little concern for them, that I have lost most of the originals, and that I suppose to be the cause of my present misfortune; for some infernal Spirits or other have catch'd those rags of Paper, and what the careless blotted writing kept them from understanding, they have supplied by conjecture, till they put them into the shape wherein you saw them, or else I know not which way it is possible for them to be collected, or so abominably transcrib'd as I hear they are. I believe also there are some among them that are not mine, but every way I have so much injury, and the worthy persons that had the ill luck of my converse, and so their Names expos'd in this impression without their leave, that few things in the power of Fortune could have given me so great a torment as this most afflictive accident. I know you Sir, so much my friend, that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint; but methinks it is a great injustice to revenge my self upon you by this Harangue for the wrongs I have received from others; therefore I will only tell you that the sole advantage I have by this cruel news, is that it has given me an experiment, That no adversity can shake the constancy of your friendship, and that in the worst humour that ever I was in, I am still,

Worthy Poliarchus,

Cardigan,

Jan. 29.

1663

Your most faithful, most obliged
Friend, and most humble Servant

ORINDA.

She

The Preface.

She writ divers Letters to many of her other friends full of the like resentments, but this is enough to shew how little she desired the fame of being in print, and how much she was troubled to be so exposed. It may serve likewise to give a taste of her Prose to those that have seen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar Letters, which she did with strange readiness and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect Orthography; and if they were collected with those excellent Discourses she writ on several subjects, they would make a Volume much larger than this, and no less worth the reading.

About three months after this Letter she came to *London*, where her Friends did much sollicite her to redeem her self by a correct impression; yet she continued still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been over-rul'd by their persuasions if she had lived.

But the small Pox, that malicious disease (as knowing how little she would have been concern'd for her handsomness, when at the best) was not satisfied to be as injurious a Printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the Stationer had them; for though he to her most sensible affliction surreptitiously possess'd himself of a false Copy, and sent those children of her Fancy into the World, so martyred, that they were more unlike themselves than she could have been made had she escaped; that murderous Tyrant, with greater barbarity seiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true Original, and to the much juster affliction of all the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her Grave, upon the 22. of *June* 1664. she being then but 31 years of age.

But he could not bury her in Oblivion, for this Monument which she erected for her self, will for ever make her to be honoured as the honour of her Sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both. That unfortunate surprise hath rob'd it of

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much of that perfection it might else have had, having broke off the Translation of *Horace* before it was finish'd, much less review'd, and hindred the rest from being more exactly corrected, and put into the order they were written in, as she possibly her self would have done, had she consented to a second Edition. 'Tis probable she would also have left out some of those pieces that were written with less care and upon occasions less fit to be made publick, and she might also have added more: but all industry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impression, and by divers Translations, whereof the first has the Original in the opposite Page, that they who have a mind to compare them, may by that pattern find how just she has been in all the rest to both the Languages, exactly rendring the full sence of the one, without tying her self strictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciousness of the other, by comprising it fully in the same number of lines, though in the Plays half the Verses of the French are of thirteen syllables, and the rest of twelve, whereas the English have no more but ten. In short though some of her Pieces may perhaps be lost, and others in hands that have not produc'd them; yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out; for many of the less considerable ones were publish'd in the other; but those or others that shall be judged so, may be excused by the politeness of the rest which have more of her true spirit, and of her diligence. Some of them would be no disgrace to the name of any Man that amongst us is most esteemed for his excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not pass with favour, when it is remembred that they fell hastily from the pen but of a Woman. We might well have call'd her the English *Sappho*, the of all the female Poets of former Ages, being for her Verses and her

Vertues

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Vertues both, the most highly to be valued; but she has call'd her self *ORINDA*, a name that deserves to be added to the number of the Muses, and to live with honour as long as they. Were our language as generally known to the world as the Greek and Latine were anciently, or as the French is now, her Verses could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our Islands, but would spread themselves as far as the Continent has Inhabitants, or as the Seas have any shore. And for her Vertues, they as much surpass'd those of *Sappho* as the Theological do the Moral, (wherein yet *Orinda* was not her inferiour) or as the fading immortality of an earthly Lawrel, which the justice of men cannot deny to her excellent Poetry, is transcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory, where-with the Mercy of God hath undoubtedly rewarded her more eminent Piety. Her merit should have had a Statue of Porphiry wrought by some great Artist, equal in skill to *Michael Angelo*, that might have transferr'd to posterity the lasting image of so rare a Person: but here is only a poor paper shadow of a Statue made after a Picture not very like her, to accompany that she has drawn of her self in these Poems, and which represents the beauties of her mind with a far truer resemblance, than that does the liniments of her Face. They had sooner performed this Right to her memory, if that raging Pestilence which, not long after her, swept away so many thousands here and in other places of this Kingdom; that devouring Fire, which since destroy'd this famous City; and the harsh sounds of War, which with the thunderings of Cannon, deafn'd all ears to the gentle and tender strains of Friendship, had not made the Publication of them hitherto unseasonable. But they have out-liv'd all these dismal things to see the blessing of Peace, a conjuncture more suitable to their Nature, all compos'd of kindness; so that I
hope

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hope Time it self shall have as little power against them, as these other storms have had, and then * *Ovid's* conclusion of his *Metamorphosis* may with little alteration, more truth, and less vanity than by him to himself, be applyed to these once transformed, or rather deformed Poems, which, are here in some measure restor'd to their native Shape and Beauty, and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome reception now, since they wanted it not before, when they appeared in that strange disguise.

* *Nec Jovis ira,
nec ignis, nec pote-
rit ferrum, nec e-
dax abolere vetu-
stas, &c.*

THE

The Earl of Orrery to Mrs. Philips.

Madam,

When I but knew you by report,
I fear'd the praises of th' admiring Court
Were but their Complements, but now I must
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce just :
For they imperfect Trophies to you raise,
You deserve wonder, and they pay but praise ;
A praise, which is as short of your great due,
As all which yet have writ come short of you.
You, to whom wonder's paid by double right,
Both for your Verses smoothness and their height.

In me it does not the least trouble breed,
That your fair Sex does Ours in Verse exceed,
Since every Poet this great Truth does prove,
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as Love ;
Thence has your Sex the best poetick fires,
For what's inspir'd must yield to what inspires.
And as Our Sex resigns to Yours the due,
So all of your bright Sex must yield to You.
Experience shows, that never Fountain fed
A stream which could ascend above its Head ;
For those whose wit fam'd Helicon does give,
To rise above its height durst never strive,
Their double Hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it clouds and storms appear.
Let none admire then that the ancient wit
Shard in these Elements infused it ;
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends much higher,
She sharing in no Element but fire.
Past ages could not think those things you do,
For their Hill was their Basis and height too :
So that 'tis Truth, not Complement, to tell,
Your lowest height their highest did excel ;
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a heavenly fire,
To their bright Centre constantly aspire ;

*And by the place to which they take their flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light.*

*Your merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above praise as much as flattery,
And when in that we have drain'd all our store,
All grant from this nought can be distant more.*

*Though you have sung of friendships power so well,
That you in that, as you in wit excel,
Yet my own interest obliges me*

*To praise your practise more than Theory ;
For by that kindness you your friend did show
The honour I obtain'd of knowing you.*

*In Pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the life in black and white ;
The Pencil to your Pen must yield the place,
This draws the Soul, where that draws but the Face.*

*Of blest retirement such great Truths you write,
That 'tis my wish as much as your delight ;
Our gratitude to praise it does think fit,
Since all you writ are but effects of it.*

*You English Corneil's Pompey with such flame,
That you both raise our wonder and his fame ;
If he could read it, he like us would call
The copy greater than th' Original ;
You cannot mend what is already done,
'Unless you't finish what you have begun :
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis Orinda's Work, and but his Play.
The French to learn our Language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak ;
Rome too would grant, were our Tongue to her known,
Cæsar speaks better in't than in his own.
And all those Wreaths once circl'd Pompey's brow,
Exalt his Fame, less than your Verses now.*

*From these clear Truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, in Wales it is.
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda lives !*

The

The Earl of Roscommon to Orinda: an imitation of
HORACE.

Integer vita, &c.
Carm. lib. 1. od. 22.

W

1.

Vertue (dear Friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

2.

An honest mind, safely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

3.

While (rul'd by a restless fire)
Our great ORINDA I admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd, and single, run away.

4.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

5.

Leave me upon some Lybian plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

6.

The Magick of ORINDA's Name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

Upon

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
 To all the tyrannies of it.
Ah cruel Sex! will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too reign,
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain:
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore:
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many arms beside that Conquerour bore.
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,
T' assault a stubborn Town.
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

2.

Women, as if the Body were the whole
Did that, and not the Soul,
Transmit to their posterity;
If in it sometimes they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field:
And 'tis a strange increase that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feast,
A secret joy unspeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybeles contented breast:

With

With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should'st see
 This thy no less immortal Progeny,
 And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find,
 Of th' ancient Curse to Woman-kind;
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain,
 It neither Travel is, nor Labour of thy Brain.
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much room
 In the unexhausted and unfathom'd womb;
 That, like the Holland Countess, thou might'st bear
 A Child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou dost my Wonder, would'st my Envy raise,
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise.
 Wheree'er I see an excellence,
 I must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
 Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high, (Eye.
 Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine
 'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
 Or rather, 'tis Angelical:
 For, as in Angels, we
 Do in thy Verses see
 Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet; (Sweet.
 They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
 Female Chimæras, that o're Poets reign;
 I ne'er could find that Fancy true,
 But have invoc'd them oft I'm sure in vain.
 They talk of Sappho, but, alas! the shame
 Ill Manners soil the lustre of her fame.
 Orinda's inward Vertue is so bright,
 That, like a Lantern's fair enclosed light,
 It through the Paper shines where she doth write.

Honour and Friendship, and the gen'rous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond disease,
Like that of Girles our vicious stomachs please)
Are the instructive subjects of her Pen.
And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land arts, and civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters men.

5.

But Rome with all her arts could ne're inspire
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike Amazonian Train,
Which in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be settled in their Sex by her.
Merlin the Seer (and sure he would not lie
In such a sacred Company)
Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Even Boadicia's angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That Rome's o'recome at last by a Woman of her race.

Abraham Cowley.

To

To the Excellent Orinda.

L Et the male Poets their male Phœbus chuse,
Thee I invoke, Orinda, for my Muse;
He could but force a Branch, Daphne her Tree
Most freely offers to her Sex and thee,
And says to Verse, so unconstrain'd as yours,
Her Laurel freely comes, your fame secures:
And men no longer shall with raviſh'd Bays
Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd a praise.

Thou glory of our Sex, envy of men,
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with thy bright Pen:
Its lustre doth intice their eyes to gaze,
But mens sore eyes cannot endure its rayes;
It dazzles and surprizes so with light,
To find a noon where they expected night:
A Woman Translate Pompey! which the fam'd
Corneille with such art and labour fram'd!
To whose iclose version the Wits club their sence,
And a new Lay poetick S M E C springs thence!
Yes, that bold work a Woman dares Translate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear mens hate.
Nature doth find that she hath err'd too long,
And now resolves to recompence that wrong:
Phœbus to Cynthia must his beams resign,
The rule of Day and Wit's now Feminine.

That Sex, which heretofore was not allow'd
To understand more than a beast, or crowd;
Of which Problems were made, whether or no
Women had Souls; but to be damn'd, if so;
Whose highest Contemplation could not pass,
In mens esteem, no higher than the Glass;
And all the painful labours of their Brain,
Was only how to Dress and Entertain:
Or, if they ventur'd to speak sense, the wise
Made that, and speaking Oxe, like Prodigies.

From

From these thy more than masculine Pen hath rear'd
Our Sex; first to be prais'd, next to be fear'd.
And by the same Pen forc'd, men now confess,
To keep their greatness, was to make us less.

Men know of how refin'd and rich a mould
Our Sex is fram'd, what Sun is in our Gold:
They know in Lead no Diamonds are set,
And Jewels only fill the Cabinet.

Our Spirits purer far than theirs, they see;
By which even Men from Men distinguish'd be:
By which the Soul is judg'd, and does appear
Fit or unfit for action, as they are.

When in an Organ various sounds do stroak,
Or grate the ear, as Birds sing, or Toads Croak;
The Breath, that voyces every Pipe, 's the same,
But the bad mettall doth the sound defame.
So, if our Souls by sweeter Organs speak,
And theirs with harsh false notes the air do break;
The Soul 's the same, alike in both doth dwell,
'Tis from her instruments that we excel.
Ask me not then, why jealous men debar
Our Sex from Books in Peace, from Arms in War;
It is because our Parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our Persons, and Command.

Shall it be our reproach, that we are weak,
And cannot fight, nor as the School-men speak?
Even men themselves are neither strong nor wise,
If Limbs and Parts they do not exercise.

Train'd up to Arms, we Amazons have been,
And Spartan Virgins strong as Spartan Men:
Breed Women but as Men, and they are these;
Whilst Sybarit Men are Women by their ease.
Why should not brave Semiramis break a Lance,
And why should not soft Ninyas curle and dance?
Ovid in vain Bodies with change did vex,
Changing her form of life, Iphis chang'd Sex.
Nature to Females freely doth impart
That, which the Males usurp, a stout, bold heart.

Thus

*Thus Hunters female Beasts fear to assail:
And female Hawks more mettall'd than the male:
Men ought not then Courage and Wit ingross,
Whilst the Fox lives, the Lyon, or the Horse.
Much less ought men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda, shine.*

*That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank Lucasia, and thy courage boast.
Death in each Wave could not Orinda fright,
Fearless she acts that friendship she did write:
Which manly Vertue to their Sex confin'd,
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer mind;
For there's required (to do that Virtue right)
Courage, as much in Friendship as in Fight.
The dangers we despise, doth this truth prove,
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly love.*

*Engage us unto Books, Sappho comes forth,
Though not of Hesiod's age, of Hesiod's worth.
If Souls no Sexes have, as 'tis confest,
'Tis not the he or she makes Poems best:
Nor can men call these Verses Feminine,
Be the sence vigorous and Masculine.
'Tis true, Apollo sits as Judge of Wit,
But the nine Female learned Troop are it:
Those Laws, for which Numa did wise appear,
Wiser Aegeria whisper'd in his ear.
The Gracchi's Mother taught them Eloquence;
From her Breasts courage flow'd, from her Brain sence;
And the grave Beards, who heard her speak in Rome,
Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'recome.
Your speech, as hers, commands respect from all,
Your very Looks, as hers, Rhetorical:
Something of grandeur in your Verse men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.
The wise and noble Ortery's regard,
Was much observ'd, when he your Poem heard:
All said, a fitter match was never seen,
Had Pompey's Widow been Arsamnes Queen.*

Pompey, who greater than himself's become,
Now in your Poem, than before in Rome ;
And much more lasting in the Poets Pen,
Great Princes live, than the proud Towers of Men.
He thanks false Egypt for its Treachery,
Since that his Ruine is so sung by thee ;
And so again would perish, if withall,
Orinda would but celebrate his Fall.
Thus pleasingly the Bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, he in Amber Tomb shall lie.
If that all Ægypt, for to purge its Crime,
Were built into one Pyramid o're him,
Pompey would lie less stately in that Herse,
Than he doth now, Orinda, in thy Verse :
This makes Cornelia for her Pompey vow,
Her hand shall plant his Laurel on thy brow :
So equal in their merits were both found,
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes Crown'd :
And what on that great Captains Brow was dead,
She Joies to see re-flourish'd on thy head.

In the French Rock Cornelia first did shine,
But shin'd not like her self till she was thine :
Poems, like Gems, translated from the place
Where they first grew, receive another grace.
Drest by thy hand, and polish'd by thy Pen,
She glitters now a Star, but Jewel then :
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is light,
Transparent as the day, bright parts more bright.
Corneille, now made English, so doth thrive,
As Trees transplanted do much lustier live.
Thus Oar digg'd forth, and by such hands as thine
Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the Mine.
Liquors from Vessel into Vessel pour'd,
Must lose some Spirits, which are scarce restor'd :
But the French Wines, in their own Vessel rare,
Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, Spirits are ;
So high in taste, and so delicious,
Before his own Corneille thine would chuse.

He

He finds himself inlightned here, where shades
Of dark expreffion his own words had made :
There what he would have faid, he fees fo writ,
As generously, to juft decorum fit.
When in more words than his you please to flow,
Like a spread Floud, enriching all below,
To the advantage of his well meant fence,
He gains by you another excellence.
To render word for word, at the old rate,
Is only but to Conſtrue, not Tranſlate:
In your own fancy free, to his ſence true,
We read Corneille, and Orinda too :
And yet ye both are fo the very ſame,
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright flame.
And ſure the Copier's honour is not ſmall,
When Artiſts doubt which is Original.

But if your fetter'd Muſe thus praiſed be,
What great things do you write when it is free ?
When it is free to chuſe both ſence and words,
Or any ſubject the waſt World affords ?
A gliding Sea of Chryſtal doth beſt ſhew
How ſmooth, clear, full, and rich your Verſe doth flow :
Your words are choſen, cull'd, not by chance writ,
To make the ſence, as Anagrams do hit.
Your rich becoming words on the ſence wait,
As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State.
'Tis not White Satin makes a Verſe more white,
Or ſoft ; Iron is both, write you on it.
Your Poems come forth caſt, no File you need,
At one brave Heat both ſhap'd and poliſhed.

But why all theſe Encomiums of you,
Who either doubts, or will not take as due ?
Renown how little you regard, or need,
Who like the Bee, on your own ſweets doth feed ?

There are, who like weak Fowl with ſhouts fall down,
Doz'd with an Army's Acclamation :

Not

Not able to indure applause, they fall,
Giddy with praise, their praises Funeral.
But you, Orinda, are so unconcern'd,
As if when you, another we commend.
Thus, as the Sun, you in your Course shine on,
Unmov'd with all our admiration :
Flying above the praise you shun, we see
Wit is still higher by humility.

Philo-Philippa.

To

To the memory of the Excellent Orinda.

I.

Forgive bright Saint a Voi'ry, who
No missive Orders has to show;
Nor does a call to inspiration owe:
Yet rudely dares intrude among
This sacred, and inspir'd throng;
Where looking round me, ev'ry one I see,
Is a sworn Priest of Phœbus, or of thee.
Forgive this forward zeal for things divine,
If I strange fire do offer at thy Shrine:
Since the pure Incense, and the Gum
We send up to the Pow'rs above,
(If with devotion gi'v'n, and love)
Smells sweet, and does alike accepted prove,
As if from golden Censors it did come;
Though we the pious tribute pay
In some rude vessel made of common clay.

2.

What by Pindaricks can be done,
Since the great Pindar's greater * Son * Mr. A. Cowley.
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muse inspir'd)
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder Heaven's retir'd:
He, and Orinda from us gone,
What Name like theirs shall we now call upon?
Whether her Vertue, or her Wit
We chuse for our eternal Theme,
What hand can draw the perfect Scheme?
None but her self could such high subjects fit:
We yield, with shame we yield
To Death and Her the field:
For were not Nature partial to us Men,
The World's great Order had inverted been;
Had she such Souls plac'd in all Woman-kind,
Gi'v'n 'um like wit, not with like goodness join'd,
Our vassal Sex to hers had homage pay'd;
Woman had rul'd the World, and weaker Man obey'd.

c

3. To

To thee O Fame, we now commit
 Her, and these last remains of gen'rous wit :
 I charge thee, deeply to enroll
 This glorious Name in thy immortal Scroll ;
 Write ev'ry letter in large Text,
 And then to make the lustre hold,
 Let it be done with purest Gold,
 To dazzle this Age, and outshine the next :
 Since not a Name more bright than Hers,
 In this, or thy large Book appears.
 And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
 These Reliques (like her deathless Poems save)
 Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
 May they still rest from other mixture pure :
 Unless some dying Monarch shall to trye
 Whether Orinda, though her self could dye,
 Can still give others immortality ;
 Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
 As from the Prophets touch, new life from hers may come.

James Tyrrell.

To

To the Memory of the incomparable Orinda.

A Pindarick Ode.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their mind;
The glowing Heat of th' Holy Fire is gone,
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on Earth, but Ashes left behind;
E're since th' amazing sound was spread,
ORINDA's Dead,
Every soft and fragrant word,
All that Language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to set the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless World would stay:
Thus when the Death of the great PAN was told,
A long the shore the dismal tidings roll'd,
The lesser Gods their Fanes forsook;
Confounded with the mighty stroke,
They could not over-live that Fatal day,
But sigh'd, and groan'd their gasping Oracles away.

2.
How rigid are the Laws of Fate,
And how severe that black Decree?
No sublimary thing is free,
But all must enter th' Adamantine Gate:
Sooner, or later shall we come
To Nature's dark Retiring room;
And yet 'tis pity, is it not?
The learned as the fool should dye,

One full as low as t'other lye ;
Together Blended in the general lot ;
Distinguish'd only from the common croud,
By an hindg'd Coffin, or an Holland strond,
Though Fame and Honour speak them ne're so loud ;
Alas ORINDA, even thou !
Whose happy verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give ;
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now,
The Laurel wither's o're thy brow :
Methinks it should disturb thee to conceive
That when poor I this artless breath resign,
My Dust should have as much of Poetry as Thine.

3.

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire ;
On th' Billows of this world some times we rise
So dangerously high ,
We are to Heaven too nigh ;
When (all in rage
Crown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very self same fickle wave ,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,
Swoll'n to a Mountain, sinks into a grave:
Too happy Mortals if the Pow'rs above
As merciful would be ,
And easy to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free !
But they too oft delude our weary'd Eyes,
They fix a flaming Sword 'twixt us and Paradise ;
A weeping Evening crowns a smiling Day ,
Yet why should Heads of Gold , have feet of Clay ?
Why should the Man that wav'd th' Almighty Wand,
That led the Murmuring Croud ,
By Pillar and by Cloud,

Shiver-

*Shivering atop of aëry Pilegah stand,
Only to see, but never, never tread the Promis'd Land?*

4.

*Throw your Swords, and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War,
You cannot purchase e're you dy
One honourable scar,
Since that fair hand that gilded all your Bays,
That in heroick Numbers wrot your praise,
While you securely slept in Honour's Bed,
It self, alas ! is withered, cold, and Dead ;
Cold and Dead are all those Charms,
Which burnish't your Victorious Arms :
Inglorious Arms hereafter must
Blush first in bloud, and then in rust :
No Oil, but that of Her smooth words will serve
Weapon, and Warriour to preserve.
Expect no more from this dull Age,
But folly, or Pœtique Rage,
Short-liv'd Nothings of the Stage,
Vented to Day, and cry'd to morrow down,
With HER the soul of Poesie is gone ;
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as She has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
E're th' drowzy World perceiv'd that Manna was come
(down.*

5.

*You of the Sex that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by ORINDA's Tomb,
And leave your flatt'ring Glass at home ;
Within this Marble Mirror see*

f

How

How one day such as She
You must, and yet alas ! can never be.
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.
Think on the wonders of Her Pen,
'Twas that made Pompey truly Great,
Neither th' expence of blond nor sweat,
Nor yet Cornelia's Kindness made him live agen.
With envy think, when to the Grave you goe,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was her
(due.

Thomas Flatman.
M. A.

On

On the Death of M^{rs} Katherine Philips.

CRUEL Disease! Ah could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, even the Face?
There was enough of that here to assuage
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage:
Wast not enough, when thou, Profane Disease,
Didst on this glorious Temple seize,
Wast not enough, like a wild zealot there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Wast not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On the inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that Devour;
On her Embalmed Name it will abide
An Everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heaven the Top, as Earth the Basis wide.

2.

All Ages past, Record; all Countrys now
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That even Judge Paris would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.
Though Goddesses to his sentence did submit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durst he say, of all the female race
This is the sovereign Face.
And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, oh much less frequent than the Fair)
Seequally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose,

But

But if Apollo should design
 A Woman Laureat to make,
 Without dispute he would Orinda take,
 Though Sappho and the famous Nine
 Stood by, and did repine.
 To be a Princess or a Queen
 Is Great, but 'tis a Greatness always seen,
 The World did never but two Women know
 Who, one by fraud, the other by wit did rise
 To the two tops of Spiritual dignities;
 One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old,
 Nothing is shewn, but onely told,
 And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
 Male Flattery onely, and Male Poetry;
 Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning wast,
 The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
 But that too soon was paste
 The certain proofs of our Orinda's Wit
 In her own lasting characters are writ,
 And they will long my praise of them survive,
 Though long perhaps too that may live.
 The trade of Glory managed by the pen
 Though great it be, and every where is found,
 Does bring in but small profit to us men;
 'Tis by the number of the starers drown'd,
 Orinda in the female Coasts of fame
 Engrosses all the Goods of a Poetique name,
 She does no Partner with her see;
 Does all the Business there Alone which we
 Are forced to carry on by a whole company.

4

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine,
 Unless to Virtues prop it join,
 Firm and erect towards Heaven bound, (crown'd
 Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be
 It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

Now

Now shame and blushes on us all
 Who our own Sex superiour call ;
 Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
 Not in wit only, but in virtue too :
 She does above our best examples rise,
 In hate of vice, and scorn of vanities.
 Never did spirit of the manly make,
 And dipt all o're in Learnings sacred Lake,
 A temper more invulnerable take ;
 No violent passion could an entrance find
 Into the tender goodness of her mind :
 Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
 Force their impetuous way ;
 When her soft breast they hit, damped and dead they lay.

5.

The fame of friendship, which so long had told
 Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
 Till hoarse and weary of the tale she grew,
 Rejoyces now to have got a new,
 A new, and more surprizing story
 Of fair Lucasia and Orinda's glory.
 As when a prudent man does once perceive
 That in some forreign Country he must live,
 The Language and the Manners he does strive
 To understand and practise here,
 That he may come no stranger there ;
 So well Orinda did her self prepare,
 In this much different Clime for her remove,
 To the glad world of Poetry and Love ;
 There all the blest do but one body grow,
 And are made one too with their glorious Head,
 Whom there triumphantly they wed,
 After the secret Contract past below ;
 There Love into Identity does go,
 'Tis the first unities Monarchique Throne,
 The Centre that knits all, where the great Three's but One.
 Abraham Cowley.

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IMPRIMATUR.

Aug. 20. 1667.

Roger L'Estrange.

POEMS.

POEMS.

*Upon the double Murther of K. CHARLES I.
in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes by
Vavasor Powell.*

I Think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great Helm is turn'd :
But as that son whose father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd organs ; so this is a cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's laws.
Silence were now a sin, nay Passion now
Wise men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by every Ass ?
Has Charles so broke God's Laws, he must not have
A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet Grave ?
Tombs have been Sanctuaries ; Thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear.
Great Charles his double misery was this,
Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies.
Had any Heathen been this Prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd so.
His Title was his Crime, they'd reason good
To quarrel at the Right they had withstood.
He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die ;
And what shall then become of thee and I ?
Slander must follow Treason ; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense.

*Christ will be King, but I ne're understood
 His Subjects built his Kingdom up with blood,
 Except their own ; or that he would dispenſe
 With his commands, though for his own defence.
 Oh! to what height of horreur are they come
 Who dare pull down a crown, tear up a Tomb?*

*On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon the
 King in Flanders.*

HAſten, Great Prince, unto thy Britiſh Iſles,
 Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.
 To thee they flock, thy Preſence is their home,
 As *Pompey's* Camp, where e're it mov'd, was *Rome*.
 They that aſſerted thy Juſt Cauſe go hence
 To teſtifie their joy and reverence ;
 And thoſe that did not, now, by wonder taught,
 Go to confeſs and expiate their fault.
 So that if thou doſt ſtay, thy gasping Land
 It ſelf will empty on the *Belgick* ſand :
 Where the affrighted Dutchman does profeſs
 He thinks it an Invaſion, not Addreſs.
 As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
 So till thou come we ſhall unpeopled be.
 None but the cloſe Fanatick will remain,
 Who by our Loyalty his ends will gain :
 And he th'exhausted Land will quickly find
 As deſolate a place as he deſign'd.
 For *England* (though grown old with woes) will ſee
 Her long deny'd and Sovereign Remedy.
 So when old *Jacob* could but credit give
 That his prodigious *Joſeph* ſtill did live,
 (*Joſeph* that was preſerved to reſtore
 Their lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough, (ſaid he) to Egypt I
Will go, and ſee him once before I die.

Arion

*Arion on a Dolphin, To his Majesty at his passage
into England.*

Whom does this stately Navy bring?
 O! 'tis *Great Britain's* Glorious King.
 Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
 Swift as Desire and calm as Peace.
 In your Respect let him survey
 What all his other Subjects pay;
 And prophesie to them again
 The splendid smoothness of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear:
 A greater now than *Cæsar's* here;
 Whose Veins a richer Purple boast
 Than ever *Hero's* yet engrost;
 Sprung from a Father so august,
 He triumphs in his very dust.
 In him two Miracles we view,
 His Vertue and his Safety too:
 For when compell'd by Traitors crimes
 To breathe and bow in forreign Climes,
 Expos'd to all the rigid fate
 That does on wither'd Greatness wait,
 Plots against Life and Conscience laid,
 By Foes pursu'd, by Friends betray'd;
 Then Heaven, his secret potent friend,
 Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend;
 And, what's more yet, kept him upright
 'Midst flattering Hopes and bloody Fight.
Cromwell his whole Right never gain'd,
 Defender of the Faith remain'd,
 For which his Predecessors fought,
 And writ, but none so dearly bought.
 Never was Prince so much besieged,
 At home provok'd, abroad oblig'd;

Nor ever Man resisted thus,
 No not great *Athanasius*.
 No help of Friends could, or Foes spight,
 To fierce Invasion him invite.
 Revenge to him no pleasure is,
 He spar'd their blood who gap'd for his;
 Blush'd any hands the English Crown
 Should fasten on him but their own.
 As Peace and Freedom with him went,
 With him they came from Banishment.
 That he might his Dominions win,
 He with himself did first begin:
 And, that best victory obtain'd,
 His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
 Th' illustrious suff' rings of this Prince
 Did all reduce, and all convince.
 He only liv'd with such success,
 That the whole world would fight with less,
 Assistant Kings could but subdue
 Those Foes which he can pardon too.
 He thinks no Slaughter-trophees good,
 Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
 But with a sweet resistless art
 Disarms the hand, and wins the heart;
 And like a God doth rescue those
 Who did themselves and him oppose.

Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
 Which Birth and Merit make your own;
 And in your Mercy brighter shine
 Than in the Glories of your Line:
 Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
 And Veneration every where.
 Th' united world will you allow
 Their Chief, to whom the *English* bow:
 And Monarchs shall to yours resort,
 As *Sheba's* Queen to *Judah's* Court;
 Returning thence constrained more

To

To wonder, envy, and adore.
 Discovered *Rome* will hate your Crown,
 But she shall tremble at your Frown.
 For *England* shall (rul'd and restor'd by You)
 The suppliant world protect, or else subdue.

*On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation, it having
 rained immediately before and after.*

SO clear a season, and so snatch'd from storms,
 Shews Heav'n delights to see what Man performs.
 Well knew the Sun, if such a day were dim,
 It would have been an injury to him:
 For then a Cloud had from his eye conceal'd
 The noblest sight that ever he beheld.
 He therefore check'd th' invading Rains we fear'd,
 And in a bright *Parenthesis* appear'd.
 So that we knew not which look'd most content,
 The King, the People, or the Firmament.
 But the Solemnity once fully past,
 The storm return'd with an impetuous haſt.
 And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-do,
 Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
 So *Israel* paſt through the divided ſtoud,
 While in obedient heaps the Ocean ſtood:
 But the ſame Sea (the *Hebrews* once on ſhore)
 Return'd in torrents where it was before.

*To the Queen's Maſteſty on her Arrival at Portſmouth,
 May 14. 1663.*

NOW that the Seas & Winds ſo kind are grown,
 For our advantage to reſign their own;
 Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
 And ſuffered Engliſh ground to kiſs your Feet,
 Whiſt your glad Subjects with impatience throng

To see a Blessing they have begg'd so long ;
 Whilst Nature (who in complement to you
 Kept back till now her wealth and beauty too)
 Hath, to attend the lustre your eyes bring,
 Sent forth her lov'd Embassadour the Spring ;
 Whilst in your praise Fame's echo doth conspire
 With the soft touches of the sacred Lyre ;
 Let an obscurer Muse upon her knees
 Present you with such Offerings as these,
 And you as a Divinity adore,
 That so your mercy may appear the more ;
 Who, though of those you should the best receive,
 Can such imperfect ones as these forgive.

Hail Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
 Who do our hopes secure, our joys compleat.
 We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
 Who make Him happy who makes us be so.
 But Heav'n for us the desp'rate debt hath paid,
 Who such a Monarch hath your Trophée made.
 A Prince whose Vertue did alone subdue
 Armies of Men, and of Offences too.
 So good, that from him all our blessings flow,
 Yet is a greater than he can bestow.
 So great, that he dispenses life and death,
 And *Europe's* fate depends upon his breath.
 (For Fortune in amends now courts him more
 Than ever she affronted him before :
 As Lovers that of Jealousie repent
 Grow troublesome in kind acknowledgment.)
 Who greater courage shew'd in wooing you,
 Than other Princes in their battels do.
 Never was *Spain* so generously defid'd ;
 Where they design'd a Prey, he courts a Bride.
 Hence they may guess what will his Anger prove,
 When he appear'd so brave in making Love ;
 And be more wise than to provoke his Arms,
 Who can submit to nothing but your Charms.

And

And till they give him leisure to subdue,
 His Enemies must owe their peace to you.
 Whilst he and you mixing illustrious Rays,
 As much above our wishes as our praise,
 Such Hero's shall produce, as even they
 Without regret or blushes shall obey.

To the Queen-mother's Majesty, Jan. 1. 1667.

YOU justly may forsake a Land which you
 Have found so guilty and so fatal too.
 Fortune, injurious to your Innocence,
 Shot all her poison'd arrows here, or hence.
 'Twas here bold Rebels once your Life pursu'd
 (To whom 'twas Treason only to be rude,)
 Till you were forc'd by their unwearied spight
 (O glorious Criminal!) to take your flight.
 Whence after you all that was Humane fled;
 For here, oh! here the Royal Martyr bled,
 Whose cause and heart must be divine and high,
 That having you could be content to die.
 Here they purloin'd what we to you did owe,
 And paid you in variety of woe.
 Yet all those billows in your breast did meet
 A heart so firm, so loyal, and so sweet,
 That over them you greater conquest made
 Than your Immortal Father ever had.
 For we may read in story of some few
 That fought like him, none that indur'd like you:
 Till Sorrow blush'd to act what Traitors meant,
 And Providence it self did first repent.
 But as our Active, so our Passive, ill
 Hath made your share to be the sufferer's still.
 As from our Mischiefs all your troubles grew,
 'Tis your sad right to suffer for them too.
 Else our Great Charles had not been hence so long,
 Nor

Nor the Illustrious *Glon'ster* dy'd so young :
 Nor had we lost a Princess all confess
 To be the greatest, wisest, and the best ;
 Who leaving colder parts, but less unkind,
 (For it was here she set, and there she shin'd,)
 Did to a most ungrateful Climate come
 To make a Visit, and to find a Tomb.
 So that we should as much your smile despair,
 As of your stay in this unpurged air ;
 But that your Mercy doth exceed our Crimes
 As much as your Example former times,
 And will forgive our Off' rings, though the flame
 Does tremble still betwixt regret and shame.
 For we have justly suffered more than you
 By the sad guilt of all your sufferings too.
 As you the great Idea have been seen
 Of either fortune, and in both a Queen,
 Live still triumphant by the noblest wars,
 And justify your reconciled stars.
 See your Offenders for your mercy bow,
 And your try'd Virtue all Mankind allow ;
 While you to such a Race have given birth,
 As are contended for by Heaven and Earth.

Upon the Princess Royal her Return into
ENGLAND.

Welcome sure Pledge of reconciled Powers ;
 If Kingdoms have Good Angels, you are ours :
 For th' Ill ones check'd by your bright influence,
 Could never strike till you were hurried hence.
 But then, as Streams withstood more rapid grow,
 War and Confusion soon did overflow :
 Such and so many sorrows did succeed,
 As it would be a new one now to read.
 But whilst your Lustre was to us deny'd,
 You scatter'd blessings every where beside.

Nature

Nature and Fortune have so curious been,
To give you Worth, and Scene to shew it in:
But we do most admire that gen'rous Care
Which did your glorious Brother's sufferings share;
So that he thought them in your Presence none,
And yet your suff'rings did increase his own.
O wondrous Prodigy! O Race Divine!
Who owe more to your Actions than your Line.
Your Lives exalt your Father's deathless Name,
The blush of *England*, and the boast of Fame.

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit Address,
Which does profane the Glory 'twould confess.
Our Crimes have banish'd us from you, and we
Were more remov'd by them than by the Sea.
Nor is it known whether we wrong'd you more
When we rebell'd, or now we do adore.
But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miss;
And you who pardon'd that, will pardon this.
Your blest Return tells us our storms are ceas'd,
Our faults forgiven, and our stars appeas'd.
Your Mercy, which no Malice could destroy,
Shall first bestow, and then instruct, our Joy.

For bounteous Heav'n hath in your Highness sent
Our great Example, Bliss, and Ornament.

*On the Death of the Illustrious D U K E
of GLOUCESTER.*

Great *Glou'ster's* dead, and yet in this we must
Confess that angry Heaven is wise and just.
We have so long and yet so ill endur'd
The woes which our offences had procur'd,
That this new stroke would all our strength destroy,
Had we not known an interval of Joy.
And yet perhaps this stroke had been excus'd,
If we this interval had not abus'd.

But our Ingratitude and Discontent
 Deserv'd to know our mercies were but lent :
 And thole complaints Heaven in this rigid fate
 Does first chastise, and then legitimate.
 By this it our Divisions does reprove,
 And makes us join in grief, if not in love.
 For (Glorious Youth) all Parties do agree,
 As in admiring, so lamenting thee ;
 The Sovereign's, Subject's, Foreiner's delight ;
 Thou wert the universal Favourite.
 Not *Rome's* belov'd and brave *Marcellus* fell
 So much a Darling or a Miracle.
 Though built of richest blood and finest earth,
 Thou hadst a heart more noble than thy birth :
 Which by th' afflictive changes thou didst know,
 Thou hadst but too much cause and time to show.
 For when Fate did thy Infancy expose
 To the most barbarous and stupid Foes ;
 Yet thou didst then so much express the Prince,
 As did even them amaze, if not convince.
 Nay, that loose Tyrant whom no bound confin'd,
 Whom neither laws, nor oaths, nor shame could bind,
 Although his Soul was than his Look more grim,
 Yet thy brave Innocence half softn'd him.
 And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was drest
 By his ill-favour'd clemency confess'd ;
 Lessening the ill which he could not repent,
 He call'd that Travel which was Banishment.
 Escap'd from him, thy Trials were encreas'd ;
 The scene was chang'd, but not the danger ceas'd.
 Thou from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
 Those made thy Temper, these thy Judgm' known ;
 Whilst thou the noblest Champion wert for Truth,
 Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
 If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
 Greater reward than to encounter Flames,
 All that shall know the story must allow
 A Martyr's Crown prepared for thy brow.

But

POEMS.

11

But yet thou wert suspended from thy Throne,
Till thy Great Brother had regain'd his own :
Who though the bravest Suff'rer, yet even He
Could not at once have mist his Crown and Thee.
But as Commission'd Angels make no stay,
But having done their errand go their way :
So thy part done, not thy restored State,
The future splendour which did for thee wait,
Nor that thy Prince and Country must mourn for
Such a Support, and such a Counsellor,
Could longer keep thee from that bliss, whence thou
Look'st down with pity on Earth's Monarchs now ;
Where thy capacious Soul may quench her thirst,
And younger Brothers may inherit first.
While on our King Heav'n does this care express,
To make his Comforts safe he makes them less.
For this successful Heathens use to say,
It is too much, (great Gods) send some allay.

*To Her Royal Highness the Dutches of York, on her
commanding me to send her some things that I had
written.*

TO you whose Dignity strikes us with aw,
And whose far greater Judgment gives us law,
(Your Mind b'ing more transcendent than your State,
For while but Knees to this, Hearts bow to that,)
These humble Papers never durst come near,
Had not your pow'ful Word bid them appear ;
In which such majesty, such sweetness dwells,
As in one act obliges, and compels.
None can dispute commands vouchsaf'd by you.
What shall my fears then and confusion do ?
They must resign, and by their just pretence
Some value set on my obedience.
For in religious Duties, 'tis confess,
The most Implicite are accepted best.

11

If on that score your Highness will excuse
 This blushing tribute of an artless Muse,
 She may (encourag'd by your least regard,
 Which first can worth create, and then reward)
 At modest distance with improved strains
 That Mercy celebrate which now she gains.
 But should you that severer justice use,
 Which these too prompt Approches may produce,
 As the swift Finde which hath escaped long,
 Believes a Vulgar shot would be a wrong;
 But wounded by a Prince falls without shame,
 And what in life she loses, gains in fame:
 So if a Ray from you chance to be sent,
 Which to consume, and not to warm, is meant;
 My trembling Muse, at least more nobly dies,
 And falls by that a truer sacrifice.

On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia.

ALthough the most do with officious heat
 Only adore the Living and the Great;
 Yet this Queen's Merits Fame so far hath spread,
 That she rules still, though dispossest and dead.
 For losing one, two other Crowns remain'd;
 Over all hearts and her own griefs she reign'd.
 Two Thrones so splendid, as to none are less
 But to that third which she does now possess
 Her Heart and Birth Fortune so well did know,
 That seeking her own fame in such a Foe,
 She dress'd the spacious Theatre for the fight,
 And the admiring World call'd to the fight
 An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
 Who all against this single Vertue fought;
 And sometimes stratagems, and sometimes blows
 To her Heroick Soul they did oppose:
 But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
 And she discover'd and subdu'd them all.

P O E M S.

B

Till Fortune weary of her malice grew,
 Became her Captive and her Trophée too :
 And by too late a Tribute begg'd t' have been
 Admitt'd subject to so brave a Queen.
 But as some Hero who a field hath won,
 Viewing the things he had so greatly done ;
 When by his spirit's flight he finds that he
 With his own Life must buy his Victory,
 He makes the slaughter'd heap that next him lies
 His Funeral Pile, and then in triumph dies :
 So fell this Royal Dame, with conquering spent,
 And left in every breast her monument ;
 Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ,
 As I must never dare to copy it.
 But that bright Angel which did on her wait,
 In fifty years contention with her fate,
 And in that office did with wonder see
 How great her troubles, how much greater she ;
 How she maintain'd her best Prerogative,
 In keeping still the power to Forgive :
 How high she did in her Devotion go,
 And how her Condescension stoop'd as low ;
 With how much Glory she had ever been
 A Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife, and Queen ;
 Will sure employ some deathless Muse to tell
 Our children this instructive Miracle,
 Who may her sad Illustrious Life recite,
 And after all her Wrongs may do her right.

On the 3. of September, 1651.

AS when the glorious Magazine of Light
 Approches to his Canopy of Night,
 He with new splendour clothes his dying Rays,
 And double brightness to his Beams conveys ;
 And (as to brave and check his ending fate)
 Puts on his highest looks in's lowest state,

E

Drest

Drest in such terrour as to make us all
 Be *Anti-Persians*, and adore his Fall ;
 Then quits the world depriving it of Day,
 While every Herb and Plant does droop away :
 So when our gasping *English* Royalty
 Perceiv'd her Period was now drawing nigh,
 She summons her whole strength to give one blow,
 To raise her self, or pull down others too.
 Big with revenge and hope she now spake more
 Of terror than in many months before ;
 And musters her Attendants, or to save
 Her from, or else attend her to, the Grave :
 Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate
 Of setting Majesty, to die in State.
 Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,
 Nor be so fortunate to fall alone !
 Their weight sinks others : *Pompey* could not fly,
 But half the World must bear him company ;
 And captiv'd *Sampson* could not life conclude,
 Unless attended with a multitude.
 Who'd trust to Greatness now, whose food is air,
 Whose ruine sudden, and whose end despair ?
 Who would presume upon his Glorious Birth,
 Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth,
 That sees such Diadems become so cheap,
 And Heros tumble in a common heap ?
 Oh give me Vertue then, which sums up all,
 And firmly stands when Crowns and Scepters fall.

To the noble Palæmon, on his incomparable Discourse
 of Friendship.

WE had been still undone, wrapt in disguise,
 Secure, not happy ; cunning, and not wise ;
 War had been our design, Interest our trade ;
 We had not dwelt in safety, but in shade,

Hadst

Hadst thou not hung out Light more welcome far
 Than wand'ring Sea-men think the Northern-star;
 To shew, lest we our happiness should miss,
 'Tis plac'd in Friendship, Mens and Angels blifs.
 Friendship, which had a scorn or mask been made,
 And still had been derided or betray'd;
 At which the great Physician still had laugh'd,
 The Souldier storm'd, and the Gallant scoff'd;
 Or worn not as a Passion, but a Plot,
 At first pretended, and at last forgot;
 Hadst thou not been her great Deliverer,
 At first discover'd, and then rescu'd her,
 And raising what rude Malice had flung down,
 Unveil'd her Face, and then restor'd her Crown:
 By so august an action to convince,
 'Tis greater to support than be a Prince.
 Oh for a Voice which loud as Thunder were,
 That all Mankind thy conqu'ring truths might hear!
 Sure the Litigious as amaz'd would stand,
 As Fairy Knights touch'd with *Cambina's* Wand,
 Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger Charms,
 Nations and Armies would lay down their Arms.
 And what more honour can on thee be hurl'd,
 Than to protect a Vertue, save a world?
 But while great Friendship thou hast copied out,
 Thou'st drawn thy self so well, that we may doubt
 Which most appears, thy Candour or thy Art,
 Whether we owe more to thy Brain or Heart.
 But this we know without thine own consent,
 Thou'st rais'd thy self a glorious Monument;
 Temples and Statues Time will eat away,
 And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;
 But there *Palamon* lives, and so he must
 When Marbles crumble to forgotten dust.

*To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbury,
at her coming into Wales.*

AS when the first day dawn'd Man's greedy Eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright Prodigy,
Till he might careless of his Organ grow,
And let his wonder prove his danger too :
So when our Country (which was deem'd to be
Close-mourner in its own obscurity,
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)
Was rescu'd by your beams into a Day,
Like men into a sudden lustre brought,
We justly fear'd to gaze more than we ought.

2.

From hence it is you lose most of your Right,
Since none can pay't, nor durst do't if they might.
Perfection's misery 'tis that Art and Wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it.
But as the Deity flights our Expence,
And loves Devotion more than Eloquence :
So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
Makes us at distance thus approach your Shrine.
And thus secur'd, to you who need no art,
I that speak least my wit may speak my heart.

3.

Then much above all zealous injury,
Receive this tribute of our shades from me,
While your great Splendours, like eternal Spring,
To these sad Groves such a refreshment bring,
That the despised Country may be grown,
And justly too, the Envy of the Town.
That so when all Mankind at length have lost

The

The Vertuous Grandeur which they once did boast,
Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again.

*To Sir Edward Déering (the noble Silvander) on
his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's pre-
ferring Rosania before Solomon's Traffick to
Ophir.*

Then am I happier than is the King;
My Merchandise does no such danger bring:
The Fleet I traffick with fears no such harms,
Sails in my sight, and anchors in my arms.

Each new and unperceived grace
Discovered in that mind and face,
Each motion, smile and look from thee
Brings pearls and Ophir-gold to me.

Thus far Sir Edw. Deering.

SIR, To be noble, when 'twas voted down,
To dare be good, though a whole Age should frown;
To live within, and from that even state
See all the under-world stoop to its fate;
To give the Law of Honour, and dispence
All that is handsome, great and worthy thence;
Are things at once your practice and your end,
And which I dare admire, but not commend.
But since t'oblige the world is your delight,
You must descend within our reach and sight:
For so Divinity must take disguise,
Lest Mortals perish with the bright surprise.
And thus your Muse (which can enough reward
All actions she vouchsafes but to regard,
And Honours gives, than Kings more permanent,
Above the reach of Acts of Parliament)
May suffer an acknowledgment from me,
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.
My thoughts with such advantage you express,

I hardly know them in this charming drefs.
 And had I more unkindness from my friend
 Than my demerits e're could apprehend,
 Were the Fleet courted with this gale of wind,
 I might be sure a rich return to find.
 So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his shape his Mistress gain'd :
 She might have scorn'd the Swain, & found excuse ;
 But could not his great Oratour refuse.
 But for *Rosania's* Interest I should fear
 It would be hard t'obtain your pardon here.
 But your first Goodness will, I know, allow
 That what was Bounty then, is Mercy now.
 Forgiveness is the noblest Charity,
 And nothing can worthy your favour be.
 For you (God-like) are so much your own fate,
 That what you will accept you must create.

To Mr. Henry Lawes.

Nature, which is the vast Creation's Soul,
 That steady curious Agent in the whole,
 The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
 Is only Number in another name.
 For as some King conqu'ring what was his own,
 Hath choice of several Titles to his Crown ;
 So harmony on this score now, that then,
 Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
 Beauty is but Composure, and we find
 Content is but the Concord of the Mind,
 Friendship the Unison of well-run'd Hearts,
 Honour the *Chorus* of the noblest parts,
 And all the World on which we can reflect
 Musick to th' Ear, or to the Intellect.
 If then each man a Little World must be,
 How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
 Who art so richly formed, so compleat

T'epi.

T'epitomize all that is Good and Great ;
 Whose Stars this brave advantage did impart,
 Thy Nature's as harmonious as thy Art ?
 Thou dost above the Poets praises live,
 Who fetch from thee th' Eternity they give.
 And as true Reason triumphs over sense,
 Yet is subjected to intelligence :
 So Poets on the lower World look down,
 But *Laves* on them ; his Height is all his own.
 For, like Divinity it self, his Lyre
 Rewards the Wit it did at first inspire.
 And thus by double right Poets allow
 His and their Laurel should adorn his brow.
 Live then, great Soul of Nature, to assuage
 The savage dulness of this fullen Age.
 Charm us to Sense ; for though Experience fail
 And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
 Then, like those Ancients, strike, and so command
 All Nature to obey thy gen'rous hand.
 None will resist but such who needs will be
 More stupid than a Stone, a Fish, a Tree.
 Be it thy care our Age to new-create :
 What built a World may furt repair a State.

*A Sea-voyage from Tenby to Bristol, begun Sept. 5.
 1652. sent from Bristol to Lucasia Sept. 8. 1652.*

HOise up the Sail, cry'd they who understand
 No word that carries kindness for the Land :
 Such sons of clamour, that I wonder not
 They love the Sea, whom sure some Storm begot.
 Had he who doubted Motion these men seen,
 Or heard their tongues, he had convinced been.
 For had our Bark mov'd half as fast as they,
 We had not need cast Anchor by the way.
 One of the rest pretending to more wit,
 Some small *Italian* spoke, but murther'd it ;

For

For I (thanks to *Saburra's* Letters) knew
 How to distinguish 'twixt the false and true.
 But t' oppose these as mad a thing would be
 As 'tis to contradict a Presby'try.
 'Tis *Spanish* though, (quoth I) e'en what you please :
 For him that spoke it 'tmight be Bread and Cheese.
 So softly moves the Bark which none controuls,
 As are the meetings of agreeing Souls :
 And the Moon-beams did on the water play,
 As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day.
 The amorous Wave that shar'd in such dispence
 Exprest at once delight and reverence.
 Such trepidation we in Lovers spy
 Under th'oppression of a Mistress eye.
 But then the Wind so high did rise and roar,
 Some vow'd they'd never trust the traitor more.
 Behold the fate that all our Glories sweep,
 Writ in the dangerous wonders of the Deep :
 And yet behold Man's easie folly more,
 How soon we curse what erst we did adore.
 Sure he that first himself did thus convey,
 Had some strong passion that he would obey.
 The Bark wrought hard, but found it was in vain
 To make its party good against the Main,
 Toss'd and retreated, till at last we see
 She must be fast if ere she should be free.
 We gravely Anchor cast, and patiently
 Lie prisoners to the weather's cruelty.
 We had nor Wind nor Tyde, nor ought but Grief,
 Till a kind Spring-tide was our first relief.
 Then we float merrily, forgetting quite
 The sad confinement of the stormy night.
 E're we had lost these thoughts, we ran aground,
 And then how vain to be secure we found.
 Now they were all surpriz'd. Well, if we must,
 Yet none shall say that dust is gone to dust.
 But we are off now, and the civil Tide
 Assisted us the Tempests to out-ride.

But

But what most pleas'd my mind upon the way,
 Was the Ships posture that in Harbour lay :
 Which to a rocky Grove so close were fix'd,
 That the Trees branches with the Tackling mix'd.
 One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
 A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.
 But I have done at last, and do confess
 My Voyage taught me so much tediousness.
 In short, the Heav'ns must needs propitious be,
 Because *Lucasia* was concern'd in me.

Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia.

Come, my *Lucasia*, since we see
 That Miracles Mens faith do move,
 By wonder and by prodigy
 To the dull angry world let's prove
 There's a Religion in our Love.

2.

For though we were design'd t' agree,
 That Fate no liberty destroys,
 But our Election is as free
 As Angels, who with greedy choice
 Are yet determin'd to their joys.

3

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
 Here Mixture is Addition grown;
 We both diffuse, and both ingross:
 And we whose minds are so much one,
 Never, yet ever are alone.

G

We

4.

We court our own Captivity
 Than Thrones more great and innocent :
 'Twere banishment to be set free,
 Since we wear fetters whose intent
 Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

5.

Divided joyes are tedious found,
 And griefs united easier grow :
 We are our selves but by rebound,
 And all our Titles shuffled so,
 Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

6.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
 While they (such power in Friendship lies)
 Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings made :
 And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
 Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

Content, To my dearest Lucasia.

Content, the false World's best disguise,
 The search and faction of the Wise,
 Is so abstruse and hid in night,
 That, like that Fairy Red-cross Knight,
 Who treacherous Falshood for clear Truth had got,
 Men think they have it when they have it not.

2.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
 But she ne'er dwelt about a Throne :

And

And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do Mens senses cheat.
But grave Experience long since this did see,
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

3.

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright Out-sides reflect:
But sure Content is more Divine
Than to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
And they that know her beauties will confess,
She needs no lustre from a glittering dress.

4.

In Mirth some place her, but she scorns
Th' assistance of such crackling thorns,
Nor owes her self to such thin sport,
That is so sharp and yet so short:
And Painters tell us they the same strokes place,
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

5.

Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government:
But whomsoe're Passions deprave,
Though free from shackles, he's a slave.
Content and Bondage differ only then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

6.

Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that she sits o'th' Victor's brow:
But in his Laurel there is seen
Often a Cypres-bow between.

Nor

Nor will Content her self in that place give,
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live.

7.

But yet the most Discreet believe,
The Schools this Jewel do receive,
And thus far's true without dispute,
Knowledge is still the sweetest fruit.
But whilst men seek for Truth they lose their Peace;
And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increase.

8.

But now some sullen Hermite smiles,
And thinks he all the World beguiles,
And that his Cell and Dish contain
What all mankind wish for in vain.
But yet his pleasure's follow'd with a Groan;
For man was never born to be alone.

9.

Content her self best comprehends
Betwixt two souls, and they two friends,
Whose either joyes in both are fix'd,
And multiply'd by being mix'd :
Whose minds and interests are so the same ;
Their Griefs, when once imparted, lose that name.

10.

These far remov'd from all bold noise,
And (what is worse) all hollow joyes,
Who never had a mean design,
Whose flame is serious and divine,
And calm, and even, must contented be,
For they've both Union and Society.

Then

POEMS.

25

Then, my *Lucasia*, we who have
 Whatever Love can give or crave
 Who can with pitying scorn survey
 The Trifles which the most betray
 With innocence and perfect friendship fir'd
 By Vertue joyn'd, and by our Choice retir'd.

12.

Whose Mirrours are the crystal Brooks,
 Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
 Who cannot wish for other things
 Then Privacy and Friendship brings: (One,
 Whose thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are
 Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none.

A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda.
Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Luc. Say, my *Orinda*, why so sad?
Orin. Absence from thee doth tear my heart;
 Which, since with thine it union had,
 Each parting splits. *Luc.* And can we part?
Orin. Our Bodies must. *Luc.* But never we:
 Our Souls, without the help of Sense,
 By wayes more noble and more free
 Can meet, and hold intelligence.
Orin. And yet those Souls, when first they meet,
 Lookt out at windows through the Eyes.
Luc. But soon did such acquaintance get,
 Not Fate nor Time can them surprize.
Orin. Absence will rob us of that bliss
 To which this Friendship title brings
 Love's fruits and joys are made by this
 Useless as Crowns to captiv'd Kings.
Luc. Friendship's a Science, and we know
 There Contemplation's most employ'd.

H

Orin.

Orin. Religion's so, but practick too,
And both by niceties destroy'd.

Luc. But who ne're parts can never meet,
And so that happiness were lost.

Orin. Thus Paim and Death are sadly sweet,
Since Health and Heav'n such price must cost.

Chorus.

But we shall come where no rude hand shall sever,
And there we'll meet and part no more for ever.

To my dear Sister Mrs. C. Upon her Marriage.

WE will not like those men our offerings pay,
Who crown the cup, then think they crown
We make no garlands, nor an altar build, (the day.
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
Where mirth is justly grounded these wild toys
Are but a troublesome, and empty noise.

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wishes for *Cassandra's* bliss.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;
And that strong Happiness may she still find
Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind.

May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no Grief but in the name.
May his and her Pleasure and Love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most Affection or most Peace engross;
Whose Love is strongest, or whose Bliss is most.

May

May nothing accidental e're appear
 But what shall with new bonds their Souls endear;
 And may they count the hours as they pass,
 By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glass:
 While every day like this may sacred prove
 To Friendship, Gratitude, and strictest Love.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems.

HAd I ador'd the multitude, and thence
 Got an antipathy to Wit and Sense,
 And hugg'd that fate in hope the World would grant
 'Twas good affection to be ignorant;
 Yet the least Ray of thy bright fancy seen,
 I had converted, or excuseless been
 For each Birth of thy Muse to after-times
 Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes.
 First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
 Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry:
 Where thou the best of Unions dost dispence,
 Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence.
 So that the muddiest Lovers may learn here,
 No Fountains can be sweet that are not clear.
 There *Juvenal* reviv'd by thee declares
 How flat man's Joys are, and how mean his Cares;
 And generously upbraids the World that they
 Should such a value for their Ruine pay.
 But when thy sacred Muse diverts her Quill
 The Landskip to design of *Leon's* hill;
 As nothing else was worthy her or thee,
 So we admire almost t' Idolatry.
 What Savage breast would not be rap'd to find
 Such Jewels in such Cabiners enshrin'd
 Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to set out doore)
 Descend'st

Descend'ſt from thence like *Mofes* from the Mount,
 And with a candid, yet unqueſtion'd aw,
 Reſtor'ſt the Golden Age when Verſe was Law.
 Inſtrudging us thou ſo ſecur'ſt thy fame,
 That nothing can diſturb it but my name;
 Nay I have hopes that ſtanding ſo near thine
 'Twill loſe its dross, and by degrees refine.
 Live till the diſabuſed World conſent,
 All Truths of Uſe, or Strength, or Ornament,
 Are with ſuch Harmony by thee diſplay'd
 As the whole World was firſt by Number made;
 And from the charming rigour thy Muſe brings,
 Learn, there's no pleaſure but in ſerious things.

A retir'd Friendſhip, To Ardelia.

Come, my *Ardelia*, to this Bower,
 Where kindly mingling Souls awhile
 Let's innocently ſpend an hour,
 And at all ſerious follies ſmile.

2.

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
 Nor fear of changes in our Fate;
 No trembling at the great ones frowns,
 Nor any ſlavery of State.

3.

Here's no diſguiſe nor treachery,
 Nor any deep conceal'd deſign;
 From Bloud and Plots this Place is free,
 And calm as are thoſe looks of thine.

4.

Here let us ſit and bleſs our Stars,
 Who did ſuch happy quiet give,

As

As that remov'd from noise of Wars
In one anothers hearts we live.

5.

Why should we entertain a fear
Love cares not how the World is turn'd:
If crouds of dangers should appear,
Yet Friendship can be unconcern'd.

6.

We wear about us such a charm;
No horreur can be our offence;
For mischief's self can do no harm
To Friendship or to Innocence.

7.

Let's mark how soon *Apollo's* beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not entreat the neighbouring streams
To quench their thirst, but cool their heat.

8.

In such a scorching Age as this
Who would not ever seek a shade;
Deserve their Happiness to miss,
As having their own peace betray'd.

9.

But we (of one anothers mind
Assur'd) the boisterous World disdain;
With quiet Souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes wish in vain.

To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster courted her.

AS some great Conqueror who knows no bounds,
 But hunting Honour in a thousand wounds,
 Pursues his rage, and thinks that Triumph cheap
 That's but attended with the common heap,
 Till his more happy fortune doth afford
 Some Royal Captive that deserv'd his sword,
 And only now is of his Laurel proud,
 Thinking his dang'rous valour well bestow'd ;
 But then retreats, and spending hate no more,
 Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before:
 As Cowardise in fight, so equally
 He doth abhor a bloody Victory :
 So, Madam, though your Beauty were allow'd
 To be severe unto the yielding Croud,
 That were subdu'd e're you an Object knew
 Worthy your Conquest and your Mercy too ;
 Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat.
 Only your Clemency should be as great.
 None will dispute the power of your Eyes,
 That understands *Philaster* is their prize.
 Hope not your Glory can have new access,
 For all your future Trophies will grow less :
 And with that Homage be you satisfi'd
 From him that conquers all the World beside.
 Nor let your Rigour now the Triumph blot,
 And lose the honour which your Beauty got.
 Be just and kind unto your Peace and Fame,
 In being so to him, for they're the same :
 And live and die at once, if you would be
 Nobly transmitted to Posterity.
 Take heed lest in the story they peruse
 A murder which no language can excuse :
 But wisely spare the trouble of one frown ;
 Give him his happiness, and know your own.

Thus

Thus shall you be as Honour's self esteem'd,
 Who have one Sex oblig'd, your own redeem'd.
 Thus the Religion due unto your Shrine
 Shall be as Universal, as Divine :
 And that Devotion shall this blessing gain,
 Which Law and Reason do attempt in vain.
 The World shall join, maintaining but one strife,
 Who shall most thank you for *Philasters* life.

*To Mr. J. B. the noble Cratander, upon a Composition of
 his which he was not willing to own publickly.*

AS when some injur'd Prince assumes Disguise,
 And strives to make his Carriage sympathize,
 Yet hath a great becoming Meen and Air,
 Which speaks him Royal spight of all his care :
 So th' Issues of thy Soul can ne're be hid,
 And the Sun's force may be as soon forbid
 As thine obscur'd ; there is no shade so great
 Through which it will not dart forth light and heat.
 Thus we discover thee by thy own Day,
 Against thy will snatching the Cloud away.
 Now the Piece shines, and though we will not say,
 Parents can Souls, as Taper lights, convey ;
 Yet we must grant thy Soul transmitted here
 In beams almost as lasting and as clear.
 And that's our highest praise, for but thy Mind,
 Thy Works could never a resemblance find.
 That mind whose search can Nature's secret hand
 At one great stroke discover and command,
 Which cleareth times and things, before whose eyes
 Nor Men nor Notions dare put on disguise.
 And were all Authors now as much forgot
 As prosperous Ignorance her self would plot,
 Had we the rich supplies of thy own breast,
 The knowing World would never miss the rest.
 Men did before from Ignorance take their Fame,

But

But Learning's self is honour'd by thy Name.
 Thou studi'fst not belief to introduce
 Of Novelties, more fit for shew than use ;
 But think'st it nobler Charity t'uphold
 The credit and the Beauty of the old :
 And with one hand canst easily support
 Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court.
 And this secures me : for as we below
 Valleys from Hills, Houses from Churches know,
 But to their sight who stand extreamly high,
 These forms will have one flat Equality :
 So from a lower Soul I well might fear
 A critick censure when survey'd too near ;
 But not from him who plac'd above the best
 Lives in a height which levels all the rest.

*To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving
 the name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society,
 December 28. 1651.*

WE are compleat, and Fate hath now
 No greater blessing to bestow :
 Nay the dull World must now confess
 We have all worth, all happiness.
 Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
 Now 'tis made sacred by *Lucasia's* name.

But as though through a Burning-glass
 The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
 Yet still with general freedom shines ;
 For that contracts, but not confines :
 So though by this her beams are fixed here,
 Yet she diffuses glory every where.

Her Mind is so entirely bright,
 The splendour would but wound our sight,
 And must to some disguise submit,

Or

Or we could never worship it;
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be *Lucasia's* Cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And Pilgrims shall ten Ages hence
Approch our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did such blis convey
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen; on my first
Approches.

Madam,

AS in a Triumph Conquerors admire
Their meanest Captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power confest,
And justifi'd the yielding of the rest:
So when the busie World (in hope & excuse
Their own surprize) your Conquests do peruse,
And find my name, they will be apt to say,
Your charms were blinded, or else thrown away.
There is no honour got in gaining me,
Who am a prize not worth your Victory.
But this will clear you, that 'tis general,
The worst applaud what is admir'd by all.
But I have plots in't: for the way to be
Secure of fame to all posterity,
Is to obtain the honour I pursue,
To tell the World I was subdu'd by you.
And since in you all wonders common are,
Your Votaries may in your Vertues share,
While you by noble Magick worth impart:
She that can Conquer, can reclaim a heart.
Of this Creation I shall not despair,
Since for your own sake it concerns your care.

K

For

For 'tis more honour that the World should know,
You made a noble Soul, than found it so.

Lucasia.

NOT to oblige *Lucasia* by my voice,
To boast my fate, or justify my choice,
Is this design'd; but pity does engage
My Pen to rescue the declining Age.
For since 'tis grown in fashion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their Vices only Men agree)
Is thought the only modern Gallantry;
How would some brave Examples check the crimes,
And both reproch, and yet reform, the Times?
Nor can Morality it self reclaim
Th' apostate World like my *Lucasia's* name:
Lucasia, whose rich Soul had it been known
In that Time th' Ancients call'd the *Golden* one,
When Innocence and Greatness were the same,
And Men no battels knew but in a game,
Choosing what Nature, not what Art, prefers;
Poets were Judges, Kings Philosophers;
Even then from her the Wise would copies draw,
And she to th' infant World had giv'n a Law.
That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Observation, but a Prophecy.
It meant *Lucasia*, whose harmonious state
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.
But as then Musick is best understood;
When every Chord's examin'd and found good:
So what in others Judgment is and Will,
In her is the same even Reason still.
And as some Colour various seems, but yet
'Tis but our difference in considering it:
So she now light, and then does light dispence,
But is one shining Orb of Excellence:

And

And that so piercing when the Judgment takes,
 She doth not search, but Intuition makes :
 And her Discoveries more easie are
 Than *Cæsar's* Conquest in his *Pontick* War.
 As bright and vigorous her beams are pure,
 And in their own rich candour so secure,
 That had she liv'd where Legends were devised,
 Rome had been just, and she been canonized.
 Nay Innocence her self less clear must be,
 If Innocence be any thing but she.
 For Vertue's so congenial to her mind,
 That Liquid things, or Friends, are less combin'd.
 So that in her that Sage his wish had seen,
 And Vertue's self had personated been.
 Now as distilled Simples do agree,
 And in th' Alembick lose variety ;
 So Vertue, though in pieces scatter'd 'twas,
 Is by her Mind made one rich useful mass.
 Nor doth Discretion put Religion down,
 Nor hasty Zeal usurp the Judgment's crown.
 Wisdom and Friendship have one single Throne,
 And make another Friendship of their own.
 Each sev'ral piece darts such fierce pleasing rayes,
 Poetick Lovers would but wrong in praise.
 All hath proportion, all hath comeliness,
 And her Humility alone excess.
 Her Modesty doth wrong a Worth so great,
 Which Calumny her self would noblier treat :
 While true to Friendship and to Nature's trust,
 To her own Merits only she's unjust.
 But as Divinity we best declare
 By sounds as broken as our Notions are ;
 So to acknowledge such vast Eminence,
 Imperfect Wonder is our Eloquence.
 No Pen *Lucasta's* glories can relate,
 But they admire best who dare imitate.

Wiston

Wiston Vault.

ANd why this Vault and Tomb? alike we must
 Put off Distinction, and put on our Dust.
 Nor can the stateliest fabrick help to save
 From the corruptions of a common Grave;
 Nor for the Resurrection more prepare,
 Than if the Dust were scatter'd into air.
 What then? Th'ambition's just, say some, that we
 May thus perpetuate our Memory.
 Ah false vain task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
 Whose Monument does more than's Merit can:
 Who by his Friends best care and love's abus'd,
 And in his very Epitaph accus'd:
 For did they not suspect his Name would fall,
 There would not need an Epitaph at all.
 But after death too I would be alive,
 And shall, if my *Lucasia* do, survive.
 I quit these pomps of Death, and am content,
 Having her heart to be my Monument:
 Though ne're Stone to me, 'twill Stone for me prove,
 By the peculiar miracles of Love.
 There I'll Inscription have which no Tomb gives,
 Not, *Here Orinda lies*, but, *Here she lives*.

*Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal. To my dearest
 Lucasia.*

THe Hearts thus intermixed speak
 A Love that no bold Shock can break;
 For joyn'd and growing both in one,
 Neither can be disturb'd alone.

That

2.

That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is't either heart can do,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell?

3.

That Friendship Hearts so much refines,
It nothing but it self designs:
The hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends.

4.

They flame, 'tis true, and several wayes,
But still those Flames do so much raise,
That while to either they incline
They yet are noble and divine.

5.

From smoke or hurt those Flames are free,
From grossness or mortality:
The Heart (like Moses Bush presumed)
Warm'd and enlightned, not consumed.

6.

The Compasses that stand above
Express this great immortal Love;
For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not, two.

L

And

7.

And in their posture is exprest
 Friendship's exalted Interest :
 Each follows where the other leans,
 And what each does, this other means.

8.

And as when one foot does stand fast,
 And t'other circles seeks to cast,
 The steddyy part does regulate
 And make the wandrer's motion straight :

9.

So Friends are only two in this,
 T'reclaim each other when they miss :
 For whosoe're will grossly fall,
 Can never be a Friend at all.

10.

And as that useful Instrument
 For Even lines was ever meant ;
 So Friendship from good Angels springs,
 To teach the world Heroick things.

11.

As these are found out in design
 To rule and measure every Line ;
 So Friendship governs actions best,
 Prescribing unto all the rest.

12.

And as in Nature nothing's set
 So just as Lines in number met ;
 So Compasses for these b'ing made,
 Do Friendship's harmony perswade.

And

13.

And like to them, so Friends may own
 Extension, not Division :
 Their Points, like Bodies, separate ;
 But Head, like Souls, knows no such fate.

14.

And as each part so well is knit,
 That their Embraces ever fit :
 So Friends are such by destiny,
 And no third can the place supply. !

15.

There needs no Motto to the Seal :
 But that we may the mind reveal
 To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
 That *Friendship* only should be writ.

16.

But as there are Degrees of bliss,
 So there's no Friendship meant by this,
 But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and *Orinda's* name.

*In Memory of F. P. who died at Aclon the 24. May
 1660. at 12. and 1/2 of Age.*

IF I could ever write a lasting Verse,
 It should be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Herse.
 But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess
 That it least can what it would most express.
 Yet that I may some bounds to grief allow,
 I'll try if I can weep in Numbers now.
 Ah beauteous Blossom too untimely dead !
 Whither ? ah whither is thy sweetness fled ?

Where

Where are the charms that alwaies did arise
 From the prevailing language of thy Eyes?
 Where is thy beauteous and lovely meen,
 And all the wonders that in thee were seen?
 Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;
 There is no pity in the stupid Grave.
 But so the Bankrupt sitting on the brim
 Of those fierce billows which had ruin'd him,
 Begg for his lost Estate, and does complain
 To the inexorable Flouds in vain.
 As well we may enquire when Roses die,
 To what retirement their sweet Odours flie;
 Whither their Virtues and their Blushes haste,
 When the short triumph of their life is past;
 Or call their perishing Beauties back with tears,
 As adde one moment to thy finish'd years.
 No, thou art gone, and thy presaging Mind
 So thriftily thy early hours design'd,
 That hasty Death was baffled in his Pride,
 Since nothing of thee but thy Body dy'd.
 Thy Soul was up betimes, and so concern'd
 To grasp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
 That finding nothing fill her thirsting here,
 To the Spring-head she went to quench it there;
 And so prepar'd, that being freed from sin
 She quickly might become a Cherubin.
 Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it shin'd:
 Asham'd and angry to be so confin'd,
 It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
 Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.
 In these vast hopes we might thy change have found,
 But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.
 For Parts so soon at so sublime a pitch,
 A Judgment so mature, Fancy so rich,
 Never appear unto unthankful Men,
 But as a Vision to be hid again.
 So glorious Scenes in Masques, Spectators view
 With the short pleasure of an hour or two;

But

But that once past, the Ornaments are gone,
 The Lights extinguish'd, and the Curtains drawn.
 Yet all these Gifts were thy less noble part,
 Nor was thy Head so worthy as thy Heart ;
 Where the Divine Impression shin'd so clear,
 As snatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here :
 For what in thee did most command our love
 Was both the cause and sign of thy remove.
 Such fools are we, so fatally we choose :
 That what we most would keep we soonest loose.
 The humble greatness of thy Pious thought,
 Sweetness unforc'd, and Bashfulness untought,
 The native Candour of thine open breast,
 And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was drest,
 Thy Wit so bright, so piercing and immense,
 Adorn'd with wise and lovely Innocence,
 Might have foretold thou wert not so compleat,
 But that our joy might be as short as great.
 So the poor Swain beholds his ripened Corn
 By some rough Wind without a Sickle torn.
 Never, ah ! never let sad Parents guess
 At one remove of future happiness :
 But reckon Children 'mong those passing joys
 Which one hour gives, and the next hour destroys.
 Alas ! we were secure of our content ;
 But find too late that it was onely lent,
 To be a Mirrour wherein we may see
 How frail we are, how spotless we should be.
 But if to thy blest Soul my grief appears,
 Forgive and pity these injurious tears :
 Impute them to Affections sad excess,
 Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness,
 Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
 Continued from thy Cradle to thy Dust ;
 And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
 That (wo is me !) I thought thee too much mine.
 But I'll resign, and follow thee as fast
 As my unhappy Minutes will make hast.

M

Till

Till when the fresh remembrances of thee
 Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.
 For such a loss as this (bright Soul!) is not
 Ever to be repaired or forgot.

*In memory of that excellent person Mrs. Mary Lloyd
 of Bodidrist in Denbigh-shire, who died Nov. 13.
 1656. after she came thither from Pembroke-shire.*

I Cannot hold, for though to write were rude,
 Yet to be silent were Ingratitude,
 And Folly too; for if Posterity
 Should never hear of such a one as thee,
 And onely know this Age's brutish fame,
 They would think Vertue nothing but a Name.
 And though far abler Pens must her define,
 Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine:
 And I must own where Merit shines so clear,
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
 Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
 Who lent her lustre, and she paid it them;
 Who still in great and noble things appeared,
 Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they feared.
 Match'd to another good and great as they,
 Who did their Country both oblige and sway.
 Behold herself, who had without dispute
 More then both Families could contribute.
 What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
 Her lovely Reliques and her Off-spring spoke.
 She was by nature and her Parents care
 A Woman long before most others are.
 But yet that antedated season she
 Improv'd to Vertue, not to Liberty.
 For she was still in either state of life
 Meek as a Virgin, Prudent as a Wife.
 And she well knew, although so young and fair,
 Justly to mix Obedience Love and Care;

lliT

Whil'st

Whil'ft to her Children she did still appeare,
 So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,
 That they from her Rule and Example brought
 A native Honour, which she stamp'd and taught.
 Nor can a single Pen enough commend
 So kind a Sister and so clear a Friend.
 A Wisdom from above, did her secure,
 Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure:
 And if well-order'd Commonwealths must be
 Patterns for every private Family,
 Her House, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
 Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
 Solomon's wisest Woman, less could do;
 She built her house, but this preserv'd hers too.
 She was so pious that when she did die,
 She scarce chang'd Place, if I'm sure not Company.
 Her Zeal was primitive and practick too;
 She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
 A firm and equal Soul she had engrave,
 Just ev'n to those that disoblige'd her most.
 She grew to love those wrongs she did receive,
 For giving her the power to Forgive.
 Her Alms I may admire, but not relate,
 Bur her own works shall praise her in the gate.
 Her Life was chequer'd with afflictive years,
 And even her Comfort season'd in her Tears.
 Scarce for a Husband's loss her eyes were dried,
 And that loss by her Children half supplid.
 When Heav'n was pleas'd not these dear Propters
 But tore most off by sickness or by sword.
 She, who in them could still their Father boast,
 Was a fresh Widow every Son she lost.
 Litigious hands did her of Right deprive,
 That after all, was Perseverance to survive.
 She still these Griefs hath nobly undergone,
 Which few support at all, but better none.
 Such a submissive Greatness who can find,
 A tender Heart with so resolute a Mind.
 But

But she, though sensible, was still the same,
 Of a resigned Soul, untainted Fame,
 Nor were her Vertues coarsly set, for she
 Out-did Example in Civility.
 To bestow blessings, to oblige, relieve,
 Was all for which she could endure to live.
 She had a joy higher in doing good,
 Than they to whom the benefit accru'd.
 Though none of Honour had a quicker sense,
 Never had Woman more of complacence;
 Yet lost it not in empty forms, but still
 Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
 And as in Youth she did attract, (for she
 The Verdure had without the Vanity)
 So she in Age was mild and grave to all,
 Was not morose, but was majesticall.
 Thus from all other Women she had skill
 To draw their good, but nothing of their ill.
 And since she knew the mad tumultuous World,
 Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruine hurl'd;
 She in Retirement chose to shine and burn,
 As a bright Lamp shut in some Roman Urn.
 At last, when spent with sickness, grief and age,
 Her Guardian Angel did her death presage:
 (So that by strong impulse she chearfully
 Dispensed blessings, and went home to die;
 That so she might, when to that place removed,
 Marry his Ashes whom she ever loved)
 She dy'd, gain'd a reward, and paid a debt.
 The Sun himself did never brighter set.
 Happy were they that knew her and her end,
 More happy they that did from her descend:
 A double blessing they may hope to have,
 One she convey'd to them, and one she gave.
 All that are hers are therefore sure to be
 Blest by Inheritance and Legacy.
 A Royal Birth had less advantage been.
 'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucasia, upon
on a scandalous Libel made by J. J.

HONOUR, which differs Man from Man much more
Then Reason differ'd him from Beasts before;
Suffers this common Fate of all things good,
By the blind World to be misunderstood.
For as some Heathens did their Gods confine,
While in a Bird or Beast they made their Shrine;
Depos'd their Deities to Earth, and then
Offer'd them Rites that were too low for Men:
So those who most to Honour sacrifice,
Prescribe to her a mean and weak disguise;
Imprison her to others false Applause,
And from Opinion do receive their Laws:
While that inconstant Idol they implore,
Which in one breath can murder and adore.
From hence it is that those who Honour court,
(And place her in a popular report)
Do prostitute themselves to sordid Fate,
And from their Being oft degenerate.
And thus their Tenents too are low and bad,
As if 'twere honourable to be mad:
Or that their Honour had concerned been
But to conceal, not to forbear, a sin.
But Honour is more great and more sublime,
Above the battery of Fate or Time.
We see in Beauty certain airs are found,
Which not one Grace can make, but all compound
Honour's to th' Mind as Beauty to the Sense,
The fair result of mixed Excellence.
As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one lustre to amaze the Eye:
So Honour is that bright Ætherial Ray
Which many Stars doth in one light display.
But as that Beauty were as truly sweet,

N

Were

Were there no Tongue to praise, no Eye to see't ;
 And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
 To shed a constant Splendour in the dark :
 So Honour is its own Reward and End,
 And satisfied within, cannot descend
 To beg the suffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
 Which by commending Vertue doth it wrong.
 It is the Charter of a noble Action,
 That the performance giveth satisfaction.
 Other things are below't ; for from a Clown
 Would any Conqueror receive his Crown ?
 'Tis restless Cowardice to be a drudge
 To an uncertain and unworthy Judge.
 So the *Cameleon*, who lives on air,
 Is of all Creatures most inclin'd to fear.
 But peaceable reflections on the Mind
 Will in a silent shade Contentment find.
 Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
 To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there.
 While I have this retreat, 'tis not the noise
 Of Slander, though believ'd, can wrong my Joies.
 There is advantage in't : for Gold uncoin'd
 Had been unuseful, nor with glory shin'd :
 This stamp'd my Innocency in the Ore,
 Which was as much, but not so bright, before.
 Till an *Alëmbick* wakes and outward draws,
 The strength of Sweets lies sleeping in their Cause :
 So this gave me an opportunity
 To feed upon my own Integrity.
 And though their Judgment I must still disclaim,
 Who can nor give nor take away a fame :
 Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few,
 Who dare be just, and rip my heart to you.

To

To *Antenor*, your Paper of mine which J. J. shrethens
to publish to prejudice him.

Must then my Crimes become thy Scandal too?
Why, sure the Devil hath not much to do!
The weakness of the other Charge is clear,
When such a trifle must bring up the Rear.
But this is mad design, for who before
I oft his repute upon another's score?
My Love and Life I must confess are thine,
But not my Errors; they are only mine.
And if my Faults must be for thine allow'd,
It will be hard to dissipate the Cloud
For Eve's Rebellion did not Adam blast,
Until himself forbidden Fruit did taste.
'Tis possible this Magazine of Hell
(Whose name would turn a verser into a spell,
Whose mischief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife,
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her blame,
Nor yet my Faults blast *Antenor's* name.
But if those lines a Punishment could call,
Lasting and great as this dark Lanthorn's gall,
Alone I'd court the Torments with content,
To testify that thou art Innocent.
So if my Ink through malice prov'd a stain,
My Blood should justly wash it off again.
But since that Mint of slander could invent
To make so dull a Ryme his Instrument,
Let Verse revenge the quarrel. But he's worth
Then wishes, and below a Poet's curse
And more than this Wit knows not how to give
Let him be still himself, and let him live.

N *Antenor*

Rosania shadowed whilest Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

IF any could my dear *Rosania* hate,
 They only should her Character relate.
 Truth shines so bright there, that an Enemy
 Would be a better Oratour then I.
 Love stifles Language, and I must confess,
 I had said more if I had loved less.
 Yet the most critical who that Face see
 Will ne're suspect a partiality.
 Others by time and by degrees perswade,
 But her first look doth every heart invade.
 She hath a Face so eminently bright,
 Would make a Lover of an Anchorite:
 A Face where conquest mixt with modesty
 Are both compleated in Divinity.
 Not her least glance but sets a heart on fire,
 And checks it if it should too much aspire.
 Such is the Magick of her Looks, the same
 Beam doth both kindle and refine our flame.
 If she doth smile, no Painter e're would take
 Another Rule when he would Mercy make.
 And Heav'n to her such splendour hath allow'd,
 That no one posture can her Beauty cloud:
 For if she frown, none but would phansie then
 Justice descended here to punish Men.
 Her common looks I know not how to call
 Any one Grace; they are compos'd of all.
 And if we Mortals could the doctrine teach,
 Her Eyes have language, and her Looks do teach,
 And as in Palaces the outmost, worst
 Rooms entertain our wonder at the first;
 But once within the Presence-Chamber door,
 We do despise what e're we saw before:
 So when you with her Mind acquaintance get,
 You'll hardly think upon the Cabinet.

Her

Her Soul, that Ray shot from the Deity,
 Doth still preserve its native purity ;
 Which Earth can neither threaten nor allure,
 Nor by false joys defile it, or obscure.
 The Innocence which in her heart doth dwell,
 Angels themselves can only parallel.
 More gently soft then is an Evening-shower :
 And in that sweetness there is coucht a Power,
 Which scorning Pride, doth think it very hard
 That Modesty should need so mean a Guard.
 Her Honour is protected by her Eyes;
 As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradise.
 Such Constancy of Temper, Truth and Law,
 Guides all her actions, that the World may draw
 From her one Soul the noblest Precedent
 Of the most safe, wise, vertuous Government. **U**
 And as the highest Element is clear,
 From all the Tempests which disturb the Air :
 So she above the World and its rude noise,
 Above our storms a quiet Calm enjoys.
 Transcendent things her noble thoughts sublime,
 Above the faults and trifles of the Time.
 Unlike those Gallants which take far less care
 To have their Souls, then make their Bodies fair ;
 Who (sick with too much leisure) time do pass
 With these two books, Pride, and a Looking-glass :
 Plot to surprize Mens hearts, their pow'r to try,
 And call that Love, which is meer Vanity.
 But she, although the greatest Murtherer,
 (For ev'ry glance commits a Massacre)
 Yet glories not that slaves her power confess,
 But wishes that her Monarchy were less.
 And if she love, it is not thrown away,
 As many do, onely to spend the day ;
 But her's is serious, and enough alone
 To make all Love become Religion.
 And to her Friendship she so faithful is,
 That 'tis her onely blot and prejudice :

For Envy's self could never error see
 Within that Soul, 'bating her love to me.
 Now as I must confess the name of Friend
 To her that all the World doth comprehend
 Is a most wild Ambition ; so for me
 To draw her picture is flat Lunacy.
 Oh ! I must think the rest ; for who can write
 Or into words confine what's Infinite ?

*To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collier,
 in Antwerp.*

1.

UNworthy, since thou hast decreed
 Thy Love and Honour both shall bleed,
 My Friendship could not chuse to die
 In better time or company.

2.

What thou hast got by this Exchange
 Thou wilt perceive, when the Revenge
 Shall by those treacheries be made,
 For which our Faith thou hast betray'd.

3.

When thy Idolaters shall be
 True to themselves, and false to thee,
 Thou'lt see that in Heart-merchandise,
 Value, not Number, makes the price.

4.

Live to that day, my Innocence
 Shall be my Friendship's just defence :

For

POEMS.

For this is all the World can find,
While thou wert noble, I was kind.

The desp'rate game that thou dost play
At private Ruines cannot stay ;
The horrid treachery of that Face
Will sure undo its native place.

6.

Then let the Frenchmen never fear
The victory while thou art there :
For if Sins will call Judgments down,
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship.

I Did not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept ;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine :
But never had *Orinda* found
A Soul till she found thine ;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkned Breast :
For thou art all that I can prize,
My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No

No Bridegrooms nor Crown-conquerors mirth
 To mine compar'd can be :
 They have but pieces of this Earth,
 I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flames still light and shine,
 And no false fear controul,
 As innocent as our Design,
 Immortal as our Soul.

Rosania's private Marriage.

IT was a wise and kind design of Fate,
 That none should this day's glory celebrate :
 For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
 Above the reach of all Solemnities.
 The greatest Actions pass without a noise,
 And Tumults but prophane diviner Joys.
 Silence with things transcendent nearest suits,
 The greatest Emperours are serv'd by Mutes.
 And as in ancient time the Deities
 To their own Priests reveal'd no Mysteries
 Until they were from all the World retir'd,
 And in some Cave made fit to be inspir'd.
 So when *Rosania* (who hath them out-vied,
 And with more Justice might be Deified ;
 Who if she had their Rites and Altars, we
 Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
 Had found a breast that did deserve to be
 Receptacle of her Divinity ;
 It was not fit the gazing World should know
 When she convey'd her self to him, or how.
 An Eagle safely may behold the Sun,
 When weak Eyes are with too much Light undone.
 Now as in Oracles were understood,
 Not the Priest's only, but the common good :

So

So her great Soul would not impart'd be,
But in design of general Charity.
She now is more diffusive than before;
And what men then admir'd, they now adore.
For this Exchange makes not her Power less,
But only fitter for the World's Address.
May then that Mind (which if we will admit
The Universe one Soul, must sure be it)
Inform this All, (which, till she shin'd out, lay
As drowfie men do in a cloudy day.)
And Honour, Vertue, Reason so dispence,
That all may owe them to her influence:
And while this Age is thus imploy'd, may she
Scatter new Blessings for Posterity.
I dare not any other wish prefer,
For only her bestowing adds to her.
And to a Soul so in her self complete
As would be wrong'd by any Epithete,
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her chosen Sphere,
And fill'd with Love and Satisfaction there,
What can increase the Triumph, but to see
The World her Convert and her History?

Injuria Amicitia.

Lovely Apostate! what was my offence?
Or am I punish'd for Obedience?
Must thy strange Rigour find as strange a time
The Act and Season are an equal Crime.
Of what thy most ingenious scorns could do
Must I be Subject and Spectator too?
Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few
To be sustain'd by me, perform'd by you?
Unless (with Nero) your uncurb'd desire
Be to survey the Rome you set on fire.
While wounded for and by your Power, I
At once your Martyr and your Prospect die.

This is my doom, and such a ridling Fate
 As all impossibles doth complicate.
 For Obligation here is Injury,
 Constancy Crime, Friendship a Heresie.
 And you appear so much on Ruine bent,
 Your own destruction gives you now Content :
 For our twin-Spirits did so long agree,
 You must undo your self to ruine me.
 And, like some Frantick Goddess, you're inclin'd,
 To raze the Temple where you are enshrin'd.
 And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
 Kill that which gave you Immortality. (springs,
 While glorious Friendship, whence your Honour
 Lies gasping in the Crowd of common things ;
 And I'm so odious, that for being kind
 Doubled and studied Murthers are design'd.
 Thy sin's all Paradox, for should'st thou be
 Thy self again, th' wouldst be severe to me,
 For thy Repentance coming now so late,
 Would only change, and not relieve my Fate.
 So dangerous is the consequence of ill,
 Thy least of Crimes is to be cruel still.
 For of thy Smiles I should yet more complain,
 If I should live to be betray'd again.
 Live then (fair Tyrant) in Security,
 From both my Kindness and Revenge be free ;
 While I, who to the Swains had sung thy Fame,
 And taught each Echo to repeat thy Name,
 Will now my private Sorrow entertain,
 To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.
 And though before our Union cherish'd me,
 'Tis now my pleasure that we disagree.
 For from my Passion your last Rigour grew,
 And you kill'd me because I worshipp'd you.
 But my worst Vows shall be your Happiness,
 And not to be disturb'd by my distress.
 And though it would my sacred flames pollute,
 To make my heart a scorned prostitute ;

Yet

Yet I'll adore the Author of my Death,
And kiss the Hand that robs me of my breath.

To Regina Collier, on her cruelty to Philaster.

Triumphant Queen of scorn ! how ill doth sit
In all that Sweetness, such injurious Wit ?
Unjust and Cruel ! what can be your prize,
To make one heart a double Sacrifice ?
Where such ingenious Rigour you do shew,
To break his Heart, you break his Image too ;
And by a Tyranny that's strange and new,
You murder him because he worships you.
No pride can raise you, or can make him start,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart.
Be Wise and Good, lest when Fate will be just,
She should o'rethrow those glories in the dust,
Rifle your Beauties, and you thus forlorn.
Make a cheap Victim to another's scorn ;
And in those Fetters which you do upbraid,
Your self a wretched Captive may be made.
Redeem the poyson'd Age, let it be seen
There's no such freedom as to serve a Queen. **A**
But you I see are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquish you insult upon.

To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina.

Give over now thy tears, thou vain
And double Murtherer ;
For every minute of thy pain
Wounds both thy self and her.
Then leave this dulness ; for 'tis our belief,
Thy Queen must cure, or not deserve, thy Grief.

Philoclea's parting.

Kinder than a condemned Man's reprieve
 Was your dear Company that bad me live.
 When by *Rofania's* silence I had been
 The wretchedst Martyr any Age hath seen.
 But as when Traytors faint upon the rack,
 Tormentors strive to call their Spirits back;
 Not out of kindness to preserve their breath,
 But to increase the Torments of their Death:
 So was I raised to this glorious state,
 To make my fall the more unfortunate.
 But this I know, none ever dy'd before
 Upon a sadder or a nobler score.

To Rofania, now Mrs. Mountague, being with her.

1.

AS men that are with Visions grac'd
 Must have all other thoughts displac'd,
 And buy those short descents of Light
 With loss of Sense; or Spirit's flight:

2.

So since thou wert my happiness,
 I could not hope the rate was less;
 And thus the Vision which I gain
 Is short t'enjoy, and hard t'attain.

3.

Ah then! what a poor trifle's all
 That thing which here we Pleasure call,

Since

Since what our very Souls hath cost
Is hardly got and quickly lost?

4.

Yet is there Justice in the fate;
For should we dwell in blest estate,
Our Joys thereby would so inflame,
We should forget from whence we came.

5.

If this so sad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit;
Let no estrangement on thy part
Adde a new ruine to my heart.

6.

When on my self I do reflect,
I can no smile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindness hath no plea,
Some freedom grant for Charity.

7.

Else the just World must needs deny
Our Friendship an Eternity:
This Love will ne're that title hold;
For mine's too hot, and thine too cold.

8.

Divided Rivers lose their name;
And so our too unequal flame
Parted, will Passion be in me,
And an Indifference in thee.

Q

Thy



POEMS.

9.

Thy absence I could easier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Than such a Prefence as is this,
Made up of snatches of my bliss.

10.

So when the Earth long gasps for rain,
If she at last some few drops gain,
She is more parched than at first ;
That small recruit increas'd the thirst.

To my Lucasia.

L Et dull Philosophers enquire no more
In Nature's womb, or Causes strive t' explore,
By what strange harmony and course of things
Each body to the whole a tribute brings ;
What secret unions secret Neighbourings make,
And of each other how they do partake.
These are but low Experiments : but he
That Nature's harmony intire would see,
Must search agreeing Souls, sit down and view
How sweet the mixture is, how full, how true ;
By what soft touches Spirits greet and kiss,
And in each other can complete their bliss.
A wonder so sublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.
The Object will refine, and he that can
Friendship revere must be a noble man.
How much above the common rate of things
Must they then be from whom this Union springs ?
But what's all this to me, who live to be
Disprover of my own Morality ?

And

And he that knew my unimproved Soul,
 Would say I meant all Friendship to controul.
 But Bodies move in time, and so must Minds;
 And though th' attempt no easie progress finds,
 Yet quit me not, lest I should desp'rate grow,
 And to such Friendship adde some Patience now.
 O may good Heav'n but so much Vertue lend,
 To make me fit to be *Lucas's* Friend!
 But I'll forsake my self, and seek a new
 Self in her breast that's for more rich and true.
 Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth hum and flye,
 And droan'd with age would unregarded dye,
 Unless some lucky drop of precious Gum
 Do blest the Insect with an Amber-tomb.
 Then glorious in its funeral the Bee
 Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

On Controversies in Religion.

Religion, which true Policy befriends,
 Design'd by God to serve Man's noblest ends,
 Is by that old Deceiver's subtle play
 Made the chief party in its own decay,
 And meets that Eagles destiny, whose breast
 Felt the same shaft which his own feathers dress.
 For that great Enemy of Souls perceiv'd,
 The notion of a Deity was weav'd
 So closely in Man's Soul; to ruine that,
 He must at once the World depopulate.
 But as those Tyrants who their Wills pursue,
 If they expound old Laws, need make no new:
 So he advantage takes of Nature's light,
 And raises that to a bare useles height;
 Or while we seek for Truth, he in the Quest
 Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,
 To make us lose it; that, I know not how,
 'Tis not our Practice, but our Quarrel now.

As in the Moon's Eclipse some Pagans thought
 Their barbarous Clamours her deliverance wrought:
 So we suppose that Truth oppress'd lies,
 And needs a Rescue by our Enmities.
 But 'tis Injustice, and the Mind's Disease,
 To think of gaining Truth by losing Peace.
 Knowledge and Love, if true, do still unite;
 God's Love and Knowledge are both Infinite.
 And though indeed Truth does delight to lie
 At some Remoteness from a Common Eye;
 Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noise,
 But in soft Whispers and the stiller Voice.
 Why should we then Knowledge so rudely treat,
 Making our weapon what was meant our meat?
 'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel so;
 The Soul that's dark will be contracted too.
Chimæra's make a noise, swelling and vain,
 And soon resolve to their own smoak again.
 But a true Light the spirit doth dilate,
 And robs it of its proud and sullen state;
 Makes Love admir'd because 'tis understood,
 And makes us Wise because it makes us Good.
 'Tis to a right Prospect of things that we
 Owe our Uprightness and our Charity.
 For who resists a beam when shining bright,
 Is not a Sinner of a common height.
 That state's a forfeiture, and helps are spent,
 Not more a Sin, than 'tis a Punishment.
 The Soul which sees things in their Native frame,
 Without Opinion's Mask or Custom's name,
 Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or count that high
 Which hath its Estimation from a Lie.
 (Meanfordid things, which by mistake we prize,
 And absent covet, but enjoy'd despise.)
 But scorning these hath robb'd them of their art,
 Either to swell or to subdue the Heart;
 And learn'd that generous frame to be above
 The World in hopes, below it all in love:

Touch'd

Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
 Not resting till it hath its Centre won ;
 Moves steadily until it safe doth lie
 I'th' Root of all its Immortality ;
 And resting here hath yet activity
 To grow more like unto the Deity ;
 Good, Universal, Wise and Just as he,
 (The same in kind, though diff'ring in degree)
 Till at the last 'tis swallow'd up and grown
 With God and with the whole Creation one ;
 It self, so small a part, i'th' Whole is lost,
 And Generals have Particulars engrost.
 That dark contracted Personality,
 Like Mists before the Sun, will from it flee.
 And then the Soul, one shining spear, at length
 With true Love's wisdom fill'd and purged strength,
 Beholds her highest good with open face,
 And like him all the World she can embrace.

To the Honour'd Lady E. C.

Madam,

I Do not write to you that men may know
 How much I'm honour'd that I may do so ;
 Nor hope (though I your rich Example give)
 To write with more success than I can live,
 To cure the Age ; nor think I can be just,
 Who only dare to write, because I must.
 I'm full of you, and something must express,
 To vent my wonder and your pow'r confers.
 Had I ne'er heard of your Illustrious Name,
 Nor known the *Scotch* or *English* ancient Fame ;
 Yet if your glorious Frame did but appear,
 I could have soon read all your Grandeur there.
 I could have seen in each majestick ray
 What greatness Ancestors could e'er convey ;

R

And

And in the lustre of your Eyes alone,
 How near you were allied to the Throne:
 Which yet doth lessen you, who cannot need
 Those bright advantages which you exceed.
 For you are such, that your Descent from Kings
 Receives more Honour from you than it brings:
 As much above their Glories as our Toil.
 A Court to you were but a handsome foil.
 And if we name the Stock on which you grew,
 'Tis rather so do right to it than you:
 For those that would your greatest splendour see,
 Must read your Soul more than your Pedigree:
 For as the sacred Temple had without
 Beauty to feed those eyes that gaz'd about,
 And yet had riches, state, and wonder more,
 For those that stood within the shining door;
 But in the Holy place the admitted few,
 Lustre receiv'd and Inspiration too:
 So though your Glories in your Face be seen,
 And so much bright Instruction in your Meen;
 You are not known but where you will impart
 The treasures of your more illustrious Heart.
 Religion all her odours sheds on you,
 Who by obeying vindicate her too:
 For that rich Beam of Heaven was almost
 In nice Disputes and false Pretences lost;
 So doubly injur'd, she could scarce subsist
 Betwixt the Hypocrite and Casuist;
 Till you by great Example did convince
 Us of her nature and her residence,
 And chose to shew her face, and ease her grief,
 Less by your Arguments than by your Life;
 Which, if it should be copied out, would be
 A solid Body of Divinity.
 Your Principle and Practice light would give
 What we should do, and what we should believe:
 For the extensive Knowledge you profess,
 You do acquire with more ease than confess.

And as by your Knowledge has thus obtain'd you
 To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd;
 So in return she usefull is to you,
 In Practice and in Contemplation too;
 For by the various succours she hath lent,
 You act with Judgment, and think with Content.
 Yet those vast Parts with such a Temper meet,
 That you can lay them at Religion's feet.
 Nor is it half so bold as it is true,
 That Vertue is her self oblig'd to you;
 For being dress'd in your subduing Charms,
 She conquers more than did the Roman Arms.
 We see in you how much that Malice ly'd
 That stuck on Goodness any fullen Pride;
 And that the harshness some Professors wear
 Falls to their own, and not Religion's share.
 But your bright sweetness if it but appear,
 Reclaims the bad, and softens the austere.
 Men talk'd of Honour too, but could not tell
 What was the secret of that active spell;
 That beauteous Mantle they to divers lent,
 Yet wonder'd what the mighty nothing meant.
 Some did confine her to a worthy Fame,
 And some to Royal Parents gave her Name.
 You having claim unto her either way,
 By what a King could give, a world could pay,
 Have a more living Honour in your breast,
 Which justifies, and yet obscures the rest;
 A Principle from Fame and Pomp untied,
 So truly high that it despises Pride;
 Buying good actions at the dearest rate,
 Looks down on ill with as much scorn as hate;
 Acts things so generous and bravely hard;
 And in obliging finds so much Reward;
 So Self-denying great, so firmly just,
 Apt to confer, strict to preserve a Trust;
 That all whose Honour would be justified,
 Must by your standards have it stamp'd and tried.

But

But your Perfection heightens others Crimes,
 And you reproch while you inform the Times.
 Which sad advantage you will scarce believe ;
 Or if you must, you do conceal and grieve.
 You scorn so poor a foil as others ill,
 And are Protectour to th' unhappy still ;
 Yet are so tender when you see a spot,
 You blush for those who for themselves could not.
 You are so much above your Sex, that we
 Believe your Life your greatest courtesie :
 For Women boast, they have you while you live
 A Pattern and a Representative.
 And future Mothers who in Child-birth groan,
 Shall wish for Daughters knowing you are one.
 The world hath Kings whose Crowns are cemented
 Or by the bloud they boast, or that they shed :
 Yet these great Idols of the stooping crew
 Have neither Pleasure sound, nor Honour true.
 They either fight, or play ; and Power court,
 In trivial anger, or in cruel sport.
 You, who a nobler Privilege enjoy,
 (For you can save whom they can but destroy)
 An Empire have where different mixtures kiss ;
 You're grave, not sour, and kind, but not remiss.
 Such sweetned Majesty, such humble State,
 Do love and reverence at once create.
 Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught Essayes,
 I can admire more fitly than I praise.
 Things so sublime are dimly understood,
 And you are born so great, and are so good,
 So much above the Honour of your Name,
 And by neglect do so secure your Fame ;
 Whose Beauty's such as captivates the Wise,
 Yet only you of all the World despise ;
 That have so vast a Knowledge so subdued,
 Religion so adorn'd, and so pursued ;
 A Wit so strong, that who would it define,
 Will need one ten times more acute than mine ;

Yet .

Yet rul'd so that its Vigour manag'd thus
 Becomes at once graceful and generous ;
 Whose Honour has so delicate a Sense,
 Who always pardon, never give offence ;
 Who needing nothing, yet to all are kind,
 Who have so large a Heart, so rich a Mind ;
 Whose Friendship still's of the obliging side,
 And yet so free from Tyranny and Pride ;
 Who do in love like *Jonathan* descend,
 And strip your self to cloath your happy friend ;
 Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,
 T'expect so little and deserve so much ;
 Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,
 Where we so much may love, and so much learn ;
 Whose every wonder though it fills and shines,
 It never to an ill excess declines ;
 But all are found so sweetly opposite,
 As are in *Titians* Pieces Shade and Light :
 That he that would your great Description try,
 Though he write well, would be as lost as I,
 Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,
 To draw you with so bold and bad a hand ;
 But that, like other Glories, I presume
 You will enlighten, where you might consume.

Parting with Lucasia, A Song.

1.

Well, we will do that rigid thing
 Which makes Spectators think we part ;
 Though Absence hath for none a sting
 But those who keep each others heart.

2.

And when our Sense is dispossess'd,
 Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
 S

T
 And

And gasp for one anothers breast,
Since their Conveyances they want.

3.

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart
Of absent Friendship, and do know
That when we die we can but part;
And who knows what we shall do now?

4.

Yet I must go : we will submit,
And so our own Disposers be ;
For while we nobly suffer it,
We triumph o're Necessity.

5.

By this we shall be truly great,
If having other things o'recome,
To make our victory compleat
We can be Conquerors at home.

6.

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all Obstructions overthrow,
Since we our Passion have subdu'd,
Which is the strongest thing I know.

Against Pleasure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

1.

THere's no such thing as Pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect Cheat,
bnA Which

Which does but shine and disappear,
 Whose Charm is but Deceit;
 The empty bribe of yielding Souls,
 Which first betrays, and then controuls.

2.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
 But if we do approach,
 The fruit of *Sodom* will impair,
 And perill at a touch:
 In Being than in Fancy less,
 And we expect more than possess.

3.

For by our Pleasures we are cloy'd;
 And so Desire is done;
 Or else, like Rivers, they make wider
 The Channel where they run:
 And either way true bliss destroys,
 Making Us narrow, or our Joys.

4.

We covet Pleasure easily,
 But it not so possess;
 For many things must make it be,
 But one may make it less.
 Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
 'Twould be consum'd by fear to lose it.

5.

What art thou then, thou winged Air,
 More weak and swift than Fame?
 Whose next successor is Despair,
 And its attendant Shame.

Th' Ex-

Th' Experience-Prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure, *It is mad.*

A Prayer.

ETernal Reason, Glorious Majesty,
Compar'd to whom what can be said to be?
Whose Attributes are Thee, who art alone
Cause of all various things, and yet but One;
Whose Essence can no more be search'd by Man,
Then Heav'n thy Throne be grasped with a Span.
Yet if this great Creation was design'd
To several ends fitted for every kind;
Sure Man (the World's Epitome must be
Form'd to the best, that is, to study thee.
And as our Dignity, 'tis Duty too,
Which is summ'd up in this, to know and do.
These comely rows of Creatures spell thy Name,
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came,
By thy own Chain of Causes brought to think
There must be one, then find that highest Link.
Thus all created Excellence we see
Is a resemblance faint and dark of thee.
Such shadows are produc'd by the Moon-beams
Of Trees or Houses in the running streams.
Yet by Impressions born with us we find
How good, great, just thou art, how unconfin'd.
Here we are swallowed up and gladly dwell,
Safely adoring what we cannot tell.
All we know is, thou art supremely good,
And dost delight to be so understood.
A spicy Mountain on the Universe,
On which thy richest Odours do disperse.
But as the Sea to fill a Vessel heaves
More greedily than any Cask receives,
Besieging round to find some gap in it,
Which will a new Infusion admit :

So

So dost thou covet that thou mayst dispence
 Upon the empty World thy Influence;
 Lov'st to disburse thy self in kindnels: Thus
 The King of Kings waits to be gracious.
 On this account, O God, enlarge my heart
 To entertain what thou wouldst fain impart.
 Nor let that Soul, by several titles thine,
 And most capacious form'd for things Divine,
 (So nobly meant, that when it most doth miss,
 'Tis in mistaken pantings after Bliss)
 Degrade it self in sordid things delight,
 Or by prophaner mixtures lose its right.
 Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts it may
 Admire the light which does obscure the day.
 And since 'tis Angels work it hath to do,
 May its composure be like Angels too.
 When shall these clogs of Sense and Fancy break,
 That I may hear the God within me speak?
 When with a silent and retired art
 Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
 To the Still Voice above, my Soul, advance;
 My light and joy plac'd in his Countenance.
 By whose dispence my Soul to such frame brought,
 May tame each trech'rous, fix each scatt'ring thoughts
 With such distinctions all things here behold,
 And so to separate each dross from gold,
 That nothing my free Soul may satisfie,
 But t'imitate, enjoy, and study thee.

To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence.

I.

TIs now since I began to die
 Two Four Months, yet still I gasping live;
 Wrapp'd up in sorrow do I lie,
 Hoping, yet doubting, a Reprieve.

tA

T

Adam

Adam from *Paradise* expell'd
Just such a wretched Being held.

2.

'Tis not thy Love I fear to lose,
That will in spite of absence hold ;
But 'tis the benefit and use
Is lost, as in imprison'd Gold :
Which though the Sum be ne're so great,
Enriches nothing but conceit.

3.

What angry Star then governs me
That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to fate as well as thee ;
Kept from thy face, link'd to thy heart ?
Because my Love all love excells,
Must my Grief have no Parallels ?

4.

Sapless and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I see
Copies of my wild state appear,
But I am their Epitome.
Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own.

To Mrs. Mary Awbrey:

Soul of my Soul, my joy, my crown, my Friend,
A name which all the rest doth comprehend ;
How happy are we now, whose Souls are grown
By an incomparable mixture one :
Whose well-acquainted Minds are now as near

As

As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can endear ?
 I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
 Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.
 Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly set,
 And my Breast is thy private Cabinet.
 Thou shed'st no tear but what my moisture lent,
 And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent.
 United thus, what Horror can appear
 Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear ?
 Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
 And with their vast Ambitions Nature fright ;
 Let them despise so Innocent a flame,
 While Envy, Pride and Faction play their game :
 But we by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
 To pry Kings, and Conquerours despise,
 Since we that Sacred Union have engroff
 Which they and all the factious World have lost.

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

STay, Prince of Phancie, stay, we are not fit
 To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet :
 Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
 That Wit and Honour are become our Crimes.
 But when those happy Pow'rs which guard thy dust
 To us and to thy Mem'ry shall be just,
 And by a flame from thy blest Genius lent
 Rescue us from our dull Imprisonment,
 Unsequester our Fancies, and create
 A Worth that may upon thy Glories wait :
 We then shall understand thee, and descry
 The splendour of restored Poetry.
 Till when let no bold hand profane thy shrine,
 'Tis high Wit-Treason to debase thy coin.

Mr.

Mr. Francis Finch, *the Excellent Palæmon.*

THis is confest Presumption, for had I
 All that rich stock of Ingenuity
 Which I could wish for this, yet-would it be
Palæmon's blot, a pious Injury.
 But as no Votaries are scorn'd when they
 The meanest Victim in Religion pay ;
 Not that the Pow'r they worship needs a Gum,
 But that they speak their thanks for all with some:
 So though the most contemptible of all
 That do themselves *Palæmon's* Servants call,
 I know that Zeal is more than Sacrifice,
 (For God did not the Widow's Mite despise,)
 And that *Palæmon* hath Divinity,
 And Mercy is his highest property :
 He that doth such transcendent Merit own,
 Must have imperfect Offerings or none.
 He's one rich Lustre which doth Rayes disperse,
 As Knowledge will when set in Innocence.
 For Learning did select his noble breast,
 Where (in her native Majesty) to rest ;
 Free from the Tyranny and Pride of Schools,
 Who have confin'd her to Pedantick Rules ;
 And that gentiler Errour which does take
 Offence at Learning for her Habit's sake :
Palæmon hath redeem'd her, who may be
 Esteem'd himself an University ;
 And yet so much a Gentleman, that he
 Needs not (though he enjoys) a Pedigree.
 Sure he was built and sent to let us know
 What man completed could both be and do.
 Freedom from Vice is in him Nature's part,
 Without the help of Discipline or Art.
 He's his own Happiness and his own Law,
 Whereby he keeps Passion and Fate in awe.

Nor

To Mrs. M. A. at parting.

1.

I Have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

2.

But neither Chance nor Complement
Did element our Love ;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

3.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other so engroft,
That each is in the Union lost:

4.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd ;
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each others mind.
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

5.

Inspired with a Flame Divine
 I scorn to court a stay ;
 For from that noble Soul of thine
 I ne're can be away.
 But I shall weep when thou dost grieve ;
 Nor can I die whil'st thou dost live.

6.

By my own temper I shall guess
 At thy felicity,
 And only like my happiness
 Because it pleaseth thee.
 Our hearts at any time will tell
 If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

7.

All Honour sure I must pretend,
 All that is Good or Great ;
 She that would be *Rosania's* Friend,
 Must be at least compleat.
 If I have any bravery,
 'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

8.

Thy Leiger Soul in me shall lie,
 And all thy thoughts reveal ;
 Then back again with mine shall flie,
 And thence to me shall steal.
 Thus still to one another tend ;
 Such is the sacred name of *Friend*.

9. Thus

9.

Thus our twin-Souls in one shall grow,
 And teach the World new Love,
 Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew
 A Flame Fate dares not move :
 And courting Death to be our friend,
 Our Lives together too shall end.

10.

A Dew shall dwell upon our Tomb
 Of such a quality,
 That fighting Armies, thither come,
 Shall reconciled be.
 We'll ask no Epitaph, but say
 ORINDA and ROSANIA.

To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting.

THough it be just to grieve when I must part
 With him that is the Guardian of my Heart;
 Yet by an happy change the loss of mine
 Is with advantage paid in having thine:
 And I (by that dear Guest instructed) find
 Absence can do no hurt to Souls combin'd.
 As we were born to love, brought to agree
 By the impressions of Divine Decree :
 So when united nearer we became,
 It did not weaken, but encrease, our Flame.
 Unlike to those who distant joys admire,
 But slight them when possess'd of their desire.
 Each of our Souls, did its own temper fit,
 And in the other's Mould so fashion'd it,
 That now our Inclinations both are grown,
 Like to our Interests and Persons, one ;

And

And Souls whom such an Union fortifies,
 Passion can ne're destroy, nor Fate surprize.
 Now as in Watches, though we do not know
 When the Hand moves, we find it still doth go:
 So I, by secret Sympathy inclin'd,
 Will absent meet, and understand thy mind;
 And thou at thy return shalt find thy Heart
 Still safe, with all the love thou didst impart.
 For though that treasure I have ne're deserv'd,
 It shall with strong Religion be preserv'd.
 And besides this thou shalt in me survey
 Thy self reflected while thou art away.
 For what some forward Arts do undertake,
 The Images of absent Friends to make,
 And represent their actions in a Glass,
 Friendship it self can only bring to pass,
 That Magick which both Fate and Time beguiles,
 And in a moiment runs a thousand miles.
 So in my Breast thy Picture drawn shall be,
 My Guide, Life, Object, Friend, and Destiny:
 And none shall know, though they employ their wit,
 Which is the right *Antenor*, thou, or it.

*Engraven on Mr. John Collier's Tomb-stone at
 Bedlington.*

Here what remains of him doth lie,
 Who was the World's Epitome,
 Religion's Darling, Merchants Glory,
 Men's true Delight, and Vertue's Story;
 Who, though a Prisoner to the Grave,
 A glorious Freedom once shall have:
 Till when no Monument is fit,
 But what's beyond our love and wit.

On the little Regina Collier, on the same Tomb-stone.

Vertue's Blossom, Beauty's Bud,
The Pride of all that's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was snatched hence
In her state of Innocence :
Who by it this advantage gains,
Her wages got without her pains.

Friendship.

Let the dull brutish World that know not Love
Continue Hereticks, and disapprove
That noble Flame ; but the refined know
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.
Nature subsists by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Causes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the different Elements in one
Great Harmony, link'd to the Heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, so the blest Quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love ;
That is their Business and Felicity,
And will be so to all Eternity.
That is the Ocean, our Affections here
Are but streams borrow'd from the Fountain there.
And 'tis the noblest Argument to prove
A Beauteous mind, that it knows how to Love:
Those kind Impressions which Fate can't controul,
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Arts Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worse than Beast that cannot Love, and yet
It is not bought for Money, Pains or Wit ;
For no chance or design can Spirits move,
But the Eternal destiny of Love :

And

And when two Souls are chang'd and mixed so,
 It is what they and none but they can do.
 This, this is Friendship, that abstracted flame
 Which groveling Mortals know not how to name.
 All Love is sacred, and the Marriage-tie
 Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
 But Lust, Design, or some unworthy ends
 May mingle there, which are despis'd by Friends.
 Passion hath violent extreams, and thus
 All oppositions are contiguous.
 So when the end is serv'd their Love will bate,
 If Friendship make it not more fortunate :
 Friendship, that Love's Elixir, that pure fire
 Which burns the clearer 'cause it burns the higher.
 For Love, like earthly fires (which will decay
 If the material fuel be away)
 Is with offensive smoke accompanied,
 And by resistance only is supplied.
 But Friendship, like the fiery Element,
 With its own Heat and Nourishment content,
 Where neither hurt, nor smoke, nor noise is made,
 Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid.
 Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
 Richest when plainest, bravest when alone;
 Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
 Than sleeping Doves are, and as much content
 As Saints in Visions; quiet as the Night,
 But clear and open as the Summer's light;
 United more than Spirits Faculties,
 Higher in thoughts than are the Eagle's eyes;
 What shall I say? when true friends are grown,
 W'are like --- Alas, w'are like our selves alone.

Among that collected few
 Some more substantial made
 And me a favourable crew
 Now with my eyes invades.
 Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
 Left you so little of your name?

The Enquiry.

1.

IF we no old Historian's name
Authentick will admit,
But think all said of Friendship's fame
But Poetry or Wit:
Yet what's rever'd by Minds so pure
Must be a bright Idea sure.

2:

But as our Immortality
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd:
So here how could such Copies fall,
If there were no Original?

3.

But if Truth be in ancient Song,
Or Story we believe,
If the inspir'd and graven Throng
Have scorn'd to deceive;
There have been Hearts whose Friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and brave.

4.

Among that consecrated Few,
Some more Seraphick shade
Lend me a favourable Clew
Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

Why

5.

Why is't so difficult to see
Two Bodies and one Mind?
And why are those who else agree
So differently kind?
Hath Nature such fantastick art,
That she can vary every Heart?

6.

Why are the bands of Friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the rest forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From Friendship to Indifference.

7.

If Friendship Sympathy impart,
Why this ill-shuffled game,
That Heart can never meet with Heart,
Or Flame encounter Flame?
What does this Cruelty create?
Is't the Intrigue of Love or Fate?

8.

Had Friendship ne'er been known to Men,
(The Ghost at last confest)
The World had been a stranger then
To all that Heaven possesseth.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heaven it self would be desir'd.

Y

To

To my Lucasia, in defence of declared Friendship.

1.

O My *Lucasia*, let us speak our Love,
And think not that impertinent can be,
Which to us both doth such assurance prove,
And whence we find how justly we agree.

2.

Before we knew the treasures of our Love,
Our noble aims our joys did entertain ;
And shall enjoyment nothing then improve ?
'Twere best for us then to begin again.

3.

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep
Out all the rest of our mysterious reign :
It is as hard and glorious to keep
A victory, as it is to obtain.

4.

Nay to what end did we once barter Minds,
Only to know and to neglect the claim ?
Or (like some Wantons) our Pride pleasure finds
To throw away the thing at which we aim.

5.

If this be all our Friendship does design,
We covet not enjoyment then, but power :
To our Opinion we our Bliss confine,
And love to have, but not to smell, the flower.

Ah!

6.

Ah! then let Misers bury thus their Gold,
 Who though they starve no farthing will produce:
 But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
 And sure we cannot spend our stock by use.

7.

Think not 'tis needless to repeat desires;
 The fervent Turtles alwaies court and bill,
 And yet their spotless passion never tires,
 But does encrease by repetition still.

8.

Although we know we love, yet while our Soul
 Is thus imprison'd by the Flesh we wear,
 There's no way left that bondage to controul,
 But to convey transactions through the Ear:

9.

Nay, though we read our passions in the Eye,
 It will oblige and please to tell them too:
 Such joys as these by motion multiply,
 Were't but to find that our Souls told us true.

10.

Believe not then, that being now secure
 Of either's heart, we have no more to do:
 The Spheres themselves by motion do endure,
 And they move on by Circulation too.

And

11.

And as a River, when it once hath paid
The tribute which it to the Ocean owes,
Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
On its own waves, the shore it overflows.

12.

So the Soul's motion does not end in b'iss,
But on her felt she scatters and dilates,
And on the Object doubles till by this
She finds new joys which that reflux creates.

13.

But then because it cannot all contain,
It seeks a vent by telling the glad news,
First to the Heart which did its joys obtain,
Then to the Heart which did those joys produce.

14.

When my Soul then doth such excursions make,
Unless thy Soul delight to meet it too,
What satisfaction can it give or take,
Thou being absent at the interview?

15.

'Tis not Distrust ; for were that plea allow'd,
Letters and Visits all would useles grow :
Love's whole expression then would be its cloud,
And it would be refin'd to nothing so.

If

16.

If I distrust, 'tis my own worth for thee,
 'Tis my own fitness for a love like thine;
 And therefore still new evidence would see,
 T' assure my wonder that thou canst be mine.

17.

But as the Morning-Sun to drooping Flowers,
 As weary Travellers a Shade do find,
 As to the parched Violet Evening-showers;
 Such is from thee to me a Look that's kind.

18.

But when that Look is drest in Words, 'tis like
 The mystick pow'r of Musick's unison;
 Which when the finger doth one Viol strike,
 The other's string heaves to reflection.

19.

Be kind to me, and just then to our love,
 To which we owe our free and dear converse;
 And let not tract of Time wear or remove
 It from the privilege of that Commerce.

20.

Tyrants do banish what they can't requite:
 But let us never know such mean desires;
 But to be grateful to that Love delight
 Which all our joys and noble thoughts inspires.

Z.

A Reflvery.

A Chosen Privacy, a cheap Content,
 And all the Peace a Friendship ever lent,
 A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
 A Willow that repulses all the heat,
 The beauteous quiet of a Summer's day,
 A Brook which sobb'd aloud and ran away,
 Invited my Repose, and then conspir'd
 To entertain my Phancie thus retir'd.
 As *Lucian's* Ferry-man aloft did view
 The angry World, and then laugh'd at it too:
 So all its fullen Follies seem to me
 But as a too-well acted Tragedy.
 One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
 Another Envy to see that man Rule:
 One makes his Love the Parent of his Rage,
 For private Friendship publickly t'engage:
 And some for Conscience, some for Honour die;
 And some are meanly kill'd they know not why.
 More different then mens faces are their ends,
 Whom yet one common Ruine can make Friends.
 Death, Dust and Darknes they have only won,
 And hastily unto their Periods run.
 Death is a Leveller; Beauty, and Kings,
 And Conquerours, and all those glorious things,
 Are tumbled to their Graves in one rude heap,
 Like common dust as quiet and as cheap.
 At greater Changes who would wonder then,
 Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as men?
 They must fall sick and die; nothing can be
 In this World certain, but uncertainty.
 Since Pow'r and Greatness are such slippery things,
 Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings?
 Now least of all, when, weary of deceit,
 The World no longer flatters with the Great.

Though

Though such Confusions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with Mankind :
Yet in this Chaos some things do send forth,
(Like Jewels in the dark) a Native worth.
He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a Pedigree ;
Who thinks it not his Praise that others know
His Ancestors were gallant long ago ;
Who scorns to boast the Glories of his blood,
And thinks he can't be great that is not good ;
Who knows the World, and what we Pleasure call,
Yet cannot sell one Conscience for them all ;
Who hates to hoard that Gold with an excuse,
For which he can find out a nobler use ;
Who dares not keep that Life that he can spend,
To serve his God, his Country, and his Friend ;
Who flattery and falsehood doth so hate,
He would not buy ten Lives at such a rate ;
Whose Soul, then Diamonds more rich and clear,
Naked and open as his face doth wear ;
Who dares be good alone in such a time,
When Vertue's held and punish'd as a Crime ;
Who thinks dark crooked Plots a mean defence,
And is both safe and wise in Innocence ;
Who dares both fight and die, but dares not fear ;
Whose only doubt is, if his cause be clear ;
Whose Courage and his Justice equal worn,
Can dangers grapple, overcome and scorn,
Yet not insult upon a conquer'd foe,
But can forgive him and oblige him too ;
Whose Friendship is congenial with his Soul,
Who where he gives a heart bestows it whole ;
Whose other ties and Titles here do end,
Or buried or completed in the Friend ;
Who ne're resumes the Soul he once did give,
While his Friend's Honesty and Honour live ;
And if his Friend's content could cost the price,
Would count himself a happy Sacrifice ;

Whose

Whose happy days no Pride infects, nor can
 His other Titles make him slight the man ;
 No dark Ambitious thoughts do cloud his brow,
 Nor restless cares when to be Great, and how ;
 Who scorns to envy Wealth where e're it be,
 But pities such a Golden Slavery ;
 With no mean fawnings can the people court,
 Nor wholly slight a popular report ;
 Whose house no Orphan groans do shake or blast,
 Nor any riot help to serve his taste ;
 Who from the top of his Prosperities
 Can take a fall, and yet without surprize ;
 Who with the same august and even state
 Can entertain the best and worst of Fate ;
 Whose suffering's sweet, if Honour once adorn it ;
 Who slights Revenge, yet does not fear, but scorn it ;
 Whose Happiness in ev'ry Fortune lives,
 For that no Fortune either takes or gives ;
 Who no unhandsome ways can bribe his Fate,
 Nay, out of Prison marches through the Gate ;
 Who losing all his Titles and his Pelf,
 Nay, all the World, can never lose himself ;
 This Person shines indeed, and he that can
 Be Vertuous is the great Immortal man.

A Country-life.

How Sacred and how Innocent
 A Country-life appears,
 How free from Tumult, Discontent,
 From Flattery or Fears !
 This was the first and happiest Life,
 When man enjoy'd himself ;
 Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,
 And Happiness for Pelf.
 'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,
 Here taught the multitude ;

The

The brave they here with Honour fir'd,
 And civiliz'd the rude.
 That Golden Age did entertain
 No Passion but of Love ;
 The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
 Did ne're their Fancies move.
 None then did envy Neighbour's wealth,
 Nor Plot to wrong his bed :
 Happy in Friendship and in Health,
 On Roots, not Beasts, they fed.
 They knew no Law nor Physick then,
 Nature was all their Wit.
 And if there yet remain to men
 Content, sure this is it.
 What Blessings doth this World afford
 To tempt or bribe desire ?
 Her Courtship is all Fire and Sword,
 Who would not then retire ?
 Then welcome dearest Solitude,
 My great Felicity ;
 Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
 Thou art not so, but we :
 Them that do covet only rest,
 A Cottage will suffice :
 It is not brave to be possess'd
 Of Earth, but to despise.
 Opinion is the rate of things,
 From hence our Peace doth flow ;
 I have a better Fate than Kings,
 Because I think it so.
 When all the stormy World doth roar
 How unconcern'd am I ?
 I cannot fear to tumble lower
 Who never could be high.
 Secure in these unenvi'd walls
 I think not on the State,
 And pity no mans case that falls
 From his Ambition's height.

Silence and Innocence are safe ;
 A heart that's nobly true
 At all these little Arts can laugh
 That do the World subdue.
 While others Revel it in State,
 Here I'll be contented sit,
 And think I have as good a Fate
 As Wealth and Pomp admit.
 Let some in Courtship take delight,
 And to th' *Exchange* resort ;
 Then Revel out a Winter's night,
 Not making Love, but Sport.
 These never know a noble Flame,
 'Tis Lust, Scorn, or Design :
 While Vanity plays all their Game,
 Let Peace and Honour mine.
 When the inviting Spring appears,
 To *Hide-parke* let them go,
 And hasting thence be full of fears
 To lose *Spring-Garden* shew.
 Let others (nobler) seek to gain
 In Knowledge happy Fate,
 And others busie them in vain
 To study ways of State.
 But I, resolved from within,
 Confirmed from without,
 In Privacy intend to spin
 My future Minutes out.
 And from this Hermitage of mine
 I banish all wild toys,
 And nothing that is not Divine
 Shall dare to tempt my Joyes.
 There are below but two things good,
 Friendship and Honesty,
 And only those of all I would
 Ask for Felicity.
 In this retir'd and humble seat
 Free from both War and Strife;

I am not forc'd to make retreat
But chuse to spend my Life.

*To Mrs. Wogan, my Honour'd Friend, on the
Death of her Husband.*

DRy up your tears, there's enough shed by you,
And we must pay our share of Sorrows too.
It is no private loss when such men fall,
The VVorld's concern'd; and Grief is general.
But though of our Misfortune we complain,
To him it is injurious and vain.
For since we know his rich Integrity,
His real Sweetness, and full Harmony;
How free his heart and house were to his Friends,
VVhom he oblig'd without Design or Ends;
How universal was his courtesie,
How clear a Soul, how even, and how high;
How much he scorn'd disguise or meaner Arts,
But with a native Honour conquer'd Hearts;
We must conclude he was a Treasure lent,
Soon weary of this sordid Tenement.
The Age and World deserv'd him not, and he
Was kindly snatch'd from future Misery.
We can scarce say he's Dead, but gone to rest,
And left a Monument in ev'ry breast.
For you to grieve then in this sad excess,
Is not to speak your Love, but make it less.
A noble Soul no Friendship will admit,
But what's Eternal and Divine as it.
The Soul is hid in mortal flesh we know;
And all its weakneses must undergo,
Till by degrees it does shine forth at length,
And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength:
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray
Put on full splendour till it put off Clay:
So Infant Love is in the worthiest breast

By

By Sense and Passion fetter'd and oppress'd;
 But by degrees it grows still more refin'd,
 And scorning clogs, only concerns the mind.
 Now as the Soul you lov'd is here set free
 From its material gross capacity;
 Your Love should follow him now he is gone,
 And quitting Passion, put Perfection on.
 Such Love as this will its own good deny,
 If its dear Object have Felicity.
 And since we cannot his great Loss Reprieve,
 Let's not lose you in whom he still doth Live.
 For while you are by Grief secluded thus,
 It doth appear your Funeral to us.

*In memory of the most justly honoured, Mrs.
 Owen of Orielton.*

AS when the ancient World by Reason liv'd,
 The *Asian* Monarchs deaths were never griev'd;
 Their glorious Lives made all their Subjects call
 Their Rites a Triumph, not a Funeral:
 So still the Good are Princes, and their Fate
 Invites us not to weep, but imitate.
 Nature intends a progress of each stage
 Whereby weak Man creeps to succeeding Age,
 Ripens him for that Change for which he's made,
 Where th' active Soul is in her Centre staid.
 And since none stript of Infancy complain,
 'Cause 'tis both their necessity and gain:
 So Age and Death by slow approaches come,
 And by that just inevitable doom
 By which the Soul (her cloggy dross once gone)
 Puts on Perfection, and resumes her own.
 Since then we mourn a happy Soul, O why
 Disturb we her with erring Piety?
 Who's so enamour'd on the beauteous Ground,
 When with rich Autumn's livery hung round,

As to deny a Sickle to his Grain,
 And not undress the teeming Earth again?
 Fruits grow for use, Mankind is born to die;
 And both Fates have the same necessity.
 Then grieve no more, sad Relatives, but learn;
 Sigh not, but profit by your just concern.
 Read over her Life's volume : wise and good,
 Not 'cause she must be so, but 'cause she wou'd.
 To chosen Vertue still a constant friend,
 She saw the Times which chang'd, but did not mend.
 And as some are so civil to the Sun,
 They'd fix his beams, and make the Earth to run :
 So she unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
 Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State :
 Still durst be Good, and own the noble Truth,
 To crown her Age which had adorn'd her Youth.
 Great without Pride, a Soul which still could be
 Humble and high, full of calm Majesty.
 She kept true state within, and could not buy
 Her Satisfaction with her Charity.
 Fortune or Birth ne're rais'd her Mind, which stood
 Not on her being rich, but doing good.
 Oblig'd the World, but yet would scorn to be
 Paid with Requitals, Thanks or Vanity.
 How oft did she what all the World adore,
 Make the Poor happy with her useful store?
 So general was her Bounty, that she gave
 Equality to all before the Grave.
 By several means she different persons ty'd,
 Who by her Goodness onely were ally'd.
 Her Vertue was her Temper, not her Fit;
 Fear'd nothing but the Crimes which some commit;
 Scorn'd those dark Arts which pass for Wisdom now;
 Nor to a mean ignoble thing could bow.
 And her vast Prudence had no other end,
 But to forgive a Foe, endear a Friend :
 To use, but slight, the World ; and fixt above,
 Shine down in beams of Piety and Love.

Why should we then by poor unjust complaint
 Prove envious Sinners 'cause she is a Saint ?
 Close then the Monument ; let not a Tear
 That may prophane her Ashes now appear :
 For her best Obsequies are that we be
 Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as she.

A Friend.

1.

Love, Nature's Plot, this great Creation's Soul,
 The Being and the Harmony of things,
 Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
 From whence Mans Happiness and Safety springs :
 The earliest, whitest, blessedst Times did draw
 From her alone their universal Law.

2.

Friendship's an Abstract of this noble Flame,
 'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from all its dross,
 The next to Angels Love, if not the same,
 As strong as passion is, though not so gross :
 It antedates a glad Eternity,
 And is an Heaven in Epitome.

3.

Nobler then Kindred or then Marriage-band,
 Because more free ; Wedlock-felicity
 It self doth only by this Union stand,
 And turns to Friendship or to Misery.
 Force or Design Matches to pass may bring,
 But Friendship doth from Love and Honour spring.

4. If

4.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t' exclude
 Women from Friendship's vast capacity,
 Is a Design injurious or rude,
 Onely maintain'd by partial tyranny.
 Love is allow'd to us and Innocence,
 And noblest Friendships do proceed from thence.

5.

The chiefeft thing in Friends is Sympathy :
 There is a Secret that doth Friendship guide,
 Which makes two Souls before they know agree,
 Who by a thousand mixtures are ally'd,
 And chang'd and lost, so that it is not known
 Within which breast doth now reside their own.

6.

Essential Honour must be in a Friend,
 Not such as every breath fans to and fro ;
 But born within, is its own judge and end, (know.
 And dares not sin though sure that none should
 Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's understood ;
 For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

7.

Friendship doth carry more then common trust,
 And Treachery is here the greatest sin.
 Secrets depofed then none ever must
 Presume to open, but who put them in.
 They that in one Chest lay up all their stock,
 Had need be sure that none can pick the Lock.

8. A

8.

A breast too open Friendship does not love,
 For that the others Trust will not conceal;
 Nor one too much reserv'd can it approve,
 Its own Condition this will not reveal.
 We empty Passions for a double end,
 To be refresh'd and guarded by a Friend.

9.

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship does require,
 The first for Counsel, this for Company;
 And though not mainly, yet we may desire
 Both complaisance and Ingenuity.
 Though ev'ry thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
 He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool.

10.

Discretion uses Parts, and best knows how;
 And Patience will all Qualities commend:
 That serves a need best, but this doth allow
 The Weaknesses and Passions of a Friend.
 We are not yet come to the Quire above:
 Who cannot Pardon here, can never Love.

11.

Thick Waters shew no Images of things;
 Friends are each others Mirrours, and should be
 Clearer then Crystal or the Mountain Springs,
 And free from Clouds, Design or Flattery.
 For vulgar Souls no part of Friendship share:
 Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

12.

Friends should observe and chide each others Faults,
 To be severe then is most just & kind ; (thoughts:
 Nothing can 'scape their search who knew the
 This they should give and take with equal Mind.
 For Friendship, when this Freedom is deny'd,
 Is like a Painter when his hands are ty'd.

13.

A Friend should find out each Necessity,
 And then unask'd reliev't at any rate :
 It is not Friendship, but Formality,
 To be desir'd ; for Kindness keeps no state.
 Of Friends he doth the Benefactor prove,
 That gives his Friend the means t' express his Love.

14.

Absence doth not from Friendship's right excuse :
 Them who preserve each others heart and fame,
 Parting can ne'r divide, it may diffuse ;
 As a far stretch'd out River's still the same.
 Though Presence help'd them at the first to greet,
 Their Souls know now without those aids to meet.

15.

Constant and Solid, whom no storms can shake,
 Nor death unfix, a right Friend ought to be ;
 And if condemned to survive, doth make
 No second choice, but Grief and Memory.
 But Friendship's best Fate is, when it can spend
 A Life, a Fortune, all to serve a Friend.

L'Accord du Bien.

1.

ORder, by which all things are made,
 And this great World's foundation laid,
 Is nothing else but Harmony,
 Where different parts are brought t'agree.

2.

As Empires are still best maintain'd
 Those ways which first their Greatness gain'd:
 So in this universal Frame
 What made and keeps it is the same.

3.

Thus all things unto peace do tend;
 Even Discords have it for their end.
 The cause why Elements do fight,
 Is but their Instinct to Unite.

4.

Musick could never please the Sense
 But by United excellence:
 The sweetest Note which Numbers know,
 If struck alone, would tedious grow.

5.

Man, the whole World's Epitome,
 Is by creation Harmony.
 'Twas Sin first quarrell'd in his breast,
 Then made him angry with the rest.

6. But

6.

But Goodness keeps that Unity,
And loves its own society
So well, that seldom we have known
One real Worth to dwell alone.

7.

And hence it is we Friendship call
Not by one Vertue's name, but all.
Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought Union, but Conspiracy.

8.

Nature and Grace, such enemies
That when one fell t'other did rise,
Are now by Mercy even set,
As Stars in Constellations met.

9.

If Nature were it self a sin,
Her Author (God) had guilty been,
But Man by sin contracting stain,
Shall purg'd from that be clear again.

10.

To prove that Nature's excellent
Even Sin it self's an argument;
Therefore we Nature's stain deplore,
Because it self was pure before.

11: And

11.

And Grace destroys not, but refines,
Unveils our Reason, then it shines;
Restores what was deprest by sin,
The fainting beam of God within.

12.

The main spring (Judgment) rectify'd,
Will all the lesser Motions guide,
To spend our Labour; Love and Care,
Not as things seem, but as they are.

13.

'Tis Fancy lost, Wit thrown away,
In trifles to imploy that Ray,
Which then doth in full lustre shine
When both Ingenious and Divine.

14.

To Eyes by Humours vitiated
All things seem falsely coloured:
So 'tis our prejudicial thought
That makes clear Objects seem in fault.

15.

They scarce believe united good,
By whom 'twas never understood:
They think one Grace enough for one,
And 'tis because their selves have none:

UNA

16. We

16.

We hunt Extreame, and run so fast,
We can no steddy judgment cast,
He best surveys the Circle round
Who stands i'th' middle of the ground.

17.

That happy mean would let us see
Knowledge and Meekness may agree;
And find, when each thing hath its name,
Passion and Zeal are not the same.

18.

Who studies God doth upwards flye,
And height still lessens to our eye;
And he that knows God, soon will see
Vast cause for his Humility.

19.

For by that search it will be known
There's nothing but our Will our own;
And who doth so that stock imploy,
But finds more cause for Shame then Joy.

20.

We know so little and so dark,
And so extinguish our own spark,
That he who furthest here can go,
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

20.

It will with the most Learned sute
 More to enquire then dispute:
 But Vapours swell within a Cloud;
 'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

22.

So whom their own vain Heart belies,
 Like Inflammations quickly rise:
 But that Soul which is truly great
 Is lowest in its own conceit.

23.

Yet while we hug our own mistake,
 We Censures, but not Judgments, make,
 And thence it is we cannot see
 Obedience stand with Liberty.

24.

Providence still keeps even state;
 But he can best command his Fate,
 Whose Art by adding his own Voice
 Makes his Necessity his Choice.

25.

Rightly to rule ones self must be
 The hardest, largest Monarchy:
 Whose Passions are his Masters grown,
 Will be a Captive in a Throne.

21. 10

b C

26. He

26.

He most the inward freedom gains,
 Who just Submissions entertains:
 For while in that his Reason sways,
 It is himself that he obeys.

27.

But onely in Eternity
 We can these beauteous Unions see:
 For Heaven it self and Glory is
 But one harmonious constant Bliss.

Invitation to the Country.

BE kind, my dear *Rosania*, though 'tis true
 Thy Friendship will become thy Penance too;
 Though there be nothing can reward the pain,
 Nothing to satisfy or entertain;
 Though all be empty, wild, and like to me,
 Who make new Troubles in my Company:
 Yet is the action more obliging great;
 'Tis Hardship only makes Desert complete.
 But yet to prove Mixtures all things compound,
 There may in this be some advantage found;
 For a Retirement from the noise of Towns,
 Is that for which some Kings have left their Crowns:
 And Conquerours, whose Laurel prest the brow,
 Have chang'd it for the quiet Myrtle-bow.
 For Titles, Honours, and the World's Address,
 Are things too cheap to make up Happiness;
 The easie Tribute of a giddy race,
 And pay'd less to the Person than the place.
 So false reflected and so short content
 Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent,
 That who most try'd it have of Fate complain'd,
 With Titles burthen'd and to greatness chain'd.

For

For they alone enjoy'd what they possess,
 Who relisht most and understood it best.
 And yet that understanding made them know
 The empty swift dispatch of all below.
 So that what most can outward things endear,
 Is the best means to make them disappear :
 And even that Tyrant (Sense) doth these destroy,
 As more officious to our Grief than Joy.
 Thus all the glittering World is but a cheat,
 Obtruding on our Sense things Gross for Great.
 But he that can enquire and undisguise,
 Will soon perceive the sting that hidden lies ;
 And find no Joys merit esteem but those
 Whose Scene lies only at our own dispose.
 Man unconcern'd without himself may be
 His own both Prospect and Security.
 Kings may be Slaves by their own Passions hurl'd,
 But who commands himself commands the World.
 A Country-life assists this study best,
 Where no distractions do the Soul arrest :
 There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view,
 There we search Nature and its Author too ;
 Possess with Freedom and a real State
 Look down on Vice, and Vanity, and Fate:
 There (my *Rosania*) will we, mingling Souls,
 Pity the Folly which the World controuls ;
 And all those *Grandeurs* which the World do prize
 We either can enjoy, or will despise.

In Memory of Mrs. E. H.

AS some choice Plant cherish'd by Sun and Air,
 And ready to requite the Gard'ner's care,
 Blossoms and flourishes, but then we find
 Is made the Triumph of some ruder Wind :
 So thy untimely Grave did both entomb
 Thy Sweetness now, and wonders yet to come.

Hung

Hung full of hopes thou sell'st a lovely prize;
 Just as thou didst attract all Hearts and Eyes.
 Thus we might apprehend, for had thy years
 Been lengthen'd to have paid those vast arrears
 The World expected, we should then conclude,
 The Age of Miracles had been renew'd.
 For thou already hast with ease found out
 What others study with such pains and doubt;
 That frame of Soul which is content alone,
 And needs no Entertainment but its own.
 Thy even Mind, which made thee good and great,
 Was to thee both a shelter and retreat.
 Of all the Tumults which this World do fill
 Thou wert an unconcern'd Spectatour still:
 And, were thy duty punctually supply'd,
 Indifferent to all the World beside.
 Thou wert made up within resolv'd and fix'd,
 And wouldst not with a base Allay be mix'd;
 Above the World, couldst equally despise
 Both its Temptations and its Injuries;
 Couldst summe up all, and find not worth desire
 Those glittering Trifles which the most admire;
 But with a nobler aim, and higher born,
 Look down on Greatness with contempt and scorn.
 Thou hadst no Arts that others this might see,
 Nor lov'dst a Trumpet to thy Piety:
 But silent and retir'd, calm and serene,
 Stol'st to thy blessed Haven hardly seen.
 It were vain to describe thee then, but now:
 Thy vast accession harder is to know;
 How full of light, and satisfi'd thou art,
 So early from this treach'rous World to part;
 How pleas'd thou art reflexions now to make,
 And find thou didst not things below mistake;
 In how abstracted converse thou dost live,
 How much thy Knowledge is intuitive;
 How great and bright a glory is enjoy'd
 With Angels, and in Mysteries employ'd.

'Tis sin then to lament thy Fate, but we
Should help thee to a new Eternity;
And by successive Imitation strive,
Till Time shall die, to keep thee still alive;
And (by thy great Example furnish'd) be
More apt to live then write thy Elogy.

On Rosania's Apostacy, and Lucasia's Friendship.

Great Soul of Friendship whither art thou fled,
Where dost thou now chuse to repose thy head?
Or art thou nothing but voice, air and name,
Found out to put Souls in pursuit of fame?
Thy flames being thought Immortal, we may doubt
Whether they e're did burn that see them out.

Go weary'd Soul find out thy wonted rest,
In the safe Harbour of *Orinda's* breast,
There all unknown Adventures thou hast found
In thy late transmigrations expound;
That so *Rosania's* darkness may be known
To be her want of Lustre, not thy own.

Then to the Great *Lucasia* have recourse,
There gather up new excellence and force,
Till by a free unbiass'd clear Commerce,
Endearments which no Tongue can e're rehearse,
Lucasia and *Orinda* shall thee give
Eternity, and make even Friendship live.

Hail Great *Lucasia*, thou shalt doubly shine,
What was *Rosania's* own is now twice thine;
Thou saw'st *Rosania's* Chariot and her flight,
And so the double portion is thy right:
Though 'twas *Rosania's* Spirit be content,
Since 'twas at first from thy *Orinda* sent.

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, Singing now affairs &c.

Subduing fair ! what will you win
To use a needles Dart :
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart ?
I came expos'd to all your Charms,
'Gainst which the first half hour
I had no will to take up Armes,
And in the next no Power.
How can you chuse but win the Day,
Who can resist your Siege,
Who in one action know the way
To Vanquish and Oblige ?
Your Voice which can in melting strains
Teach Beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in stronger Chains,
By being soft and kind,
Whilst you my trivial fancy sing,
You it to wit refine,
As Leather once stamp'd by a King
Became a Current Coin.
By this my Verse is sure to gain
Eternity with men,
Which by your voice it will obtain,
Though never by my Pen.
I'd rather in your favour live
Then in a lasting name,
And much a greater rate would give
For Happiness than Fame.

Submission.

Submission.

TIs so, and humbly I my will resign,
 Nor dare dispute with Providence Divine.
 In vain, alas ! we struggle with our chains,
 But more entangled by the fruitless pains.
 For as it^h' great Creation of this All,
 Nothing by chance could in such order fall ;
 And what would single be deform'd confest,
 Grows beauteous in its union with the rest :
 So Providence like Wisdom we allow,
 (For what created once does govern now)
 And the same Fate that seems to one Reverse,
 Is necessary to the Universe.
 All these particular and various things,
 Link'd to their Causes by such secret Springs,
 Are held so fast, and govern'd by such Art,
 That nothing can out of its order start.
 The World's God's watch, where nothing is so small,
 But makes a part of what composes all :
 Could the least Pin be lost or else displac'd,
 The World would be disorder'd and defac'd.
 It beats no Pulse in vain, but keeps its time,
 And undiscern'd to its own height doth climb ;
 Strung first, and daily wound up by his hand
 Who can its motions guide and understand.
 No secret cunning then nor multitude
 Can Providence divert, cross or delude.
 And her just full decrees are hidden things,
 Which harder are to find then Births of Springs.
 Yet all in various Consorts fitly sound,
 And by their Discords Harmony compound.
 Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
 Whereby Forms are preserv'd though Matters die ;
 And shifting dres keep their own living state :
 So that what kills this, does that propagate.

This

This made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry;
 That sure the world had full Eternity.
 For though it self to Time and Fate submit,
 He's above both who made and governs it ;
 And to each Creature hath such Portion lent,
 As Love and Wisdom sees convenient.
 For he's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
 The Beings which from him alone can live.
 He's most concern'd, and hath the greatest share
 In man, and therefore takes the greatest care
 To make him happy, who alone can be
 So by Submission and Conformity.
 For why should Changes here below surprize,
 When the whole World its revolution tries ?
 Where were our Springs, our Harvests pleasant use;
 Unless Vicissitude did them produce ?
 Nay, what can be so wearisome a pain
 As when no Alterations entertain ?
 To lose, to suffer, to be sick and die,
 Arrest us by the same Necessity.
 Nor could they trouble us, but that our mind
 Hath its own glory unto dross confin'd.
 For outward things remove not from their place,
 Till our Souls run to beg their mean embrace ;
 Then doting on the choice make it our own,
 By placing Trifles in th' Opinion's Throne.
 So when they are divorc'd by some new cross,
 Our Souls seem widow'd by the fatal loss :
 But could we keep our Grandeur and our state,
 Nothing below would seem unfortunate ;
 But Grace and Reason, which best succours bring,
 Would with advantage manage every thing ;
 And by right Judgment would prevent our moan
 For losing that which never was our own.
 For right Opinion's like a Marble grott,
 In Summer cool, and in the Winter hot ;
 A Principle which in each Fortune lives,
 Bestowing Catholick Preservatives.

'Tis this resolves, there are no losses where
 Vertue and Reason are continued there.
 The meanest Soul might such a Fortune share,
 But no mean Soul could so that Fortune bear.
 Thus I compose my thoughts grown insolent,
 As th' *Irish* Harper doth his Instrument ;
 Which if once struck doth murmur and complain,
 But the next touch will silence all again.

2 Cor. 5. 19. *God was in Christ Reconciling the
 World to himself.*

When God, contracted to Humanity,
 Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die;
 When all the heap of Miracles combin'd
 To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind:
 Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way
 How to repair the Ruin'd World's decay.
 His Love, Pow'r, Wisdom, must some means procure
 His Mercy to advance, Justice secure:
 And since Man in such Misery was hurl'd,
 It cost him more to save than make the World.
 Oh! what a desp'rate load of sins had we,
 When God must plor for our Felicity?
 When God must beg us that he may forgive,
 And dye himself before Mankind could live?
 And what still are we, when our King in vain
 Begs his lost Rebels to be Friends again?
 What floods of Love proceed from Heaven's smile;
 At once to pardon and to reconcile?
 What God himself hath made he cannot hate,
 For 'tis one act to Love and to Create:
 And he's too perfect full of Majesty,
 To need additions from our Misery.
 He hath a Father's, not a Tyrant's, joy;
 Shews more his Pow'r to save, than to destroy.
 Did there ten thousand Worlds to ruine fall,

One

POEMS.

111

One God could save, one Christ redeem them all.
 Be silent then, ye narrow Souls, take heed
 Lest you restrain the Mercy you will need.
 But, O my Soul, from these be different,
 Imitate thou a nobler Precedent :
 As God with open Arms the World does woo,
 Learn thou like God to be enlarged too ;
 As he begs thy consent to pardon thee,
 Learn to submit unto thy Enemy ;
 As he stands ready thee to entertain,
 Be thou as forward to return again ;
 As he was Crucify'd for and by thee,
 Crucifie thou what caus'd his Agony ;
 And like to him be mortify'd to sin,
 Die to the World as he dy'd for it then.

The World.

WE falsely think it due unto our Friends,
 That we should grieve for their untimely
 He that surveys the World with serious eyes, (ends.
 And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,
 Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate ;
 He only dies untimely who dies late.
 For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
 To what a Stage of Mischiefs they must come ;
 Could they foresee with how much toil and sweat
 Men court that gilded nothing, being Great ;
 What pains they take not to be what they seem,
 Rating their bliss by others false esteem,
 And sacrificing their Content, to be
 Guilty of grave and serious Vanity ;
 How each Condition hath its proper Thorns,
 And what one man admires, another scorns ;
 How frequently their Happiness they miss,
 So far even from agreeing what it is,
 That the same Person we can hardly find
 Who

Who is an hour together in one mind :
 Sure they would beg a Period of their breath,
 And what we call their Birth would count their
 Mankind is mad ; for none can live alone, (Death.
 Because their Joys stand by comparifon :
 And yet they quarrel at Society,
 And strive to kill they know not whom, nor why.
 We all live by Miftake, delight in Dreams,
 Loft to our felves, and dwelling in Extremes ;
 Rejecting what we have, though ne're fo good,
 And prizing what we never underftood.
 Compar'd t' our boifterous inconfancy
 Tempefts are calm, and Discords harmony.
 Hence we reverse the World, and yet do find
 The God that made can hardly please our Mind.
 We live by chance, and flip into Events ;
 Have all of Beasts except their Innocence.
 The Soul, which no man's pow'r can reach, a thing
 That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
 Doth fo much lofe, and from its height fo fall,
 That fome contend to have no Soul at all.
 'Tis either not observ'd, or at the beft
 By Paflion fought withal, by Sin deprefst.
 Freedom of Will (God's Image) is forgot ;
 And if we know it, we improve it not.
 Our Thoughts, though nothing can be more our own,
 Are ftill unguided, very feldom known.
 Time 'fapes our hands as Water in a Sieve,
 We come to die ere we begin to live.
 Truth, the moft futable and noble prize,
 Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies.
 Errour and Shadows are our choice, and we
 Owe our perdition to our own decree.
 If we fearch Truth, we make it more obfcure ;
 And when it fhines, cannot the light endure.
 For moft men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
 Have nothing lefs their bus'nefs than to think.
 And thofe few that enquire, how fmall a fhare

Of Truth they find, how dark their Notions are!
 That serious Evenness that calms the Breast,
 And in a Tempest can bestow a Rest,
 We either not attempt, or else decline,
 By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our design.
 (Others he must in his deceits involve,
 Who is not true unto his own Resolve.)
 We govern not our selves, but loose the Reins,
 Counting our Bondage to a thousand chains;
 And with as many Slaveries content
 As there are Tyrants ready to torment,
 We live upon a Rack extended still
 To one Extreme or both, but always ill.
 For since our Fortune is not understood,
 We suffer less from bad than from the good.
 The Sting is better drest and longer lasts,
 As Surfeits are more dangerous than Fasts.
 And to complete the misery to us,
 We see Extremes are still contiguous.
 And as we run so fast from what we hate,
 Like Squibs on Ropes, to know no middle state;
 So outward storms strengthened by us, we find
 Our Fortune as disordered as our Mind.
 But that's excus'd by this, it doth its part;
 A trech'rous World befits a trech'rous Heart.
 All ill's our own, the outward storms we loath
 Receive from us their Birth, their Sting, or both.
 And that our Vanity be past a doubt,
 'Tis one new Vanity to find it out.
 Happy are they to whom God gives a Grave,
 And from themselves as from his wrath doth save.
 'Tis good not to be born; but if we must,
 The next good is, soon to return to dust.
 When th' uncag'd Soul fled to Eternity
 Shall rest, and live, and sing, and love, and see.
 Here we but crawl and grovel, play and cry;
 Are first our own, then others, enemy:
 But there shall be defac'd both stain and score,
 For Time, and Death, and Sin shall be no more.

The Soul.

How vain a thing is Man, whose noblest part,
That Soul which through the World doth rome,
Traverses Heav'n, finds out the depth of Art,
Yet is so ignorant at home?

2.

In every Brook or Mirrour we can find
Reflections of our face to be;
But a true Opock to present our Mind
We hardly get, and darkly see.

3.

Yet in the search after our selves we run,
Actions and Causes we survey;
And when the weary Chase is almost done,
Then from our Quest we slip away.

4.

'Tis strange and sad, that since we do believe
We have a Soul must never die,
There are so few that can a Reason give
How it obtains that Life, or why.

5.

I wonder not to find those that know most,
Profess so much their Ignorance;
Since in their own Souls greatest Wits are lost,
And of themselves have scarce a glance.

6. But

6.

But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lie,
That above Dross would fain advance,
And gaily catches at Eternity,
As 'twere its own Inheritance.

7.

A Soul self-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
Pierces and judges things unseen:
But this gross heap of Matter cannot act,
Unless impell'd from within.

8.

Distance and Quantity, to Bodies due,
The state of Souls cannot admit:
And all the Contraries which Nature knew
Meet there, nor hurt themselves, nor it.

9.

God never Body made so bright and clean,
Which Good and Evil could discern:
What these words Honesty and Honour mean,
The Soul alone knows how to learn.

10.

And though 'tis true she is imprison'd here,
Yet hath she Notions of her own,
Which Sense doth only jog, awake, and clear,
But cannot at the first make known.

11.

The Soul her own felicity hath laid,
 And independent on the Sense,
 Sees the weak terrors which the World invade
 With pity or with negligence.

12.

So unconcern'd she lives, so much above
 The Rubbish of a sordid Jail,
 That nothing doth her Energy improve
 So much as when those structures fail,

13.

She's then a substance subtile, strong and pure,
 So immaterial and refin'd,
 As speaks her from the Body's fate secure,
 And wholly of a different kind.

14.

Religion for reward in vain would look,
 Vertue were doom'd to misery,
 All actions were like bubbles in a brook,
 Were't not for Immortality.

15.

But as that Conquerour who Millions spent
 Thought it too mean to give a Mite;
 So the World's Judge can never be content
 To bestow less than Infinite.

16. Treason

16.

Treason against Eternal Majesty
Must have eternal Justice too;
And since unbounded Love did satisfy,
He will unbounded Mercy shew.

17.

It is our narrow thoughts shorten these things,
By their companion Flesh inclin'd;
Which feeling its own weakness gladly brings
The same opinion to the Mind.

18.

We stifle our own Sun, and live in Shade;
But where its beams do once appear,
They make that person of himself afraid,
And to his own acts most severe.

19.

For ways, to sin close, and our breasts disguise
From outward search, we soon may find:
But who can his own Soul bribe or surprise,
Or sin without a sting behind?

20.

He that commands himself is more a Prince
Then he who Nations keeps in awe;
Who yield to all that does their Souls convince,
Shall never need another Law.

Hh

Happiness.

Happinefs.

Nature courts Happinefs, although it be
 Unknown as the *Athenian* Deity.
 It dwells not in Man's Sense, yet he supplies
 That want by growing fond of its disguise.
 The false appearances of Joy deceive,
 And seeking her unto her like we cleave.
 For sinking Man hath scarce sense left to know
 Whether the Plank he grasps will hold or no.
 While all the business of the World is this,
 To seek that Good which by mistake they miss.
 And all the several Passions men express
 Are but for Pleasure in a different dress.
 They hope for Happinefs in being Great,
 Or Rich, or Lov'd, then hug their own conceit.
 But the Good man can find this treasure out,
 For which in vain others do dig and doubt;
 And hath such secret full Content within,
 Though all abroad be storms, yet he can sing.
 His peace is made, all's quiet in that place,
 Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd by Grace.
 This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,
 For he can neither envy nor despise:
 But in the beauty of his ordered Mind
 Doth still a new rich satisfaction find.
 Innocent Epicure! whose single breast
 Can furnish him with a continual feast.
 A Prince at home, and Scepters can refuse;
 Valuing only what he cannot lose.
 He studies to do good; (a man may be
 Harmless for want of Opportunity.)
 But he's industrious kindness to dispence,
 And therein onely covets eminence.
 Others do court applause and fame, but he
 Thinks all that giddy noise but Vanity.

He

He takes no pains to be observ'd or seen,
 While all his acts are echoed from within.
 He's still himself, when Company are gone,
 Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
 For studying God in all his volumes, he
 Begins the business of Eternity.
 And unconcern'd without, retains a power
 To suck (like Bees) a sweet from ev'ry flower.
 And as the Manna of the *Israelites*
 Had several tastes to please all Appetites:
 So his Contentment is that catholick food,
 That makes all states seem fit as well as good.
 He dares not wish, nor his own fate propound;
 But, if God sends, reads Love in every wound:
 And would not lose for all the joys of Sense
 The glorious pleasures of Obedience.
 His better part can neither change nor lose,
 And all God's will can bear, can do, can chuse.

Death.

1.

How weak a Star doth rule Mankind,
 Which owes its ruine to the same
 Causes which Nature had design'd
 To cherish and preserve the frame!

2.

As Commonwealths may be secure,
 And no remote Invasion dread;
 Yet may a sadder fall endure
 From Traitors in their bosom bred:

61

3. So

3.

So while we feel no violence,
 And on our active Health do trust,
 A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
 And tumbles us into the dust.

4.

Yet carelessly we run our race,
 As if we could Death's summons wave;
 And think not on the narrow space
 Between a Table and a Grave.

5.

But since we cannot Death reprieve,
 Our Souls and Fame we ought to mind,
 For they our Bodies will survive;
 That goes beyond, this stays behind.

6.

If I be sure my Soul is safe,
 And that my Actions will provide
 My Tomb a nobler Epitaph,
 Then that I lonely liv'd and dy'd.

7.

So that in various accidents
 I Conscience may and Honour keep;
 I with that ease and innocence
 Shall die, as Infants go to sleep.

T.

To the *Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery.*

THe publick Gladness that's your restor'd,
For your escape from what we so deplo'r'd,
Will want as well resemblance as belief,
Unless our Joy be measur'd by our Grief,
When in your Fever we with terrour saw
At once our Hopes and Happines withdraw ;
And every *crisis* did with jealous fear
Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear.
Some dying Princes have their Servants slain,
That after death they might not want a Train.
Such cruelty were here a needles sin ;
For had our fatal Fears prophetick been,
Sorrow alone that service would have done,
And you by Nations had been waited on.
Your danger was in ev'ry Village seen,
And onely yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not Great *Charles's* call'd you back again :
Who did your sufferings with such pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern.
Lab'ring your safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any shape but this.
His *Genius* did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.
At once the *Thracian* Hero lov'd and griev'd,
Till he his lost Felicity retriev'd ;
And with the moving accents of his wo
His Spouse recover'd from the shades below.
So the King's grief your threatned loss withstood,
Who mourn'd with the same fortune that he woo'd :
And to his happy Passion we have been
Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a Queen.
But how severe a Choice had you to make,

When you must Heav'n delay, or Him forsake ?
 Yet since those joys you made such haste to find
 Had scarce been full if he were left behind,
 How well did Fate decide your inward strife,
 By making him a Present of your Life ?
 Which rescu'd Blessing he must long enjoy,
 Since our Offences could it not destroy.
 For none but Death durst rival him in you ;
 And Death himself was baffled in it too.

Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's Retirement.

ODE.

1.

NO, no, unfaithful World, thou hast
 Too long my easie Heart betray'd,
 And me too long thy Foot-ball made :
 But I am wiser grown at last,
 And will improve by all that I have past.
 I know 'twas just I should be practis'd on ;
 For I was told before,
 And told in sober and instructive lore,
 How little all that trusted thee have won :
 And yet I would make haste to be undone.
 Now by my suffering I am better taught,
 And shall no more commit that stupid fault.
 Go, get some other Fool,
 Whom thou mayst next cajole :
 On me thy frowns thou dost in vain bestow ;
 For I know how
 To be as coy and as reserv'd as thou,

2.

In my remote and humble seat
 Now I'm again possess'd

Of

Of that late fugitive, my Breast,
From all thy tumults and from all thy heat
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat;
And on the Fetters I have worn
Look with experienc'd and revengeful scorn
In this my sov'rain Privacy.
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet my self I may subdue;
And that's the nobler Empire of the two.
If ev'ry Passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, then to indulge them all.

3.

For thy inconstant Sea, no more
I'll leave that safe and solid Shore;
No, though to prosper in the cheat,
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,
And make me be Belov'd, or Rich, or Great:
Nor from my self shouldst me reclaim
With all the noise and all the pomp of Fame.
Judiciously I'll these despise;
Too small the Bargain, and too great the Price,
For them to cozen twice.

At length this secret I have learn'd;
Who will be happy, must be unconcern'd,
Must all their Comfort in their Bosom wear,
And seek their treasure and their power there.

4.

No other Wealth will I aspire,
But that of Nature to admire;
Nor envy on a Laurel will bestow,
Whil'st I have any in my Garden grow.
And when I would be Great,

'Tis but ascending to a Seat
Which Nature in a lofty Rock hath built;
A Throne as free from trouble as from guilt.
Where when my Soul her wings does raise
Above what Worldlings fear or praise,
With innocent and quiet pride I'll sit,
And see the humble waves pay tribute to my feet.
O Life Divine, when free from joys' diseases,
Not always merry, but 'tis always pleas'd!

A Heart, which is too great a thing
To be a Present for a Persian King,
Which God himself would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiously resort,
From its own height should much decline,
If this Converse it should resign
(Ill-natur'd World!) for thine.
Thy unwise rigour hath thy Empire lost;
It hath not only set me free,
But it hath made me free,
They onely can of thy possession boast,
Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most.
For lo, the Man whom all Mankind admir'd,
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muse inspir'd)
Is now triumphantly retir'd.
The mighty *Cowley* this hath done,
And over thee a *Parthian* Conquest won:
Which future Ages shall adore,
And which in this subdues thee more
Then either *Greek* or *Roman* ever could before.

The
world will be
wonder
And when I would be great

The Irish Grey-hound.

BEhold this Creature's Form and state;
 Which Nature therefore did create;
 That to the World might be exprest
 What meen there can be in a Beast.
 And that we in this shape may find
 A Lion of another kind.
 For this Heroick beast does seem
 In Majesty to Rival him.
 And yet vouchsafes, to Man, to shew
 Both service and submission too.
 From whence we this distinction have;
 That Beast is fierce, but this is brave.
 This Dog hath so himself subdu'd,
 That hunger cannot make him rude:
 And his behaviour does confess
 True Courage dwells with Gentleness.
 With sternest Wolves he dares engage
 And acts on them successful rage.
 Yet too much courtesie may chance
 To put him out of countenance.
 When in his opposers blood,
 Fortune hath made his vertue good;
 This Creature from an act so brave
 Grow's not more sullen, but more grave.
 Mans Guard he would be, not his sport,
 Believing he hath ventur'd for't;
 But yet no blood or shed or spent
 Can ever make him insolent.
 Few Men of him, to do greet things have learn'd,
 And when th' are done, to be so unconcern'd:

SONG.

To the tune of *Sommes nous pas trop heureux.*

HOW prodigious is my fate,
 Since I can't determine clearly,
 Whether you'll do more severely
 Giving me your love or hate
 For if you with kindness bless me,
 Since from you I soon must part;
 Fortune will so dispossess me,
 That your Love will break my heart.

But since Death all sorrow cures,
 Might I chuse my ways of dying,
 I could wish the arrow flying
 From Fortunes Quiver, not from yours.
 For in the sad unusual story
 How my wretched heart was torn,
 It will more concern your glory,
 I by absence fell then scorn.

*A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia, and Rosania, Imitating
 that of Gentle Therfis.*

Ros. **M**Y Lucasia, leave the Mountain tops,
 And like a nearer air.

Luc. How shall I then forsake my Lovely Flocks
 Bequeathed to my care?

Ros. Shepherdess, thy Flocks will not be less,
 Although thou should'st come hither.

Luc.

Luc. But I fear, the World will be severe,
Should I leave them to go thither.

Ros. O my friend, if you on that depend,
You'll never know content.

Luc. Rather I fear they would live and dye,
Would Fortune but consent.

Ros. But did you ask leave to love me too,
That others should deprive me?

Luc. Not all Mankind, a stratagem can find
Which from that heart should drive me.

Ros. Better 't had been, I thee had never seen,
Then that content to lose be.

Luc. Such are thy Charms, I'd dwell within thine arms
Could I my station chuse.

Ros. When Life is done, the World to us is gone,
And all our cares do end.

Luc. Nay I know there's nothing sweet below
Unless it be a Friend.

Ros. Then whilst we live, this Joy lets take and give;
Since death us soon will sever.

Luc. But I trust, when crumbled into dust,
We shall meet and love for ever.

Song to the Tune of Adieu Phillis.

TIs true, our Life is but a long disease
Made up of real pain and seeming ease.

You Stars, who these entangled fortunes give,

O tell me why

It is so hard to dye,

Yet such a task to Live?

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,

It costs us dearer then it can repay.

For time or Fortune all things so devours;

Our hopes are crost,

Or else the object lost,

E're we can call it ours.

*An Epitaph on my Honour'd Mother-in-Law
Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardigan-shire,
who dyed Jan. 1. Anno 1661*

Reader stay, it is but just ;
Thou dost not tread on common dust.
For underneath this stone does lye
One whose Name can never dye :
Who from an Honour'd Linage sprung,
Was to another matched Young ;
Whose happiness she ever sought ;
One blessing was, and many brought.
And to her spouse her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their Love.
But when by Death of him depriv'd,
An honourable Widow liv'd
Full four and twenty years, wherein
Though she had much afflicted been,
Saw many of her Children fall,
And publick Ruine threaten all.
Yet from above assisted, she
Both did and suffer'd worthily.
She to the Crown, and Church adher'd,
And in their Sorrows them rever'd,
With Piety which knew no strife,
But was as sober as her life.
A furnish'd Table, open door,
That for her Friends, this for the Poor
She kept ; yet did her fortune find,
Too narrow for her nobler Mind ;
Which seeking objects to relieve,
Did food to many Orphans give,
Who in her Life no want did know,
But all the Poor are Orphans now.
Yet hold, her Fame is much too safe,
To need a written Epitaph.

Her

Her Fame was so confess'd, that she
Can never here forgotten be,
Till Cardigan it self become,
To its own ruin'd heaps a Tomb.

Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda parting at
a Fountain, July 1663.

Here, here are our enjoyments done,
And since the Love and Grief we wear
Forbids us either word or tear,
And Art wants here expression,
See Nature furnish us with one.

The kind and mournful Nymph which here
Inhabits in her humble Cells,
No longer her own sorrow tells,
Nor for it now concern'd appears,
But for our parting sheds these tears.

Unless she may afflicted be,
Lest we should doubt her Innocence ;
Since she hath lost her best pretence
Unto a matchless purity ;
Our Love being clearer far then she.

Cold as the streams that from her flow
Or (if her privater recess
A greater Coldness can express)
Then

Then cold as those dark beds of Snow
Our hearts are at this parting blow.

But Time that has both wings and feet,
Our Suffering Minutes being spent,
Will Visit us with new Content,
And sure, if kindness be so sweet,
'Tis harder to forget than meet.

Then though the sad adieu we say,
Yet as the wine we hither bring,
Revives, and then exalts the Spring;
So let our hopes to meet allay,
The fears and Sorrows of this day.

A Farewell to Rosania.

MY Dear Rosania, sometimes be so kind,
To think upon the friend thou leav'st behind,
And wish Thee here, to make my joys compleat,
Or else me there, to share thy blest Retreat.
But to the Heart which for thy Loss doth mourn,
The kindest thought is that of quick return.

*To my Lady Anne Boyle, saying I look'd angrily
upon her.*

ADor'd Valeria, and can you conclude,
Orinda lost in such Ingratitude?
And so mis-spell the Language of my face,
When in my heart you have so great a Place?
Ah

Ah be assur'd I could no look direct
 To you, not full of passion and respect
 Or if my looks have play'd that treach'rous part
 And so much mis-interpreted my heart,
 I shall forgive them that one falsehood, less
 Than all their folly, and their ugliness,
 And had much rather chuse they should appear
 Always unhandſome, than once unſincere.
 But I muſt thank your error, which procures
 Me ſuch obliging jealouſie as yours.
 For at that quarrel I can ne're repine,
 Which ſhews your kindneſs, though it queſtions
 To your Concern I pardon your diſtruſt,
 And prize your Love, ev'n when it is unjuſt.

On the Welch Language

IF Honour to an ancient Name be due,
 Or Riches challenge it for one that's new,
 The *Britiſh* Language claims in either ſenſe,
 Both for its Age, and for its Opulence.
 But all great things muſt be from us remov'd,
 To be with higher reverence belov'd,
 So Landſhips, which in Proſpects diſtant lye,
 With greater wonder draw the pleas'd Eye.
 Is not great *Troy* to one dark ruine hurl'd,
 Once the fam'd Scene of all the fighting world.
 Where's *Athens* now, to whom *Rome* Learning owes,
 And the ſafe Lawrels that adorn'd her brows?

A ſtrange reverse of Fate ſhe did endure,
 Never once greater, than ſhe's now obſcure.
 E'ne *Rome* her ſelf can but ſome footſteps ſhow
 Of *Scipio's* times, or thoſe of *Cicero*.
 And as the *Roman* and the *Grecian* State,
 The *Britiſh* ſell, the ſpoil of Time and Fate.
 But though the Language hail the Beauty loſt,
 Yet ſhe has ſtill ſome great Remains, to boaſt

For

For 'twas in that, the sacred Bards of old,
 In deathless Numbers did their thoughts unfold.
 In Groves, by Rivers, and on fertile Plains,
 They civiliz'd and taught the list'ning Swains;
 Whilst with high raptures, and as great success,
 Virtue they cloath'd in Musick's charming dress.
 This *Merlin* spoke, who in his gloomy Cave,
 Ev'n Destiny her self seem'd to enslave!
 For to his sight the future time was known,
 Much better than to others is their own:
 And with such state, Predictions from him fell,
 As if he did Decree, and not Foretell.
 This spoke King *Arthur*, who, if Fame be true,
 Could have compell'd Mankind to speak it too.
 In this once *Boadicca* valour taught,
 And spoke more nobly than her Souldiers fought:
 Tell me what Hero could do more than she,
 Who fell at once for Fame and Liberty?
 Nor could a greater Sacrifice belong,
 Or to her Childrens, or her Countries wrong.
 This spoke *Caractacus*, who was so brave,
 That to the Roman Fortune check he gave:
 And when their Yoke he could decline no more,
 He it so decently and nobly wore,
 That Rome her self with blushes did believe,
 A Britain would the Law of Honour give;
 And hastily his chains away she threw,
 Lest her own Captive else should her subdue.

To the Countess of Thanet, upon her marriage.

Since you who Credit to all wonders bring,
 That Lovers can believe, or Poets sing;
 Whose only shape and fashion does express,
 Your Vertue is your nature not your dress;
 In whom the most admir'd extremes appear,
 Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet sincere:

For

Whose

Whose matchless worth transmits such splendid raies,
 As those that envy it are forc'd to praise:
 Since you have found such an illustrious sphere;
 And are resolv'd to fix your glories there;
 A heart whose bravery to his Sex secures
 As much Renown as you have done to yours;
 And whose perfections in obtaining you,
 Are both discover'd and rewarded too;
 'Twere almost equal boldness to invent
 How to increase your Merit, or Content.
 Yet sure the Muses somewhat have to say,
 But they will send it you a better way:
 The Court, which so much to your lustre owes,
 Must also pay you its officious vows.
 But whilst this shews respect, and those their art,
 Let me too speak the language of my heart;
 Whose ruder Off'rings dare approach your shrine,
 For you, who merit theirs, can pardon mine.
 Fortune and Virtue with such heat contend
 (As once for Rome) now to make you their friend:
 And you so well can this prefer to that,
 As you can neither fear, nor mend your Fate:
 Yet since the votes of joy from all are due,
 A love like mine, must find some wishes too.
 May you in this bright Constellation set,
 Still shew how much the Good outshine the Great:
 May you be courted with all joies of sense,
 Yet place the highest in your innocence;
 Whose praise may you enjoy, but not regard,
 Finding within both motive and reward.
 May Fortune still to your commands be just,
 Yet still beneath your kindness or your trust:
 May you no trouble either feel or fear,
 But from your pity for what others wear;
 And may the happy owner of your breast,
 Still find his passion with his joys encreas'd;
 Whi'ft every moment your concern makes known,
 And gives him too, fresh reason for his own:

And from their Parents may your Off-spring have
 All that is wise and lovely, soft and brave:
 Or if all wishes we in one would give,
 For him, and for the world, Long may you live.

EPIGRAM.

On her Son H. Put at St. Syth's Church where her body
 also lies Interred.

WHat on Earth deserves our trust?
 Youth and Beauty both are dust.
 Long we gathering are with pain,
 What one moment calls again.
 Seven years childless, marriage past,
 A Son, a son is born at last;
 So exactly lim'd and fair,
 Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air,
 As a long life promised,
 Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
 Too promising, too great a mind
 In so small room to be confin'd:
 Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
 He quickly broke the Prison shell.
 So the subtle Alchymist,
 Can't with *Hermes* Seal resist
 The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
 But t'will bid him long good night.
 And so the Sun if it arise
 Half so glorious as his Eyes,
 Like this Infant, takes a shroud,
 Buried in a morning Cloud.

*On the death of my Lord Rich, only Son to the Earl
of Watwick, who dyed of the small Pox,
1664.*

HAVE not so many lives of late
Suffis'd to quench the greedy thirst of Fate?
Though to encrease the mournful purple Flood.
As well as Noble, she drank Royal Blood;
That not content, against us to engage
Our own wild fury, and Usurpers rage;
By sickness now, when all that storm is past,
She strives to hew our Heros down as fast?
And by the Prey she chuses, shews her Aim
Is to extinguish all the English Fame.
Else had this generous Youth we now have lost,
Been still his Friends delight, and Country's boast,
And higher rais'd the Illustrious Name he bore,
Than all our Chronicles had done before.
Had Death consider'd ere he struck this blow,
How many noble hopes 'twould overthrow;
The Genius of his House (who did complain
That all her Worthies now dy'd o're again)
His flourishing, and yet untainted years;
His Fathers anguish, and his Mothers tears;
Sure he had been perswaded to relent,
Nor had for so much early sweetness, sent
That fierce Disease, which knows not how to spare
The Young, the Great, the Knowing, or the Fair.
But we as well might flatter every wind,
And court the Tempests to be less unkind,
As hope from churlish Death to snatch his Prey,
Who is as furious and as deaf as they;
And who hath cruelly surpriz'd in him,
His Parents joy, and all the World's esteem.

Say treacherous hopes that whisper in our ear,
Still to expect some steady comfort here,

And

And though we oft discover all your Arts,
 Would still betray our disappointed Hearts ;
 What new delusion can you now prepare,
 Since this pale object shews how false you are ?
 'Twill fully answer all you have to plead,
 If we reply, Great *Warwick's* Heir is dead :
 Blush humane Hopes and Joies, and then be all
 In solemn mourning at this Funeral.

For since such expectations brittle prove,
 What can we safely either Hope or Love?

The Virgin.

THe things that make a Virgin please,
 She that seeks, will find them these ;
 A Beauty, not to Art in debt,
 Rather agreeable than great ;
 An Eye, wherein at once do meet,
 The beams of kindness, and of wit ;
 An undissembled Innocence,
 Apt not to give, nor take offence :
 A Conversation, at once, free
 From Passion, and from Subtlety ;
 A Face that's modest, yet serene,
 A sober, and yet lively Meen ;
 The vertue which does her adorn,
 By honour guarded, not by scorn ;
 With such wise lowliness indu'd,
 As never can be mean, or rude ;
 That prudent negligence enrich,
 And Time's her silence and her speech ;
 Whose equal mind, does alwaies move,
 Neither a foe, nor slave to Love ;
 And whose Religion's strong and plain,
 Not superstitious, nor prophane.

Upon

*Upon the graving of her Name upon a Tree in
Barnelmes Walks.*

A Las how barbarous are we,
Thus to reward the courteous Tree,
Who its broad shade affording us,
Deserves not to be wounded thus;
See how the Yielding Bark complies
With our ungrateful injuries.
And seeing this, say how much then
Trees are more generous than Men,
Who by a Nobleness so pure
Can first oblige and then endure.

*To my dearest friend Mrs. A. Owen, upon her
greatest loss.*

AS when two sister rivelets who crept
From that dark bed of snow wherein they slept,
By private distant currents under ground
Have by *Mæanders* eithers bosom found,
They sob aloud and break down what withstood,
Swoln by their own embraces to a flood:
So when my sympathy for thy dear grief
Had brought me near, in hope to give relief,
I found my sorrow heightned when so joyn'd,
And thine increas'd by being so combin'd,
Since to the bleeding hopes of many years,
I could contribute nothing but my tears;
Fears which to thy sad fate were justly due,
And to his loss, by all who that loss knew;
For thy *Charistus* was so much above
The Eloquence of all our grief and love,
That it would be Injurious to his Hearse
To think to crowd his worth into a verse.

N n

Could,

Could I (by miracle) such praise indite,
 Who with more ease and Justice weep then write,
 He was all that which History can boast,
 Or bolder Poetry had ere engross'd.
 So pious, just, noble, discreet, and kind,
 Their best *Ideas* knew not how to find,
 His strong Religion not on trifles spent,
 Was useful, firm, early, and eminent,
 Never betray'd to indigested heat,
 Nor yet entic'd from what was safely great.
 And this so soon, as if he had foresight,
 He must begin betimes whose noon is night.
 His virtue was his choice, and not his chance,
 Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance.
 He well knew whom, and what he did believe,
 And for his Faith did not dispute, but live,
 And liv'd just like his infant Innocence,
 But that was crown'd with free obedience.
 How did he scorn design, and equally
 How much abhorr'd this Ages vanity!
 He neither lik'd it's tumults, nor its Joys,
 Slighted alike Earths pleasures, and her noise.
 But unconcern'd in both, in his own mind
 Alone could power and satisfaction find.
 A treasury of merit there lay hid,
 Which though he ne're confes'd, his actions did.
 His modesty unto his virtue lent
 At once a shadow and an ornament.
 But what could hide those filial rites he paid;
 How much he lov'd how prudently obey'd?
 How as a Brother did he justly share
 His kind concern betwixt respect and care?
 And to a wife how fully did he prove
 How wisely he could judge, how fondly love?
 As Husbands serious, but as Lovers kind,
 He valu'd all of her, but lov'd her mind;
 And with a passion made this Riddle true,
 'Twas ever perfect, and yet still it grew.

Such

Such handsome thoughts his Breast did ever fill,
 He durst do any thing, but what was ill;
 Unlike those Gallants who so use their time,
 As opportunity to act their crime,
 And lost in wine or vanity when young,
 They dye too soon, because they liv'd too long.
 But he has hallowed so his early death,
 'Tis almost shame to draw a longer breath.
 I can no more, they that can must have learn'd
 To be more eloquent, and less concern'd.
 But all that Noble Justice to his Name
 His own good Angel will commit to Fame.
 Could grief recall this happiness again,
 Of thy dear sorrow I would nere complain,
 But such an opportunity would take
 To grieve an useles life out for thy sake.
 But since it cannot, I must pray thee live,
 That so much of *Charistus* may survive,
 And that thou do no act so harsh to Love,
 As that his glory should thy sorrow move:
 Endure thy loss till Heav'n shall it repay,
 Upon thy last and glorious wedding-day,
 When thou shalt know him more, and quickly find
 The love increas'd by being so refin'd,
 And there possess him without parting fears,
 As I my friendship free from future tears.

Orinda to Lucasia parting October 1661. at London.

A Dieu dear object of my Love's excess,
 And with thee all my hopes of happiness,
 With the same fervent and unchanged heart
 Which did it's whole self once to thee impart,
 (And which though fortune has so sorely bruise'd,
 Would suffer more, to be from this excus'd)
 I to resign thy dear Converse submit,
 Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.

Thou

Thou hast too long to me confined been,
 Who ruine am without, passion within.
 My mind is sunk below thy tenderness,
 And my condition does deserve it less;
 I'm so entangl'd and so lost a thing
 By all the shocks my daily sorrow bring,
 That would'st thou for thy old *Orinda* call
 Thou hardly could'st unravel her at all.
 And should I thy clear fortunes interline
 With the incessant miseries of mine?
 No, no, I never lov'd at such a rate
 To tie thee to the rigours of my fate,
 As from my obligations thou art free,
 Sure thou shalt be so from my Injury,
 Though every other worthiness I miss,
 Yet I'll be at least be generous in this.
 I'd rather perish without sigh or groan,
 Then thou shoul'dst be condemn'd to give me one;
 Nay in my soul I rather could allow
 Friendship should be a sufferer, then thou;
 Go then, since my sad heart has set thee free,
 Let all the loads and chains remain on me.
 Though I be left the prey of sea and wind,
 Thou being happy wilt in that be kind;
 Nor shall I my undoing much deplore,
 Since thou art safe, whom I must value more.
 Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as free
 From all ills else, as from my company,
 And may the torments thou hast had from it
 Be all that heaven will to thy life permit.
 And that they may thy vertue service do,
 Mayest thou be able to forgive them too:
 But though I must this sharp submission learn,
 I cannot yet unwith thy dear concern.
 Not one new comfort I expect to see,
 I quit my Joy, hope, life, and all but thee;
 Nor seek I thence ought that may discompose
 That mind where so serene a goodness grows.

I ask no inconvenient kindness now,
To move thy passion, or to cloud thy brow ;
And thou wilt satisfy my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me,
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought.
Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou couldst have don't without a blush,
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the thing they cannot prize ?
But thou mayst pity though thou dost despise.
Yet I should think that pity bought too dear,
If it should cost those precious Eyes a tear.

Oh may no minutes trouble, thee possess,
But to endear the next hours happiness ;
And maist thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worse below'd :
Oh pardon me for pow'ring out my woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do't in Prose.
For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that loss to bear,
And have more cause than ere I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

On the 1. of January 1657.

TH' Eternal Centre of my life and me,
Who when I was not gave me room to be,
Hath since (my time preserving in his hands)
By moments numbred out the precious sand,
Till it is swell'd to six and twenty years,
Chequer'd by Providence with smiles and tears.
I have observ'd how vain all glories are,
The change of Empire, and the chance of War :
Seen Faction with its native venom burst,
And Treason struck, by what it self had nurs'd.

O o

Seen

Seen useleſs Crimes, whoſe Owners but made way,
For future Candidates to wear the Bay,

To my Lady M. Cavendiſh, choſing the name of
Policrite.

THat Nature in your frame has taken care,
As well your Birth as Beauty do declare,
Since we at once diſcover in your Face,
The luſtre of your Eyes and of your Race:
And that your ſhape and faſhion does atteſt,
So bright a form has yet a brighter gueſt,
To future times authentick ſame ſhall bring,
Hiſtorians ſhall relate, and Poets ſing.
But ſince your boundleſs mind upon my head,
Some rays of ſplendour is content to ſhed;
And leaſt I ſuffer by the great ſurprize,
Since you ſubmit to meet me in diſguiſe,
Can lay aſide what dazzles vulgar ſight,
And to *Orinda* can be *Policrite*.
You muſt endure my vows and find the way
To entertain ſuch Rites as I can pay:
For ſo the pow'r divine new praiſe acquires,
By ſcorning nothing that it once inſpires:
I have no merits that your ſmile can win,
Nor offering to appeaſe you when I ſin;
Nor can my uſeleſs homage hope to raiſe,
When what I cannot ſerve, I ſtrive to praiſe:
But I can love, and love at ſuch a pitch,
As I dare boaſt it will ev'n you enrich;
For kindneſs is a Mine, when great and true,
Of nobler Ore than ever *Indians* knew,
'Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n beſtow,
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

Againſt

Against Love.

Hence *Cupid* with your cheating Toies,
Your real Griefs, and painted Joies,
Your Pleasure which it self destroys.

Lovers like men in Feavers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
Mens weaknes makes Love so severe,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.

Who to another does his heart submit,
Makes his own Idol, and then worships it.
Him whose heart is all his own,
Peace and liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing frown.

He feels no raptures which are joies diseas'd,
And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

*A Dialogue of Friendship multiplyed.**Musidorns.*

Will you unto one single sense
Confine a starry Influence?

Or when you do the raies combine,
To themselves only make them shine?
Love that's engross'd by one alone;
Is envy not affection.

Orinda.

No *Musidorns*, this would be
But Friendships prodigality,
Union in raies does not confine,
But doubles lustre when they shine.

And

And souls united live above
 Envy, as much as scatter'd Lover
 Friendship (like Rivers) as it multiplies,
 In many streams, grows weaker still and dies.

Musidorus.

Rivers indeed may lose their force,
 When they divide or break their course,
 For they may want some hidden Spring,
 Which to their streams recruits may bring;
 But Friendship's made of purest fire,
 Which burns and keeps its stock entire.
 Love, like the Sun, may shed his beams on all,
 And grow more great by being general.

Orinda.

The purity of friendship's flame
 Proves that from sympathy it came,
 And that the hearts so close do knit
 They no third partner can admit;
 Love like the Sun does all inspire,
 But burns most by contracted fire.
 Then though I honour every worthy guest,
 Yet my *Lucasia* only rules my breast.

Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters.

AH strike outright, or else forbear,
 Be more kind, or more severe;
 For in this checquer'd mixture I
 Cannot live, and would not die,
 And must I neither? tell me why?

When thy Pen thy kindness tells,
 My heart transported leaps and swells.

LuA

Btu

But when my greedy eye does stray
Thy threat'ned absence to survey,
That heart is struck and faints away.

To give me title to rich land,
And the fruition to withstand,
Or solemnly to send the key
Of treasures I must never see,
Would it contempt or bounty be?

This is such refin'd distress,
That thy sad Lovers sigh for less,
Though thou their hopes hast overthrown,
They lose but what they ne're have known,
But I am plunder'd from my own.

How canst thou thy *Rosania* prize,
And be so cruel and so wise?
For if such rigid policy
Must thy resolves dispute with me,
Where then is friendship's victory?

Kindness is of so brave a make
'Twill rather death than bondage take,
So that if thine no power can have,
Give it and me one common grave,
But quickly either kill or save.

To my Antenor March 16. 1661

MY dear *Antenor* now give ore,
For my sake talk of graves no more,
Death is not in our power to gain,
And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain,
Let's be as angry as wee will,
Grief sooner may distract then kill,
And the unhappy often prove

H. s.

P p

Death

Death is as coy a thing as Love.
 Those whose own sword their death did give,
 Afraid were or a sham'd to Live ;
 And by an act so desperate,
 Did poorly run away from fate ;
 'Tis braver much t' out-ride the storm,
 Endure its rage and shun his harm ;
 Affliction nobly undergone,
 More Greatness shews then having none.
 But yet the wheel in turning round,
 At last may lift us from the ground,
 And when our fortune's most severe,
 The less we have, the less we fear.
 And why should we that grief permit,
 Which can nor mend nor shorten it ?
 Let's wait for a succeeding good,
 Woes have their Ebb as well as flood :
 And since the Parliameht have rescu'd you,
 Believe that Providence will do so too.

*A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea, shortly after the
 Queen's arrival.*

MY Master Neptune took such pains of late
 To quiet the Commotions of his state,
 That he might give, through his fierce winds and Seas,
 Safe passage to the Royal Portuguese,
 That he ere since at home has kept,
 And in his Chrystal pallace slept,
 Till a swift wind told him to day
 A stranger was to pass this way,
 Whom he hath sent me out to view,
 And I must tell him, Madam, it is you.

He knowes you by an Honourable fame:
Who hath not heard *Lucasia's* worthy name?
But should he see you too, I doubt he will
Grow amorous and here detain you still:

I know his humor very well
So best can the event foretel,
But wishing you better success,
And that my Masters guilt be less,
I will say nothing of your form
Till you are past the danger of a storm.

3.
Fear nothing else, for eyes so sweet as these,
No power that is Sea-born can displease;
You are much more then Nymph or Goddess bright;
I saw 'm all at supper t' other Night:

They with far less attraction draw,
They give us Love, you give us Law.
Your Charms the winds and seas will move,
But 'tis to wonder not to Love.
Your only danger is, least they

Stiff with amazement should becalm your way.

4.
But should they all want breath to make a gale,
What's sent in prayers for you will fill your sail;
What brought you hither will your way secure,
Courage and kindness can no slip endure;

The winds will do as much for you

5.
Yet since our birth the English Ocean boasts,
We hope sometimes to see you on these Coasts,
And we will order for you as you pass,
Winds soft as Lovers vows, waves smooth as glass.

Each

Each Deity shall you befriend,
 And all the Sea-Nymphs shall attend;
 But if because a Ship's too straight,
 Or else unworthy such a freight,
 A Coach more useful would appear,
 That and six *Danish* Steeds you know are here.

Orinda upon little Hector Philips.

I.

Twice forty months of Wedlock I did stay,
 Then had my vows crown'd with a Lovely boy,
 And yet in forty days he dropt away,
 O swift Visiffitude of humane joy.

2.

I did but see him and he dis-appear'd,
 I did but pluck the Rose-bud and it fell,
 A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely fear'd,
 For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

3.

And now (sweet Babe) what can my trembling heart
 Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee,
 Tears are my Muse and sorrow all my Art,
 So piercing groans must be thy Elogy.

4.

Thus whilst no eye is witness of my mone,
 I grieve thy loss (Ah boy too dear to live)
 And let the unconcerned World alone,
 Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.

5.

An Offering too for thy sad Tomb I have,

Too

Too just a tribute to thy early *Herse*,
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy Mothers Verse.

To the Lady E. Boyle.

AH lovely *Celimena* why
Are you so full of charms,
That neither Sex can from them flee,
Nor take against them arms.
Others in time may gain a part,
But you at once snatch all the heart.

Dear Tyrant why will you subdue
Orinda's trivial heart,
Which can no triumph add to you,
Not meriting your dart.
And sure you will not grant it one,
If not for my sake for your own.

For it has been by tenderness
Already so much bruise'd,
That at your Altars I may guess
It will be but refus'd.
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimed Sacrifice.

But oh what madness can or dare
Dispute this noble chain,
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear,
Than Empires to obtain.
To be your slave I more design,
Than to have all the world be mine.

Those glorious Fetters will create
A merit fit for them,
Repair the breaches made by Fate,

And whom they own redeem.
 What thus ennobles and thus cures,
 Can be no influence but yours.

Pardon th' Ambition of my aim,

Who love you at that rate,
 That story cannot boast a flame

So lasting and so great.
 I can be only kind and true,
 But what else can be worthy you.

To my Lord Duke of Ormond, upon the late Plot.

THough you, great Sir, be Heav'n's immediate
 Who shew'd you danger, and then broke the
 And our first gratitude to that be due, (care,
 Yet there is much that must be paid to you: (snare;
 For 'tis your Prudence Ireland's peace secures,
 Gives her her safety, and (what's dearer) yours,
 Whilst your prevailing genius does dispence,
 At once its conduct, and its influence;
 Less honour from a battel won is got,
 Than to repel so dangerous a Plot;
 Fortune with Courage may play booty there,
 But single vertue is triumphant here;
 In vain the bold ingrateful Rebels aim
 To overturn when you support the same;
 You who three potent Kingdoms late have seen
 Tremble with fury, and yet stedfast been;
 Who on afflicted Majesty could wait,
 When it was seemingly forsok by Fate;
 Whose settled loyalty no storms dismayd,
 Nor the more flattering mischiefs could diswade:
 And having scap'd so dangerous a coast,
 Could you now fall expiring Treasons boast?
 Or was it hop'd by this contemned crew,
 That you could Fortune, and not them, subdue.

But

P O

But

But whilst these wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the knowledge of your mighty fate ;
You shall preserve your Kings entrusted Crown,
Assisted by his fortune and your own.
And whilst his Sword Kingdoms abroad bestows,
You with the next renown shall this dispose.

To the Countess of Roscommon, with a Copy
of Pompey.

GREAT Pompey's Fame from Egypt made escape,
And flies to you for succour in this shape:
A shape, which, I assur'd him, would appear,
Nor fit for you to see, nor him to wear.
Yet he says, Madam, he's resolv'd to come,
And run a hazard of a second doom :
But still he hopes to bribe you, by that trust
You may be kind, but cannot be unjust ;
Each of whose favours will delight him more,
Than all the Lawrels that his temples wore ;
Yet if his Name and his misfortunes fail,
he thinks my intercession will prevail ;
And whilst my Numbers would relate his end,
Not like a Judge you'll listen, but a friend ;
For how can either of us fear your frown,
Since he and I are both so much your own.

But when you wonder at my bold design,
Remember who did that high task enjoin ;
Th' illustrious Orrery, whose least command,
You would more wonder if I could withstand :
Of him I cannot which is hardest tell,
Or not to praise him, or to praise him well ;
Who on that height from whence true glory came,
Does there possess and thence distribute fame ;
Where all their Lyres the willing Muses bring,
To learn of him whatever they shall sing ;
Since all must yield, whilst there are Books or Men,

The

The Universal Empire to his Pen ;
 Oh! had that powerful genius but inspir'd
 The feeble hand, whose service he requir'd,
 It had your justice then, not mercy pray'd,
 Had pleas'd you more, and better him obey'd.

*On the death of the truly honourable Sir Walter
 Lloid Knight.*

AT Obsequies where so much grief is due,
 The Muses are in solemn mourning too,
 And by their dead astonishment confess,
 They can lament this loss, though not express:
 Nay if those ancient Bards had seen this Herse,
 Who once in *British* shades spoke living Verse,
 Their high concern for him had made them be,
 Apter to weep, than write his Elogy:
 When on our Land that flood of woes was sent,
 Which swallow'd all things sacred as it went,
 The injur'd Arts and Vertues made his breast
 The Ark wherein they did securely rest:
 For as that old one was toss'd up and down,
 And yet the angry billows could not drown;
 So Heav'n did him in this worse deluge save,
 And made him triumph o're th' unquiet wave:
 Who while he did with that wild storm contest,
 Such real magnanimity express'd;
 That he dar'd to be loyal, in a time
 When 'twas a danger made, and thought a crime:
 Duty, and not ambition, was his aim,
 Who study'd Conscience ever more than Fame,
 And thought it so desirable a thing,
 To be prefer'd to suffer for his King,
 That he all Fortunes spight had pardon'd her,
 Had she not made his Prince a sufferer;
 For whose lov'd cause he did both act and grieve,
 And for it only did endure to live,

To

To teach the world what man can be and do,
 Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion too.
 His head and heart mutual assistance gave,
 That being still so wise, and this so brave,
 That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said and did,
 From judgment, and from honour did proceed:
 Such was the useful mixture of his mind,
 'Twas at once meek and knowing, stout and kind;
 For he was civil, bountiful, and learn'd,
 And for his Friends so generously concern'd,
 That both his heart and house, his hand and tongue,
 To them, more than himself, seem'd to belong;
 As if to his wrong'd party he would be
 Both an Example and Apology:
 For when both Swords and Pens ceas'd the dispute,
 His life alone Rebellion did confute.
 But when his Vows propitious Heaven had heard,
 And our unequal'd King at length appear'd,
 As aged *Simeon* did his spirits yield,
 When he had seen his dearest hopes fulfil'd;
 He gladly saw the morning of that day,
 Which *Charles* his growing splendour did display;
 Then to Eternal joys made greater haste,
 Because his present ones flow'd in so fast;
 From which he fled out of a pious fear,
 Left he by them should be rewarded here;
 While his sad Country by his death have lost
 Their noblest Pattern, and their greatest boast.

Orinda to Lucasia.

Observe the weary birds e're night be done,
 How they would fain call up the tardy Sun,
 With Feathers hung with dew,
 And trembling voices too.

R r

They

They court their glorious Planet to appear,
 That they may find recruits of spirits there.
 The drooping Flowers hang their heads,
 And languish down into their beds :
 While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
 Wanting those beams, from whence
 All things drink influence,
 Openly murmur and demand the day.

2.

Thou my *Lucasia* art far more to me,
 Than he to all the under-world can be ;
 From thee I've heat and light,
 Thy absence makes my night.
 But ah ! my Friend, it now grows very long,
 The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong :
 My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,
 And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
 And to the mournfully it cries,
 That if too long I wait,
 Ev'n thou may'st come too late,
 And not restore my life, but close my eyes,

To *Celimena*.

FOrbear fond heart : (say I) torment no more
 That *Celimena* whom thou dost adore,
 For since so many of her Chains are proud,
 How canst thou be distinguish'd in the crowd :
 But say, bold trifler, what dost thou pretend ?
 Wouldst thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend ?
 Equality in friendship is requir'd,
 Which here were criminal to be desir'd.

*An Answer to another perswading a Lady to
Marriage.*

1.

FOrbear bold Youth, all's Heaven here,
And what you do avery,
To others Courtship may appear,
'Tis Sacriledge to her.

2.

She is a publick Deiry,
And weren't not very odd
She should depose her self to be
A petty Household God?

3.

First make the Sun in private shine;
And bid the World adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
In complement to you.

4.

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her beams which are
More bright and large than this.

*Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis
at Ipswich.*

1.

IN your converse we best can read,
How constant we should be,
But, 'tis in losing that we need
All your Philosophy.

2.

How perish'd is the joy that's past,
The present how unsteady?
What comfort can be great, and last,
When this is gone already?

3.

Yet that it subtly may torment,
The memory does remain;
For what was, when enjoy'd, content;
Is, in its absence, pain.

4.

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
That Fate does now us sever;
'Tis better by your gift to live,
Than by our own endeavour.

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio.

THE officious Marble we commit
A Name, above the art of time or wit;

'Tis

'Tis righteous, Valiant *Scipio*, whose life we
 Found the best Sermon, and best History :
 Whose Courage was no Aguish, bru'rish heat;
 But such as spoke him good, as well as great ;
 Which first Engaged his Arms to prop the State
 Of the almost undone *Palatinate*,
 And help the *Nether-Lands* to stem the tide
 Of *Romes* ambition, and the *Austrian* Pride ;
 Which shall in every History be fam'd,
 Wherein *Breda* or *Frankendale* are nam'd.
 And when forced by his Country's angry Stars
 To be a Party in her Civil Wars,
 He so much conduct by his Valour taught,
 So wisely govern'd, and so bravely Faught,
 That the English Annals shall this Record bear,
 None better could direct or further dare.
 Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in fight,
 And in Debate judicious and upright :
 Religion was his first and highest care,
 Which rul'd his Heart in Peace, his Hand in War :
 Which at the least Sin made him tremble still,
 And rather stand a Breach, than act an Ill ;
 For his great Heart did such a temper show,
 Stout as Rock, yet soft as melting Snow.
 In him so prudent, and yet so sincere,
 The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear :
 He was above the little arts of state,
 And scorn'd to sell his peace to mend his Fate,
 Anxious of nothing, but an inward spot,
 His hand was open, but his Conscience not ;
 Just to his Word, to all Religions kind,
 In duty strict, in Bounty unconfin'd ;
 And yet so modest ; 'twas to him less pain
 To do great things, then hear them told again ;
 Perform sad Stone thy honourable trust,
 Unto his memory and thy self be just,
 For his immortal name shall thee befriend,
 And pay thee back more same then thou canst lend.

To Mr. Sam. Cooper, *having taken Lucasia's Picture*
given December 14. 1660.

1.
IF noble things can noble thoughts infuse,
Your Art might even in me create a Muse,
And what you did inspire, you would Excuse.

2.
But if it such a Miracle could do,
That Muse would not return you half your due,
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the praise pursue.

3.
To praise your Art is then it self more hard,
Nor would it the Endeavour much regard,
Since it and Vertue, are their own reward.

4.
A Pencil from an Angel newly caught,
And Colours in the Morning's bosom sought,
Would make no Picture, if by you not wrought.

5.
But done by you it does no more admit
Of an Encomium from the highest Wit,
Then that another hand should equal it.

Yet

But of those we chiefly prize
We must be deprived of.

Yet whilst you with creating power vye,
Command the very spirit of the Eye,
And then reward it with Eternity.

7. Thus we have found him out as still

Whilst your each touch does Life and Air convey,
Fetch the Soul out, like overcoming Day,
And I my friend repeated here Survey.

8.

I by a Passive way may do you right,
Wearing in that what none could ere endite,
Your Panegyrick, and my own delight.

Parting with a Friend.

1.

Whoever thinks that Joyes below,
Can lasting be and great,
Let him behold this parting blow,
And cure his own deceit.

2.

Alas! how soon are pleasures done
Where Fortune has a Power?
How like to the declining Sun,
Or to the Withered Flower.

3.

A thousand unconcerned Eyes
She'll suffer us to see,

But

But of those we chiefly prize,
We must deprived be.

4.

But we may conquer if we will,
The wanton Tyrant teach,
That we have something left us still
Which grows not in her reach.

5.

That unseen string which fastens Hearts,
Nor time, nor chance e're ty'd,
Nor can it be in either's Arts
Their unions to divide.

6.

Where sympathy does Love convey,
It braves all other Powers ;
Lucasia, and *Rosania*, say,
Has it not formed ours ?

7.

If forty Weeks converse has not
Been able yet to tye
Your Souls in that Mysterious Knot,
How Wretched then am I.

8.

But if I read in either's Mind,
As sure I hope I do,
That each to other is combin'd,
Absence will make it true.

9. No

9.

No accident will e're surprise,
Or make your kindness start ;
Although you lose each others Eyes,
You'l faster keep the Heart.

10.

Letters as kind as Turtle-Doves,
And undisguis'd as thought,
Will entertain those fervent Loves
Which have each other bought.

11.

Till Fortune vexed with the sight
Of Faith so free from stain,
Shall then grow weary of her spight,
And let you meet again.

12.

Wherein may you that Rapture find,
That sister *Cherubs* have,
When I am in my Rocks confin'd,
Or seal'd up in my Grave.

To my dearest Friend, upon her shunning Grandeur.

SHine out rich Soul ! to greatness be,
What it can never be to thee,
An ornament ; thou canst restore
The lustre which it had before
These ruins, own it and 'twill live,
Thy favour's more than Kings can give.

T t

Hast

Hast more above all titles then
 The bearers are above common men;
 And so heroick art within,
 Thou must descend to be a Queen.
 Yet honour may convenient prove,
 By giving thy Soul room to move:
 Affording scene unto that mind,
 Which is too great to be confin'd.
 Wert thou with single vertue stor'd,
 To be approv'd, but not ador'd;
 Thou mightst retire, but who e're meant
 A Palace for a Tenement?
 Heaven has so built thee, that we find
 Thee buried when thou art confin'd:
 If thou in privacy would'st live,
 Yet lustre to thy vertues give;
 To stifle them for want of air,
 Injurious is to Heavens care.
 If thou wilt be immur'd, where
 Shall thy obliging soul appear?
 Where shall thy generous prudence be,
 And where thy magnanimity?
 Nay thy own Darling thou dost hide,
 Thy self-denial is deny'd;
 For he that never greatness tries,
 Can never safely it despise.
 That *Antoninus* writ well, when
 He held a Scepter and Pen:
 Less credit *Solomon* does bring
 As a Philosopher than King;
 So much advantage flows from hence,
 To write by our Experience.
Diogenes I must suspect
 Of envy, more than wise neglect,
 When he his Prince so ill did treat,
 And so much spurned at the great:
 A censure is not clear from those
 Whom Fate subjects, or does depose;

Nor

Nor can we greatness understand
 From an oppress'd or fallen hand :
 But 'tis some Prince must that define;
 Or one that freely did resign.
 A great *Almanzor* teaches thus,
 Or else a *Dionysius*;
 For to know Grandeur we must live
 In that, and not in perspective ;
 Vouchsafe the tryal then, that thou
 May'st safely wield, yet disallow
 The World's temptations, and be still
 Above whatever would thee fill.
 Convince mankind, there's somewhat more
 Great than the titles they adore :
 Stand neer them, and 'twill soon be known
 Thou hast more splendour of thy own ;
 Yield to the wanting Age, and be
 Channel of true Nobility :
 For from thy Womb such Heros need must rise,
 Who Honours will deserve, and can despise.

To Pastora being with her Friend.

1.
While you the double joy obtain
 Of what you give, and what you gain :
 Friendship who owes you so much Fame,
 Commands my Tribute to your Name.

2.
 Friendship that was almost forlorn,
 Sunk under every Critick's scorn ;
 But that your genius her protects,
 Had fled the World, at least the Sex.

3.
 You have restored them and us,
 Whence both are happy ; *Cæsar* thus

Ow'd

Ow'd *Rome* the glories of his Reign,
And *Rome* ow'd him as much again.

4.

You in your friend those Joys have found
Which all Relations can propound;
What Nature does 'mong them disperse,
You multiply in her Converse.

5.

You her Enjoyment have pursu'd
In Company, and Solitude;
And wheresoever she'll retire,
There's the Diversion you desire.

6.

Your Joys by this are more immense,
And heat contracted grows intense;
And friendship to be such to you,
Will make these Pleasures, Honours too.

7.

Be to each other that Content,
As to your Sex y're Ornament;
And may your hearts by mixture lost,
Be still each others Bliss and Boast.

8.

Impossible your Parting be
As that you e're should disagree;
And then even Death your friend will prove,
And both at once (though late) remove.

9.

But that you may severely live,
You must th' offending World forgive,
And to employ your Charity,
You have an Object now in me.

10.

My Pen so much for you unfit
Presents my Heart, though not my Wit;
Which Heart admires what you express,
More than what Monarchs do possess.

II.

Fear not infection from my Fate,
 Though I must be unfortunate,
 For having paid my Vows due, I
 Shall soon withdraw, wither and die.

To my Lord and Lady Dungannon on their Marriage 11. May 1662.

TO you, who, in your selves, do comprehend
 All you can wish, and all we can commend ;
 Whom worth does guide and destiny obey,
 What Offerings can the useless Muses pay ?
 Each must at once suspend her charming Lyre,
 Till she hath learnt from you what to inspire :
 Well may they wonder to observe a Knot,
 So curiously by Love and Fortune wrought,
 To which propitious Heaven did decree,
 All things on earth should tributary be ;
 By gentle, sure, but unperceiv'd degrees,
 As the Sun's motion, or the growth of Trees ,
 Does Providence our wills to hers incline,
 And makes all accidents serve her design :
 Her Pencil (Sir) within your breast did draw
 The Picture of a Face you never saw,
 With touches, which so sweet were and so true,
 By them alone th' original you knew ;
 And at that sight with satisfaction yield
 Your freedom which till then maintain'd the field.
 'Twas by the same mysterious power too,
 That she has been so long reserv'd for you ;
 Whose noble passion, with submissive art,
 Disarm'd her scruples, and subdu'd her heart.
 And now that at the last your Souls are ty'd,
 Whom floods nor difficulties could divide,
 Ev'n you that beauteous Union may admire,
 Which was at once Heaven's care, and your desire.

U u

You

You are so happy in each others love,
 And in assur'd protection from above,
 That we no wish can add unto your bliss,
 But that it should continue as it is.
 O! may it so, and may the wheel of Fate
 In you no more change than she feels, create;
 And may you still your happinesses find,
 Not on your Fortune growing, but your mind,
 Whereby the shafts of Chance as vain will prove,
 As all things else did that oppos'd your Love.
 Be kind and happy to that great degree,
 As may instruct latest Posterity,
 From so rever'd a President to frame
 Rules to their duty, to their wishes aim.
 May the vast Sea for your sake quit his pride,
 And grow so smooth, while on his breast you ride,
 As may not only bring you to your Port,
 But shew how all things do your vertues court.
 May every object give you new delight,
 May Time forget his Sythe, and Fate his Spight;
 And may you never other sorrow know,
 But what your pity feels for others woe;
 May your compassion be like that Divine,
 Which relieves all on whom it does but shine;
 Whilst you produce a Race that may inherit
 All your great stock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit.

*To his Grace Gilbert Lord Arch-Bishop of
 Canterbury, July 10. 1664.*

That private shade, wherein my Muse was bred,
 She alwaies hop'd might hide her humble head;
 Believing the retirement she had chose
 Might yield her, if not pardon, yet repose;
 Nor other repetitions did expect,
 Than what our Ecchoes from the Rocks reflect.
 But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright,

And

And dragg'd maliciously into the Light.
 (Which makes her like the Hebrew Virgin mourn
 When from her face her Vail was rudely torn)
 To you (my Lord) she now for succour calls,
 And at your feet, with just Confusion falls.
 But she will thank the wrong deserv'd her Fate,
 If it procure her that auspicious Fate,
 That the same wing may over her be cast,
 Where the best Church of all the World is plac'd,
 And under which, when she is once retir'd,
 She really may come to be inspir'd.
 And by the Wonders which she there shall view,
 May raise her self to such a Theme as you,
 Who were preserv'd to Govern and Restore
 That Church whose Confessor you were before;
 And shew by your unweary'd present Care,
 Your sufferings are not ended, though hers are:
 For whilst your Crosier her defence secures,
 You purchase her Rest with the Loss of yours,
 And Heav'n who first refin'd your worth, and then,
 Gave it so large and eminent a Scene,
 Hath paid you what was many ways your due,
 And done it self a greater Right than you.
 For after such a rough and tedious Storm
 Had torn the Church, and done her so much harm;
 And (though at length rebuk'd, yet) left behind
 Such angry reliques, in the Wave and Wind;
 No Pilot could, whose skill and Faith were less,
 Manage the shatter'd Vessel with Success.
 The Piety of the Apostles Times,
 And Courage to resist this Ages Crimes;
 Majestick sweetness, temper'd and refin'd,
 In a Polite, and Comprehensive Mind,
 Were all requir'd her Ruines to repair,
 And all united in her Primate are.
 In your aspect so Candid and Serene,
 The Conscience of such Vertue may be seen,
 As makes the sullen Schismatick consent,

A Church-man may be Great and Innocent.
 This shall those men reproach, if not reduce,
 And take away their fault or their excuse,
 Whilst in your Life and Government appear
 All that the Pious wish and Faction's fear.
 Since the prevailing Cross her Ensigns spread,
 And Pagan Gods from Christian Bishops fled,
 Times curious Eye till now hath never spy'd
 The Churches Helm so happily supply'd.
 Merit and Providence so fitly met,
 The Worthiest Prelate in the highest Seat.

If Noble things can Noble Thoughts inspire,
 Your Life (my Lord) may, ev'n in me, produce
 Such Raptures, that of their rich Fury proud,
 I may, perhaps, dare to proclaim aloud ;
 Assur'd, the World that ardour will excuse,
 Applaud the Subject, and forgive the Muse.

 Tran-

La Solitude de St. Augustin

O que ces lieux secrets à la nuit
 Laissent à l'âme la solitude
 Et que ce monde où de bruit
 Et de tumulte on se perd
 Soit un lieu de silence et de repos

Translations.

BY K. PHILIPS.

Un jour N. philosophe
 Et d'un air sérieux
 Dit que l'homme est un animal
 Qui se cherche et se perd
 Et que la solitude
 Est le lieu où l'âme se repose
 Et que le monde est un lieu de bruit
 Et de tumulte où l'on se perd

Que sur cette terre
 Dont le bruit est si grand
 Et le tumulte si grand
 On se cherche et se perd
 Et que la solitude
 Est le lieu où l'âme se repose

La Solitude de St. Amant.

1.

O ! que j'aime la Solitude,
 Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit,
 Eloignent du monde & de bruit,
 Plaisent a mon inquietude.
 Mon Dieu ! que mes yeux sent contents,
 De voir ces Bois, qui se trouderent
 A la nativité du Temps,
 Et que tous les Siecles reverent,
 Estre encore aussi beaux & vers,
 Qu'aux premiers jours de l'Vniuers.

2.

Un gay Zephire les caresse,
 D'un mouvement doux & flatteur,
 Rien que leur extreme hauteur,
 Ne fait remarquer leur vieillesse.
 J'adi Pan, & ses demi-dieux
 Y vindrent chercher du refuge,
 Quand Jupiter ouvrit les Cieux
 Pour nous envoyer le deluge,
 Et se sauvans sur leurs Rameaux,
 A peine virent ils les Eaux.

3.

Que sur cette Espine fleurie,
 Dont le printemps est amoureux,
 Philomele au chant langoureux,
 Entretient bien ma resverie.
 Que je prens plaisir a voir
 Ces Monts pendans en precipits,

Qui

Englisbed.

1.

O ! Solitude my sweetest choice,
 Places devoted to the night,
 Remote from tumult, and from noise,
 How you my restless thoughts delight !
 O Heavens ! what content is mine
 To see those Trees which have appear'd
 From the nativity of Time,
 And which all Ages have rever'd,
 To look to day as fresh and green
 As when their beauties first were seen !

2.

A chearful wind does court them so,
 And with such amorous breath enfold,
 That we by nothing else can know,
 But by their height that they are old.
 Hither the demy-gods did flie
 To seek a Sanctuary, when
 Displeased *Jove* once pierc'd the skie,
 To pour a deluge upon men,
 And on these boughs themselves did save,
 Whence they could hardly see a wave.

3.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
 So curiously by *Flora* drest,
 In melting notes, her case forlorn,
 To entertain me, hath confess'd.
 O ! how agreeable a sight
 These hanging Mountains do appear,
 Which

Qui pour les coups de desespoir,
Sont aux Malheureux se propices,
Quand la cruauté de leur sort
Les force a rechercher la Mort.

4.

Que je trouve doux la ravage
De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
Qui se precipitent par bonds,
Dans ce valon vert & sauvage;
Puis glissans sous les Arbrisseaux
Ainsi que des Serpens sur l'herbe,
Se changeant en plaisans ruisseaux,
Ou quelque Nayade superbe
Regne comme en son liét natal,
Dessus un Throsne de Chrifal.

5.

Que j'aime ces Marefcs paisibles,
Il est tout bordé deliziers,
D'Aulnes, de Saules, & d'Ofiers,
A qui le fer n'est point nuisible.
Les Nymphes y cherchent le frais,
S'y viennent fournir de quenouilles,
De pipeaux, de Ionce, & de glais,
On l'on voit sauter les grenouilles,
Qui de frayeur s'y vont cacher,
Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.

6.

Là cent mille oyseaux aquatiques,
Vivent sans craindre en leur repos,
Le Giboyeur fin & dispos,
Avec ses mortelles pratiques.

L'un

POEMS.

151

Which the unhappy would invire: I
To finish all their sorrows here?
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes, as only death can cure.

4.

What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vast leaps their springs forsake,
This solitary vale to pierce.
Then sliding just as Serpents do
Under the foot of every Tree,
Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
As in her native bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Crisal throne.

5.

This Fen beset with River-Plants,
(O! how it does my senses charm!)
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows want,
Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs which come to take the air,
May with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
As Flags and Rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble Frogs may see.
Who frighted to retreat do flie,
If an approaching man they spie.

6.

Here Water-fowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their bliss destroy
By the malicious Fowlers Snares.

Y y

Some

L'un tout joyeux, d'un si beau jour,
 S'amuse a becquetter sa Plume,
 L'autre allentit le feu d'amour,
 Qui dans l'eau mesme & consume,
 Et prennent tous innocemment
 Leur plaisir en cet Element.

7.

Jamais l'Este, ny la froidure,
 N'ont reu passer dessus cette Eau,
 Nulle charette, ny batteau
 Depuis qui l'on, & l'autre dure :
 Jamais voyageur alteré,
 N'y fit servir sa main de tasse,
 Jamais cheureuil desesperé
 N'y finit sa vie à la chasse :
 Et jamais le Traisore hamecon
 N'en fit sortir aucun poisson.

8.

Que j'aime a voir la decadence
 De ces vieux chasteaux ruinez,
 Comme qui les uns Mutinez
 Ont deployez leur insolence,
 Les Sorciers y font leur Sabat,
 Les Demons follets s'y retirent,
 Qui d'un malicieux etat,
 Trompent nos sens, & nos martirent;
 La se nichent en mille trous
 Les Conleuvres & les Hyboux.

voins bloqut 9.

L'Orfrage brieu set tris funclres,
 Mortelles angures des destins.

Some ravish'd with so bright a day,
 their Feathers finely prune and deck,
 Others their amorous heats allay,
 Which yet the waters could not check,
 All take their innocent content
 In this their lovely Element.

7.

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
 This Stream did never entertain,
 Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
 Whilst either season did remain.
 No thirsty Traveller came near,
 And rudely made his hand his cup,
 Nor any hunted Hind hath here
 Her hopeless life resigned up,
 Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
 Intrude to empty any Brook.

8.

What beauty is there in the sight
 Of these old ruin'd Castle walls,
 On which the utmost rage and spight
 Of times worst Insurrection falls.
 The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
 And wanton Devils make retreat,
 Who in malicious sport appear,
 Our sense both to afflict and cheat,
 And here within a thousand holes
 Are nests of Adders and of Owles.

9.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
 That mortal augury of Fate,

Those

Fait rire & d'ancer les latins,
 Dans ces lieux remplis de benettes,
 Sous un cheuron de bois maudit
 T branle le squelette horrible,
 D'un pauvre amant qui se pendit,
 Pour une Bergere insensible,
 Qui d'un seul regard de pitie,
 Ne daigna voir son amitié.

10.

Aussi le Ciel jage equitable,
 Qui maintient les loix en vigueur,
 Prononce contre sa rigueur
 Une sentence epouventable.
 Autour de ces vieux ossemens
 Son ombre aux peines condamnée,
 Lamente en long gemissement
 Sa malheureuse destinée,
 Ayant pour croistre son affroy,
 Tous jours son crime devant soy.

11.

La se trouvent sur quelques mastres,
 Des devises du temps passée,
 Icy l'age a presque effacé
 Des chiffres taillés sur les astres.
 La plancher du lieu le plus haut;
 Est tombe jusque dans la Cave,
 Que la limace, & la crapoul
 Sont de venin & de bare,
 La lierre y croist au foyer,
 A l'ombrage d'un grand Noyer.

La

Those ghastly Goblins gratifies,
 Which in these gloomy places wait.
 On a curs'd Tree the wind does move
 A Carcase which did once belong
 To one that hang'd himself for love
 Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong,
 Who though she saw his love and truth,
 With one look would not save the Youth.

10.

But Heaven which judges equally,
 And its own Laws will still maintain,
 Rewarded soon her cruelty
 With a deserv'd and mighty pain :
 About this squallid heap of bones,
 Her wandring & condemned shade,
 Laments in long and piercing groans
 The destiny her rigour made,
 And the more to augment her fright
 Her crime is ever in her sight.

11.

There upon Antiquè Marble trac'd,
 Devices of past times we see,
 Here age hath almost quite defac'd
 What Lovers carv'd on every Tree.
 The Cellar, here, the highest Room,
 Receives when its old rafters fail,
 Soil'd with the venom and the foam
 Of the Spider and the Snail:
 And th' Ivy in the Chimney we
 Find shaded by a Wall-nut Tree.

Z z

Below

12.

La dessus s'estend une voute,
 Si sombre en un certain endroit,
 Que quand Phœbus y descendroit,
 Le pense qu'il n'y verrroit goutte.
 Le sommeil aux pesans sourcis,
 Enchanté d'un mome silence,
 Y doit bien loin de tous soucis,
 Dans les bras de la nonchalance,
 Laschement couché sur le dos,
 Dessus des gertes de pavots.

13.

Au creux de cette grotte fresche,
 Où l'amour se pourroit geler,
 Echo ne cesse de brasler
 Pour son Amant, froid, & revesche.
 Le m'y coule sans faire bruit,
 Et par la celeste harmonie
 D'un doux Luit, aux charmes instruit,
 Le flatte sa triste manie,
 Faisant repeter mes accords,
 A la voix qui luy sert de corps.

14.

Tantost sortant de ces ruines,
 Le mome au haut de ce rocher,
 Dont le sommet semble chercher
 En quel lieu se font les bruines :
 Pais je descends tout a loisir
 Sous un falaise escarpée,
 D'où je regarde avec plaisir
 L'onde qui l'a presque sappée
 Jusqu'aux seiges de Palemon,
 Fait d'esponges & de Limon.

Que

12.

Below there does a Cave extend,
 Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
 That should the Sun himself descend,
 I think he could not see a jot.
 Here sleep within a heavy lid
 In quiet sadness locks up sense,
 And every care he does forbid,
 Whilst in the arms of negligence,
 Lazily on his back he's spread,
 And sheaves of Poppy are his Bed.

13.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
 Where Love it self might turn to Ice,
 Poor *Eccho* ceases not to rave
 On her *Narcissus* wild and nice :
 Hither I softly steal a thought,
 And by the softer Musick made
 With a sweet Lute in charms well taught;
 Sometimes I flatter her sad shade,
 Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
 They serve as body to her voice.

14.

When from these ruins I retire,
 This horrid Rock I do invade,
 Whose lofty brow seems to enquire
 Of what materials mists are made :
 From thence descending leisurely
 Under the brow of this steep hill;
 It with great pleasure I descry
 By Waters undermin'd, until
 They to *Palæmon's* seat did climb,
 Compos'd of Sponges and of Slime.

How

15.

Que c'est une chose agreable
 D'estre sur le bord de la Mer,
 Quand elle vient a se calmer,
 Apres quelque orage affroyable ;
 Et que les chevelas Tritons,
 Haut sur les vagues secoüées,
 Trapent les airs d'estranges tons,
 Avec leurs trompes enrouées,
 D'ont l'eclat rend respectueux
 Le vents les plus impetueux.

16.

Tantost bronillant l'arene
 Murmure & fremit de courroux,
 Se roullant dessous les Cailloux,
 Qu'elle apporte & qu'elle r'entraine :
 Tantost elle estale en ses bords
 Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
 Des gens noyez, des monstres morts,
 Des vaisseaux brisez du naufrage,
 Des Diamans, de l'ambre Gris,
 Et mille autres choses de prix.

17.

Tantost la plus clarre du Monde,
 Elle semble un miroir flottant,
 Et nous represente a l'instant
 Encore d'autres Cieux sous l'onde,
 Le soleil s'y fait si bien voir,
 Y contemplant son beau visage,
 Qu'on est quelques temps a sçavoir
 Si c'est luy mesme ou son image,
 Et d'abord il semble a nos yeux,
 Qu'il se laisse tomber des cieux.

Ber-

15.

How highly is the fancy pleas'd
 To be upon the Oceans shore,
 When she begins to be appeas'd,
 And her fierce billows cease to roar!
 And when the hairy Tritons are
 Riding upon the shaken waves,
 With what strange sounds they strike the air
 Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
 Whose shrill report, does every wind
 Unto his due submission bind!

16.

Sometimes the Sea dispels the Sand,
 Trembling and murmuring in the Bay,
 And rowles it self upon the shells
 Which it both brings and takes away.
 Sometimes exposes on the strand,
 Th' effects of Neptune's rage and scorn,
 Drown'd Men, dead Monsters cast on Land,
 And Ships that were in Tempests torn,
 With Diamonds and Ambergreece,
 And many more such things as these.

17.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
 A floating mirrour she might be,
 And you would fancy all that while
 New Heavens in her face to see:
 The Sun himself is drawn so well,
 When there he would his Picture view,
 That our eye can hardly tell
 Which is the false Sun, which the true;
 And lest we give our sense the lye,
 We think he's fallen from the skye.

A a a

Ber-

18.

Bernieres pour qui je me vante,
 De ne rien faire que de beau,
 Recorve ce fantasque tableau
 Fait d'une peinture vivante :
 Je ne cherche que les desers,
 Où resvant tout seul je m'amuse,
 A des discours assez disers,
 De mon Genie avec la Muse,
 Mais mon plus aimable entretien,
 C'est le ressouvenir du tien.

19.

Tu vois dans cette Poesie,
 Pleine de licence & d'ardeur,
 Les beaux rayons de la splendeur
 Qui m'esclaire la Fantasia.
 Tantost chagrin, tantost joyeux,
 Selon que la fureur m'enflame,
 Et que l'object s'offre a mes yeux,
 Les propos me naissent en l'ame,
 Sans contraindre la liberte
 Du Demon, qui m'a transporté.

20.

O! que j'aime la Solitude,
 C'est l'Element des bons esprits,
 C'est par elle que j'ay compris,
 L'art d'Apollon sans nulle estude :
 Je l'aime pour l'amour de toy
 Connoissant que ton humeur l'aime,
 Mais quand je pense bien a moy,
 Je la hay pour la raison mesme,
 Car elle pourroit me ravir
 L'heur de te voir, & de te servir.

Ten-

18.

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake
 My thoughts are at a noble strife,
 This my fantastick Landskip take,
 Which I have copied from the Life.
 I only seek the Desarts rough,
 Where all alone I love to walk,
 And with discourse refin'd enough,
 My Genius and the Muses talk;
 But the converse most truly mine,
 Is the dear memory of thine.

19.

Thou may'st in this Poem find,
 So full of liberty and heat,
 What illustrious rays have shin'd
 To enlighten my conceit:
 Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
 Just as that fury does controul,
 And as the object I survey,
 The notions grow up in my Soul,
 And are as unconcern'd and free
 As the flame which transported me.

20.

O! how I Solitude adore,
 That Element of noblest wit,
 Where I have learnt *Apollo's* lore,
 Without the pains to study it:
 For thy sake I in love am grown
 With what thy fancy does pursue;
 But when I think upon my own,
 I hate it for that reason too,
 Because it needs must hinder me
 From seeing, and from serving thee.

Tendres

Tendres defers out of a French prose.

GO soft desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
 And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* sieze,
 Then quickly back again return to me,
 Since that's the only cure for my disease ;
 But if you miss her breast whom I adore,
 Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.

Amanti ch' in pianti &c.

LOvers who in complaints your selves consume,
 And to be happy once perhaps presume ;
 Your Love and hopes, alike are vain,
 Nor will they ever cure your pain.
 They that in Love would joy attain,
 Their passion to their power must frame ;
 Let them enjoy what they can gain,
 And never higher aim.

Complaints and Sorrows, from me now depart,
 You think to soften an ungentle Heart,
 When it not onely wards such blows,
 But from your sufferance prouder grows,
 They that in Love would joy &c.

*A Pastoral of Mons. de Scudery's in the first volume
 of Almahide, Englished.*

Slothful deceiver, come away,
 With me again the fields survey ;
 And sleep no more, unless it be
 My Fortune thou should'st dream of me.

The

The Sky, from which the Night is fled,
Is painted with a matchless Red,
'Tis day ; the morning greets my Eyes :
Thou art my Sun, wilt thou not rise ?

Now the black Shadows of the Night
From Heav'n and Earth, are put to Flight :
Come and dispel each lingring shade,
With that Light which thy Eyes have made.

That Planet, which so like thee seems,
In his long and piercing beams,
At once illuminates and Guilds,
All these valleys, and these Fields.

The Winds do rather sigh than blow,
And Rivers murmur as they go,
And all things seem to thee to say,
Rise Fair one, 'tis a Lovely Day.

Come and the liquid Pearls descry,
Which glittering 'mong the flowers lye ;
Day finds them wet, when it appears,
And 'tis too often with my Tears.

Hearken, and thou wilt much approve
The Warbling Consort of this Grove ;
Compleat the pleasure of our Ears,
Mixing thy harmony with theirs.

Feather'd Musician step aside,
Thy self within these bushes hide,
While my *Aminta's* Voice affords
Her charming Notes to cloath my words.

Hasten to sing them, then my fair,
And put this proud one to despair,

B b b

Whose

Whose Voice, the Base and Trebles part,
With so marvellous an Art.

Come *Philomel*, and now make use
Of all, thy practice can produce,
All the harmonious Secrets, thou
Canst try, will do no service now.

Thou must to her this Glory give,
For nothing can thy Fame relieve.
Then e're thou dost the Conquest try,
Chuse to be silent here or dye.

Come my Shepherdess, survey
(While a hundred pipes do play,)
From every Fold, from every Shed,
How the Herds and Flocks are fed.

Hear the pleasing, harmless voice,
Of thy Lambs, now they rejoyce,
While with their bleating notes are mix'd,
Their pretty bounds, and leaps betwixt.

See, see, how from the Thatched Rooms
Of these our artless Cabbins, comes
A Rustick troop of Jolly Swains,
From every side, unto the Plains.

Their Sheep-hooks steel, so bright and clear,
How it shines, both far and near ;
A Bag-pipe here, and there a Flute,
With merryer whistles do dispute.

Hear thy flocks, which for thee bleat
In Language Innocent, and sweet ;
See here thy Shepherd who attends 'em,
And from the Ravenous Wolf defends 'em.

Thy

Thy *Melampus*, him endears,
And leaps, and sports, when he appears;
He complains that thy sloth is such;
And my poor heart does that as much.

Among the rest here's a Ram, we
So white so blith, so merry see,
In all our Flocks, there is not one,
Deserves such praise, as he alone.

On the grafs he butts and leaps,
Flatters, and then away he skips;
So gentle, and yet proud is he,
That surely he hath learn'd of thee.

The fairest Garlands we can find,
Unworthy are, his horns to bind;
But Flowers that death can never know,
Are fittest to adorn his Brow.

He is full of modest shame,
And as full of amorous flame;
Astrologers in heaven see,
A Beast less beautiful than he.

I have for thee a Sheep-hook brought,
On which thy Shepherd hard hath wrought,
Here he thy character hath trac'd;
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a Scrip is ty'd for thee,
Which woven is so curiously,
That the Art does the stuff excell,
And Gold it self looks not so well.

Here's in a Cage that he did make,
All the Birds that he could take.
How glorious is their slavery,
If they be not despis'd by thee!

A Garland too for thee hath staid ;
 And 'tis of Fairest Flowers made :
Aurora had this offering kept,
 And for its loss hath newly wept.

A lovely Fawn he brings along,
 Nimble, as thy self, and young,
 And greater presents he would bring ,
 But that a Shepherd is no King.

Come away my Lovely bliss,
 To such divertisement as this,
 And bring none to these Lovely places,
 But onely *Venus*, and the Graces.

Whatever company were nigh,
 Would tedious be; when thou art by ;
Venus and Fortune would to me
 Be troublesome, if I had thee.

She comes ! from far, the Lovely Maid—
 Is by her shining charms betray'd :
 See how the Flowers sprout up, to meet
 A Noble ruine from her feet.

How Sprightly, and how Fair is she !
 How much undone then must I be ?
 My torment is, I know, severe,
 But who can think on't when she's near ?

My heart leaps up within my breast,
 And sinks again with Joy oppress'd ;
 But in her sight to yield my breath,
 Would be an acceptable Death.

Come then, and in this shade, be sure,
 That thy fair Skin shall be secure ;
 For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,
 The Colours which do flourish there.

His

His Flaming steeds do climb so fast,
While they to our Horizon hast,
That by this time his Radiant Coach,
Does to his highest house approach.

His fiercer Rays in heat, and length,
Begin to rob us of our strength;
Directly on the Earth they dart,
And all the shadows are grown short.

This Valley hath a private seat,
Which is a cool, and moist retreat,
Where the angry Planet which we spy,
Can ne're invade us with his Eye.

Behold this fresh and florid Grass,
Where never yet a foot did pass,
A Carpet spreads for us to sit,
And to thy Beauty offers it.

This delicate apartment is
Roof'd o're with Aged stooping Trees,
Whose verdant shadow does secure
This Place a native furniture.

The Courts of *Naiades* are such;
In shades like these, ador'd so much;
Where thousand Fountains round about,
Perpetually gush water out.

How finely this thick moss doth look,
Which limits this transparent brook;
Whose sportful wave does swell, and spread,
And is on flags and rushes shed!

Within this liquid Chrystal, see
The cause of all my Misery,
And judge by that, (fair Murtherefs)
If I could love thy beauty less.

Thy either Eye does Rays dispence
Of modesty and Innocence ;
And with thy seriousness, we find
The gladness of an Infant joyn'd.

Thy frowns delight, though they torment,
From thy looks Life and Death is sent ;
And thy whole air does on us throw
Arrows, which cureless wounds bestow.

The stature of a Mountain Pine,
Is crooked, when compar'd to thine :
Which does thy sex to envy move,
As much as it does ours to love.

From thy dividing lips do flye,
Those pointed shafts that make us dye :
Nor have our Gardens e're a Rose,
That to thy cheeks we dare oppose.

When by a happy liberty,
We may thy lovely bosom see,
The whitest Curds, nor falling Snow,
Can any such complexion show.

Thyme and Majoram, whose scent,
Of all perfumes, most Innocent,
Less Fragrancy than thy breath have,
Which all our senses does enslave.

Even when thou scornest, thou can'st please,
And make us love our own disease.
The blushes that our cherries wear,
Do hardly to thy lips come near.

When upon the smoother Plains,
Thou to dance wilt take the pains,
No Hind, when she employs her feet,
Is half so graceful, or so fleet.

Of

Of thy garments **fair and white**,
 The neatness gives us **most delight**,
 And I had rather them **behold**,
 Than clothes embroidered with **Gold**.

I nothing in the World can see
 So rare as unadorned thee;
 Who art (as it must be confess'd)
 Not by thy clothes, but **Beauty dress'd**.

Thy **Lovely hair** thou up hast ty'd,
 And in an unwrought **Veil** dost hide;
 In the mean time thy **single Face**,
 All other beauties does disgrace.

Yes, yes, thy **negligence alone**,
 Does more than all their care hath done:
 The **Nymphs**, in all their **pompous dress**,
 Do entertain my fancy less.

A **Nosegay** all thy **Jewel** is,
 And all thy **Art** consists in this;
 And what from this pure **Spring** does pass
 Is all thy **paint**, and all thy **Glass**.

Adored beauty, here may we
 Our selves in lovely **glasses** see:
 Come then, I pray thee, let us look,
 I in thy **Eyes**, thou in the **Brook**.

Within this faithful **Mirror** see
 The object which hath conquer'd me,
 Which though the stream does well impart,
 'Tis better form'd here in my **heart**.

In th' entertainment of thy **Mind**,
 When 'tis to pensiveness inclin'd,
 Count if thou canst these **Flowers**, and thou
 The sum of my desires wilt know.

Observe

Observe these Turtles, kind and true,
Hearken how frequently they woo:
They faithful Lovers are, and who
That sees thee, would not be so too?

Of them my fair *Aminta* learn,
At length to grant me thy concern;
Follow what thou in them do'st see,
And thou wilt soon be kind to me.

Those mighty Bulls are worth thy fight,
Who on the plains so stoutly fight;
Fiercely each others brow they hit,
Where Beauty does with anger meet.

Love is the quarrel they maintain,
As 't was the reason of their pain.
So would thy faithful Shepherd do,
If he should meet his Rival too.

Thy Shepherd, fair, and cruel one,
In all these Villages is known:
Such is his Fathers herd and flock,
The Plain is cover'd with the stock.

He the convenient'st pastures knows,
And where the wholsom water flows;
Knows where the coolest shadows are,
And well hath learn'd a Shepherds care.

Astrology he studies too,
As much as Shepherds ought to do;
Nay Magick nothing hath so dim,
That can be long conceal'd from him.

When any do these Secrets dread,
He for himself hath this to plead;
That he by them such herbs can pick,
As cure his sheep when they are sick.

He

He can foresee the coming storm,
Nor Hail, nor Clouds, can do him harm,
And from their injuries can keep,
Safely enough his Lambs and Sheep.

He knows the season of the year,
When Shepherds think it fit to shear
Such inoffensive Sheep as these,
And strip them of their Silver fleece.

He knows the scorching time of day,
When he must lead his flock away
To Valleys which are cool and near,
To chew the Cud, and rest them there.

He dares the Fiercest Wolves engage,
When 't is their hunger makes them rage;
The frightened dogs, when they retire,
He with new courage can inspire.

He sings and dances passing well,
And does in wrestling too excel,
Yes fair Maid, and few that know him,
But these advantages allow him.

At our Feast, he gets the Praise,
For his enchanting Roundelayes,
And on his head have ofteneft been
The Garlands, and the Prizes seen.

When the Skrip, and Crook he quits,
And free from all disturbance sits,
He can make the Bag-pipes swell,
And Oaten Reeds his passion tell.

When his flame does him excite,
In amorous songs to do thee right,
He makes the Verses which he uses,
And borrows none of other Muses.

D d d.

He

He neglects his own affairs,
To serve thee with greater cares,
And many Shepherdesses would
Deprive thee of him if they could.

Of *Alceste* he could tell
And *Silvia's* Eye, thou know'st it well,
But as his modesty is great,
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the Chrystal stream he looks,
If there be any truth in Brooks,
He finds, thy scorn can never be
Excus'd by his deformity.

His Passion is so high for thee,
As 'twill admit no new degree,
Why wilt not thou his love requite,
Since Kindness gives so much delight?

Aminta hearkned all this while,
Then with a dext'rous, charming smile,
Against her will, she let him see,
That she would change his destiny.

I promise nothing, then said she,
With an obliging air, and free;
But I think, if you will try,
The Wolves are crueller than I.

When my Sheep unhealthy are,
I have compassion, I have care;
Nor pains, nor journeys then I grudge,
By which you may my Nature judge.

When any of them goes astray,
All the hamlets near us may
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,
Run and search it everywhere.

And

And when I happen once to find;
The object of my troubled mind;
As soon as ever it I spy
O! how over-joy'd am I!

I flatter her, and I caress;
And let her ruffle all my dress;
The vagabond I kindly treat;
And Mint and Thyme, I make her eat.

When my Sparrow does me quit,
My throbbing heart makes after it;
And nothing can relief afford
For my fair inconstant bird.

When my Dog hath me displeas'd,
I am presently appeas'd;
And a tear is in my Eye,
If I have but made him cry.

I never could a hatred keep,
But to the Wolf that kills my sheep:
Gentle and kind, and soft I am,
And just as harmless as a Lamb.

Dispel thy fear, cease thy complaint,
O Shepherd timorous, and faint!
For I'm a Mistress very good,
If you'll but serve me as you should.

Words of a favourable strain,
(Cry'd out that now transported swain,
Which do in thy *Leontine* fate,
So glad and swift a change create.

But look about, for now I mark
The fields already growing dark,
And with those shadows cover'd all,
Which from the neighbouring Mountains fall.

The

The winged Quire on every tree
By Caroling melodiously,
Do the declining Sun pursue,
With their last homage, and adieu.

From the next Cottages, I here
Voices well known unto my Ear,
They are of our Domesticks who
Do pipe, and hollow for us too.

The Flocks and Herds do homewards go,
I hear them hither bleat and low,
Thy Eyes which mine so much admire,
Tell me 'tis time we should retire.

Go then destroying, fair one go,
Since I perceive it must be so,
Sleep sweetly all the night, but be,
At least, so kind to dream of me.

*Translation of Thomas a Kempis into Verse, out of
Monf. Corneille's lib. 3. Cap. 2. Englished.*

Speak, Gracious Lord, thy servant hears,
For I both am and will be so,
And in thy pleasant paths will go
When the Sun shines, or disappears.

Give me thy Spirit, that I may perceive,
What by my Soul thou would'st have done,
Let me have no desire but one,
Thy will to practice and believe.

But yet thy Eloquence disarm,
And as a whisper to my heart,
Let it like dew plenty impart,
And like that let it freely charm.

The

The Jews fear'd Thunder-bolts would fall,
 And that thy words would Death procure,
 Nor in the Desert could endure
 To hear their Maker speak at all.

They court *Moses* to declare thy will,
 And begg'd to hear no more thy voice,
 They could not stand the dreadful noise,
 Left it should both surprise, and kill.

Without those terrors, I implore,
 And other favours I entreat,
 With confident, though humble heat,
 I beg what *Samuel* did of yore.

Though thou art all that I can dread,
 Thy voice is music to my ears;
 Speak Lord then, for thy Servant hears;
 And will obey what thou hast said.

I ask no *Moses* that for thee should speak,
 Nor Prophet to enlighten me,
 They all are taught and sent by thee,
 And 'tis thy voice I only seek.

Those beams proceed from thee alone,
 Which through their words on us do flow;
 Thou without them canst all bestow
 But they without thee can give none.

They may repeat the sound of words,
 But not confer their hidden force,
 And without thee, their best discourse,
 Nothing but scorn to men affords.

Let them thy Miracles impart,
 And vigorously thy will declare;
 Their voice, perhaps, may strike the Ear,
 But it can never move the heart.

Th' obscure and naked Word they fow,
 But thou dost open our dim Eye,
 And the dead letter to supply,
 The Living Spirit dost bestow.

Mysterious truth's to us they brought,
 But thou expound'st the Riddle too,
 And thou alone, canst make us do
 All the great things that they have taught

They may indeed the way direct,
 But thou inablest us to walk;
 I'th ear alone sticks all they talk,
 But thou dost even the Heart direct.

They wash the surface of the mind,
 But all her fruit, thy Goodness claims,
 All that e're enlightens, or enflames,
 Must be to that alone assign'd.

POMPEY.

A

Tragedy.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be sold at his
Shop, at the *Blew-Anchor* in the lower walk of
the new *Exchange*, 1667.

P O M P E Y .

Tragedy.



L O N D O N

Printed for M. Harrison, and are to be sold at his
Shop, at the Bible-Walk in the lower walk of
the new Exchange 1687.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Countess of Cork.

Madam,

AS some untimely Flower, whose bashful head
(Ready to drop into her humble Bed)
Is rescu'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
To share that Light with which he gilds the Day;
So this Translation of strict Eyes afraid,
With conscious blushes, would have sought a shade;
When your resistless Power did Orders give,
Thus to recall the timorous Fugitive,
Which, to your breath, must all her being own,
Thrive when you smile, and wither if you frown.
Yet from submission this assurance grows,
That you'll protect the Person you expose,
Who more delight from such a shelter draws,
Than to obtain, or to desire applause,
And your indulgence, would, much rather, chuse,
Than to be Favorite to every Muse.
For even they request to wait on you,
Who can best judge, and best reward them too;
You, who are more than Poets can invent,
Of most illustrious and most innocent,
Under your beams their faint Ideas sink,
And you more nobly live than they could think.
In you, the humble, and the brave, are met
To shew what's truly, and what's only great;
And all the *Cliffords* Fame in you does shine,
The greatest Honour of the Noblest Line:

F f f

To

To whom your debt of splendour you have paid,
And that (and more) to after times convey'd,
In such a Race, as must those wonders do,
That none could act but they, inspire but you.
But as your Merit does all Praise excel,
So does your Mercy all injurious zeal;
And you in that ador'd advantage live,
That nothing else is left you to forgive:
But ev'n your goodness will its self outshine,
If it can pardon this Address of mine.
So Altars once did Fire from Heaven enjoy,
Sent but to kindle what it might destroy.

The

The Printer to the Reader.

I Hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey being a Translation out of the French of Monsieur Corneille, the Hand that did it is responsible for nothing but the English, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when those that could not be resisted were resolved to have it acted; and that no abuses of Transcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevailed to send it to the Press, if the Person most concern'd had not fear'd to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this publication, more than the severity of the Censorious World.

The Persons of the Play.

Julius Caesar.

Marcus Antonius.

Lepidus.

Ptolomy, King of Ægypt.

Cleopatra, His Sister.

Photinus, His Governour.

Achillas, His Lieutenant General.

*Septimius, A Romane Tribune in the Ægyptian
Kings Army.*

Achoreus, Cleopatra's Gentleman Usher.

Charmion, Cleopatra's Maid of Honour.

Cornelia, Pompey's Widdow.

Philip, Pompey's Freedman.

Romans and Ægyptians.

The Scene Ptolomy's Pallace in Alexandria.

PROLOGUE

For the Theatre at Dublin, written By the Earl of Roscommon.

THe mighty Rivals, whose destructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage :
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæsar from none but You, will hear his Doom,
He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of Rome :
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.

When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourish'd in this Isle ;
And you alone may Boast, you never saw
Cæsar 'till now, and now can give him Law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says He cannot now begin to fear.
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's Mind.
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's Cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's Judging sit?

But you bright Nymphs, give Cæsar leave to woo.
The greatest Wonder of the World but you.
And hear a Muse, who has that Hero taught
To speak as gen'rously, as e're he fought.

To the
Ladies.

G g g

Whose

*Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deters
All Tongues but English, and all Pens but Hers.
By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
You Conquer'd Caesar, and you praise him best.*

*To the Lord A present Destiny reserv'd for You. (here,
Lieutenant. Rome, France, and England join their Forces
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.*

*Accept it then, and on that Pompey's Brow
Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.*

POM.

To the
Lieutenant

POMPEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ptolemy, Achilles, Photinus, Septimius.

PTOLOMY.

FAte hath declar'd her self, and we may see
Th' Intrigue of the great Rivals Destiny :
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharsalia hath the Honour to decide.

Whose Rivers swelling with new bloody Tides
(Sent thither from so many Parricides)
The Horrour of torn Ensigns, Chariots, Shields,
Spread in Confusion o're th' infected Fields ;
Those slaughter'd heaps whose shades no rest obtain'd
By Nature to their own revenge constrain'd,
(Their Putrefactions seeming to revive
The War, with those that do remain alive,)
Are dreadful rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to cast, and *Cæsar* to acquit.

That distress'd Leader of the Juster Side,
Whose wearied Fortune hath all Help deny'd,
A terrible Example will create
To future times, of the Extreame of Fate :
He flies, whose happy Courage had, till now,
Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Brow :
He in our Ports chuses his last Retreat ;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe so great,
His bold Misfortune seeks it in abodes,
Which from the *Titans* once preserv'd the Gods ;
And from so fam'd a Climate, doth expect
That it should Earth as well as Heav'n protect ;
And lending his Despair a kind Effort,

It

It should the staggering Universe support :
 Yes, the World's Fortune *Pompey* with him brings,
 And hopes a Land whose Fame such Wonder sings,
 A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
 And *Pompey's* Fall attend, if not relieve.

This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate ;
 Our Triumphs he, or Ruine will create :
 He hazards me, who did my Father save,
 And does expose that Memphis which he gave :
 We must now hasten, or prevent his Fate,
 His Ruine hinder, or precipitate :
 That is unsafe, and this ignoble is ;
 I dread injustice, or unhappiness ;
 And angry fortune each way offers me
 Either much danger, or much infamy.
 It is my part to chuse, yours to advise
 What you believe to be most safe and wise :
Pompey's concern'd ; nay, we the same shall get,
Cæsar's success to trouble or compleat ;
 And never Monarchs Fortune did afford
 So great a Subject for a Council Board.

PHOTINUS

When things, Sir, are determin'd by the Sword,
 Justice is nothing but an empty word ;
 And he who then Affairs would rightly weigh,
 Must not his Reasons, but his power obey :
 View your own strength, let *Pompey* be survey'd,
 Whose Fortune Droops, and Valour is betray'd ;
 Who not from *Cæsar* only takes his flight,
 But from the Senates just reproach and fight,
 (Whose greater part were cheaply left a Prey
 To the keen Vultures of *Pharsalia*)
 He flies lost *Rome*, and every Roman now ;
 Who must to his defeat their Fetters owe.
 He flies those Kings who would chastise his Guilt,
 Of all the blood that in this cause was spilt.

Their

Their Kingdoms now of Men and Money void,
 Their broken Scepters and their Thrones destroy'd,
 As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
 He flies the whole World, shatter'd by his Fall,
 Can you alone resist so many Foes?
 His safety he did in himself Repose:
 He falls, and you may yield without a Blush
 To such a weight as *Rome* her self does Crush;
 A weight which hath the Universe prest down,
 And the yet greater *Pompey* overthrow'n.
 He that will save, whom Heaven will have wrackt,
 By too much Justice may a Guilt Contract.
 And a fidelity so indiscreet
 May a short Fame, but long Repentance meet:
 He but a more illustrious wound will have,
 Which will not smart the less for being brave:

Do not for *Egypt* Thunderbolts provide,
 But chuse with Fortune and the Gods to side.
 Believe not they can an injustice do,
 But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
 Whatever they decree for them declare,
 And think it impious where they frown to spare;
 With Divine Anger, *Pompey* now beset,
 Comes to involve you too in his Defeat,
 His Head, for which both Gods and Men do call,
 Already shakes, and seeks but where to fall:
 His coming hither an Offence does seem,
 And shews his hatred rather than esteem.
 He would his safety with your ruine buy,
 And can you doubt, if he deserve to die?
 Had he fulfill'd what we both wist and thought,
 And a victorious Navy hither brought,
 We then should him a joyful welcom shew,
 Who must the gods blame for his usage now.
 I of his Fortune, not of him complain,
 But with regret Act what the Gods Ordain,
 And the same Ponyard, once for *Cesar* meant,
 Shall with a sigh to *Pompey's* Heart be sent.

H h h

Nor

Nor can you at a less rate than his Head
 Secure your own, and shun the storm you dread,
 Let this be thought a Crime, if so it must,
 'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Just.
 When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance laid,
 The Interest of Kingdoms is betray'd,
 Extreamest Rigour is the Right of Kings,
 When Timorous Equity their Ruine brings,
 Who fears a Crime shall ever be afraid,
 But he'll rule all, who all things dares invade,
 Who dangerous virtue, as disgrace, does shun,
 And to an useful Crime as swiftly run.
 This is my Thought Sir, but *Achillas* may,
 Or else *Septimius* chuse some other way.
 But this I know, whatever others like,
 They fear no Conqueror, who the conquer'd strike.

ACHILLAS.

Photin saies true Sir, but though *Pompey* we
 Devested of his former Grandeur see,
 Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
 Which the Gods did in *Thessaly* revere.
 Not that a crime of State should be refrain'd,
 But 'tis not lawful, till it be constrain'd:
 And what need is there of such Rigour here?
 Who quits the conquer'd, needs no Conqueror fear.
 You may be Neuter, as you were before:
 And *Cesar* may, if him you must adore;
 But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
 This is too great an Off'ring for his Shrine.
 To *Mars* himself should this head offer'd be,
 'Twould fix on yours too black an infamy:
 Let him not be assisted nor destroy'd,
 And such a Conduct will all blame avoid.
 You owe him much Sir, for *Rome*, mov'd by him,
 Help'd our last King his Scepter to redeem,
 But Gratitude and Hospitality,

In

In Monarchs Breasts must regulated be,
 Nor can a King Contract so great a debt,
 But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
 And all Engagements are to Princes void,
 To cancel which, their blood must be employ'd:
 Consider too, what *Pompey* did expose,
 When he your Father help'd against his Foes:
 By that he made his Power the greater seem,
 And rais'd his own Fame, by restoring him;
 He did in serving him but language spend;
 But *Cæsar's* Purse appear'd the better Friend,
 Had we not *Cæsar's* thousand Talents seen,
Pompey's Orations had small succours been.
 Let him not then his verbal merits boast,
 For *Cæsar's* Actions have oblig'd you most.
 But if a benefit to him be due,
 Speak now for him, as he did once for you:
 His kindness safely thus requite you may;
 But here receiv'd, he will your Scepter sway:
 This conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
 And in your own Dominions you enslave.
 Refuse him welcome then, but spare his Head;
 But if 't must fall, this arm shall strike him dead:
 I can obey (Sir) and should Jealous grow,
 If any Hand but mine should strike the blow.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir, I'm a Roman, and these Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you seeks it now;
 You are his fate, may his lost hopes revive,
 Banish, or kill, or give him up alive:
 The first would cost you much too dear a rate,
 I'll only then the other three debate.

His exile draws on you enraged Pow'r,
 And does but half oblige the Conquerour;
 Since to a long suspense you will him leave,
 What fate his future battels shall receive;

And

And both on you Revenge, when weary grown
 The Ills, which but for you they had not known
 To render him to *Caesar* were the same,
 Who must forgive him to augment his Fame;
 He will a bray ry on himself impose,
 And swell in that false mercy he bestows;
 Glad if that way, he *Pompey* can o'recome,
 And in the same Act please subjected *Rome*:
 But whilst you him to this necessitate,
 You'll purchase his, as well as *Pompey's* hate.

His danger and dishonour then prevent,
 Both make him great, and keep him innocent;
 Whilst *Pompey's* Faction you in him destroy,
 Let *Caesar*, at your cost, the fruit enjoy:
 By this advice, which you'l, I hope, allow,
 You'l gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foe;
 But if *Achillas* unsafe course you choose,
 You neither gain, but both their Friendships lose.

PTOLOMY

Let us no more debate what's just and fit,
 But to the Worlds vicissitude submit,
 Your Major votes do with my thoughts agree,
 Who in so great a change would active be;
 Rome hath too long made an injurious Claim
 That all men should adore the Roman Name:
 Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
 And all her scorn in *Pompey's* Blood lets drown:
 Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
 To the Worlds Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give:
 Now Fate would chain an Arrogance, so fierce,
 Let's help her to revenge the Universe.
 Rome, thou shalt serve, and Kings which alwaies yet,
 Th' hast dar'd with so much insolence to treat;
 Will *Caesar* now, with let's Regret obey,
 Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they.

Achillas

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Achillas and *Septimius* lose no time,
But make us Deathless by this glorious Crime;
Of Heaven's Resentment I'll the hazard run,
Who sent him hither sure to be undone.

A CHILLAS.

A Kings Command must no dispute endure.

P T O L O M Y.

Go then, the Scepter which I bear, secure ;
For you by this Commission are become
The Destinies of *Egypt* and of *Rome*,

SCEN. II.

Ptolemy, Photinus.

P T O L O M Y.

I am mistaken *Photin*, or by this
My Sister will her expectation miss,
Pompey my Father's Will having secur'd,
Her Coronation she believes assur'd.
And she her self the Mistress does esteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Antient Friendship she depends upon,
And inwardly already shares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become so vain,
That from its Ashes it revives again.

P H O T I N U S.

Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to hasten *Pompey's* Fate.
He your Pretensions doubtless will decide,
And by your Father's Will your Claims Divide.
To which great Trust of Friendship being true,
You know how much he disoblige you.
Nor that by this Discourse, I would remove
The Sacred Ciment of a Brothers Love,

I banish her not from your Heart, but Throne,
 For he Reigns not, that does not Reign alone.
 Divided Empire all wise Kings avoid;
 For Pow'r Communicated is Destroy'd;
 And Policy.—But, Sir, she does appear.

SCEN. III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinus.

CLEOPATRA.

Pompey is come (Sir) and can you be here?

PTOLOMY.

That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
 And him *Achillas* and *Septimus* send.

CLEOPATRA.

What? such Embassadors as those to him?

PTOLOMY.

You may go too, if they too little seem:

CLEOPATRA.

Is your own meeting him, too great a thing?

PTOLOMY.

I must remember, that I am at King.

CLEOPATRA.

Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
 To kiss the hand of him, that made you so?
 And pay you homage to a Man so great?

PTOLOMY.

Did he that Title in *Pharsalia* get?

CLEOPATRA.

Though none did his misfortunes help afford,
 Hee's still that *Pompey* who your Crown restor'd.

PTOLOMY.

Rather his shade, and but my Father Crown'd,
 By whose Ghost, not by me, it should be own'd.
 Let him attend his Dust, and be content
 To receive Thanks from his cold Monument.

CLEO.

CLEOPATRA. Hath such a Benefit such usage met?

PTOLOMY. I both remember it and his Defeat.

CLEOPATRA. You, do indeed but with a scornful Pride.

PTOLOMY. Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd;

You, that so prize him may his greatness Court,
But know, He yet may perish in the Port.

CLEOPATRA. What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive?
And have you dar'd his Ruine to contrive?

PTOLOMY. I have done only what the Gods inspir'd,
And what the safety of my State requir'd.

CLEOPATRA. I know but too much, *Photin*, and his Crew
Have with their wicked Councils poyson'd you:
Souls that are but of Natures Rubbish fram'd.

PHOTINUS. The Council, Madam, will not be disclaim'd.

CLEOPATRA. 'Tis the King, *Photin*, I discourse with now;
Stay then, till I descend to talke to you.

PTOLOMY. You must a little with her scorn dispense,
I know her hatred, and your innocence;
But she's my Sister, give her humour vent.

CLEOPATRA. Sir, If too late in be not to repent,
Shake off at length, a Yoke that is so vile.
And call your Virtue back from her exile:
That magnanimity so great, and good,
Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

PTOLOMY. Swell'd with a hope in vain by you foreseen,
You speak to me of *Pompey*, like a Queen:

Through

Through your false zeal, flashes of Pride escape ;
 And Interest does act in Virtues shape :
 Confess it then, you had been silent still,
 Were it not for the King our Father's Will ;
 You know who keeps it ?

CLEOPATRA

And you shall Know too,
 Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
 For if I did my own advantage seek,
 I should for *Cæsar*, not for *Pompey* speak :
 Receive a secret I conceal'd before,
 And after that, never reproach me more.

When none that bold Rebellion could withstand,
 Which rob'd our Father of his Crown and Land,
 The injur'd King forsook his Native shore,
 And *Rome's* great Senate did for Aid Implore.
 With him we went, their pity to engage,
 You very Young ; but I was in an Age,
 When Nature had supply'd my Eyes with Darts,
 Already Active in subduing hearts.
Cæsar receiv'd, or else pretended love,
 And by his Actions, would his Passion prove,
 But since the Senat's Pique to him he knew,
 He their lov'd *Pompey*, to our party drew.
 Whose high concern for us, on *Cæsar's* score,
 Was the last fruit their Friendship ever bore.
 Of this you do inherit the event,
 But such a Lover not without content,
 When by th' assistance of so great a Man,
 In our behalf the Roman Suffrage ran,
 Resolving further Kindness to impart,
 He gave his Treasure to attend his Heart :
 And from the bounty of his growing flame,
 Those sinews both of War and Power came :
 Those thousand Talents which we owe him yet,
 Forc'd our revolted *Egypt* to submit.
 On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
 Betwixt us did his Dignity divide ;

And

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And by his Sovereign Right, on me bestow'd
A part of what, he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilst you, who this great reason never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my due;
And Your dread Father, partial dar'd to call,
Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

PTOLOMY.

This Story, you with Art enough contrive.

CLEOPATRA.

I am assur'd, *Caesar* will soon arrive.
And a few hours will such a change effect,
As your Dark Policy did least expect.
And shew you why I spoke so like a Queen,
Who the loth'd Object of your scorn have been.
You in the Throne, usurp'd my equal seat,
And as a Slave you did your Sister Treat;
Till I was forc'd to shun a suder Fate,
To sloop and Court your Ministers of State.
Whoe e'er I feel or poison, I still fear'd: but Know
Pompey or *Caesar* will secure me now;
And whatsoe're your Sycophants Ordain,
I now am sure my Scepter to obtain:
Till when my Pride shall leave you, to divine
In this Contest, what could be my design.

Ptolomy, Photin.

PTOLOMY.

What think you *Photin*, of this lofty Mind?

PHOTIN.

My spirit, sir, to wonder is resign'd,
And nothing but amazement can express;
At such a secret as I nere could guess,
My thoughts are so unquiet and confus'd,
I scarce know what expedient should be us'd.

PTOLOMY.

Shall we save *Pompey*?

PHO-

P H O T I N.

Had you that decreed,
 Yet it were now convenient he should bleed.
 Your Sister hates you, she is fair and fierce,
 And if she such Victorious Charmes disperse;
 The head of *Pompey* only can suffice
 To win the heart of *Cæsar* from her Eyes.

P T O L O M Y.

This dangerous Woman hath a busie wit.

P H O T I N.

But such a service will out-balance it.

P T O L O M Y.

But what if *Cæsar* still her Pow'r obey?

P H O T I N.

Then flatter her, yet mind not what I say,
 Till first you ask, in an affair so Nice,
Achillas and *Septimius* best advice.

P T O L O M Y.

Lets from the Tow'r see them at *Pompey's* doom,
 And this Debate at their return, resume.

After the first Act of *Pompey*, the King and *Photin*
 should be discovered, sitting and hearkning to
 this S O N G.

Since affairs of the State, are already decreed,
 Make room for Affairs of the Court,
 Employment and Pleasure each other succeed,
 Because they each other support.
 Were Princes confin'd
 From slackening their Mind,
 When by Care it is ruffled and Curl'd.
 A Crown would appear
 Too heavy to wear
 And no Man would govern the World.

If the Gods themselves who have power enough,
 In diversions are various, and oft

Since

*Since the business of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be soft.*

Were Princes confin'd, &c.

To our Monarch we owe, whatsoer'e we enjoy:

And no grateful Subjects were those,

Who would not the sassy, he gives them, employ

To contribute to his repose.

Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypsies is presented.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cleopatera, Charmion.

CLEOPATRA.

I Love him, but a Flame so much refin'd,
How bright soever, dazzles not my mind:
For Vertue makes my inclination know,
What *Cæsars* Mistress does to *Pompey* owe:
And none dares own a passion so sublime,
But she that scorn's the shadow of a crime.
I should but small Respect to *Cæsar* pay,
To seek his love in an unhandson way.

CHARMION.

Can you love *Cæsar*, Madam, and advise
That *Egypt* should in *Armes* against him rise?
That they should *Pompey* against him protect,
And his *Pharfalian* Triumphs should be checkt,
Sure Love in you does little Empire shew,

CLEOPATRA.

This to their high extraction Princes owe,
That by th' Assistance, of their Royal Blood,
Their Passions are more easily subdu'd.
Their honour still the Victory will have,
And whilst they trust themselves, they still are brave.

All

All the Disorders, which in Kings we see,
To others Councils must imputed be.
This is the cause of Pompey's ruine Deem;
The King would help, but *Phorin* murders him.
Whose Council hath his Masters faith o'rethrown,
Which still had sway'd, had he observ'd his own.

CHARMION.

You then who *Cesar* love, and yet oppose.

CLEOPATRA.

The Love I cherish no dishonour knows,
But worthy him.

CHARMION.

Are you of his secur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

I think I am.

CHARMION.

But are you well assur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

Know that a Prince's by her glory mov'd,
No Love confesses till she be belov'd.
Nor the most noble passion even shows,
When it shall her to Contempt expose.
At Rome, I first did *Cesar's* Heart invade,
Where he the first expression of it made;
And ever since, he did to me renew,
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.
He march'd through Italy, through Gaul and Spain,
With Love in's Breast, and Fortune in his Train;
Nor did he ever make so brave a Prize,
But he pay'd Homage for it to these Eyes.
With the same hand, which did that weapon quit,
With Blood of Pompey's party seeking yet,
He writ complaints, and put my letters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won;
Yes from *Pharfalia* his submissions came,
And if his speed be equal to his flame,
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt shall see him shortly at my feet.

HA

He

He comes my *Charmion*, and from me alone,
 Seeks the reward of all that he hath done.
 And all his glory to my Shrine he brings,
 With the same hand that gives the law to Kings,
 So that ev'n in his Triumphs, my disdain
 Can make the Man, that rules the World complain.

CHARMION.

Yet I dare swear, your charms a pow'r enjoy,
 Which though they boast of, they will ne're employ.
 And the great *Cesar* shall no trouble know,
 If it can only from your rigour grow.
 But what can you expect from *Cesar's* flames,
 Wherein such right another Woman claims,
 His freedom he by marriage hath resign'd,
 And only to *Calphurnia* is confin'd.

CLEOPATRA.

But a Divorce, at *Rome* so common now,
 May remove her, and my desires allow :
Cesar's Experience him to that may lead,
 Since 'twas *Calphurnia's* passage to his bed.

CHARMION.

But the same way may you at length remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Perhaps I better shall secure his love,
 Perhaps my passion may find out an Art
 Better to manage that illustrious Heart.
 But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
 And this Alliance (if we can) contrive.
 Were it but one day, 'twere enough for me,
 One day, the Mistress of the World to be.
 I have Ambition, and be't good or ill,
 It is the only Sovereign of my Will.
 And 'tis this noble passion sure, or none,
 A Princess may without a blemish own.
 But yet with Glory I would it enflame,
 Nor would buy Greatness with the loss of Fame,
 For I the brightest Crown can scorn to touch,
 When 'tis attended with the least Reproach.

Wonder not then, that I so much pursue
 Pompey's defence, and would my Duty do
 His injur'd vertue, since I cannot right,
 My secret wishes must invoke his flight :
 That some kind storm may so his Ships disperse,
 As may preserve him from his Murtheers.
 But faithful *Achoreus* comes, and he
 Will quickly tell us Pompey's Destiny.

SCEN. II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

What, is it done, and hath some Treacherous hand
 With that Rich blood stain'd our unhappy strand ?

ACHOREUS.

By your commands, I to the shore did run,
 And saw this Treason in its horreur done :
 I saw the greatest Mortal lose his breath,
 And though a sad, I saw a glorious death.
 And since a story you require from me,
 So much his Honour, and our Infamy :
 Hear now his Fate, and wonder and bewail,

His three Ships in the Harbour striking sail,
 When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
 He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
 By noble sense of Honour, did intend
 With all his Court to meet so brave a friend,
 But when he only saw a Squiff prepar'd,
 And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his guard :
 Th' ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
 And gave him some approaches of a fear :
 But seeing arm'd Men on our Ships and Shore,
 He blush'd his apprehensions were so Poor ;
 And when the Danger was so near him brought,
 He only on *Cornelia's* safety thought.

“ Let's

' Let's but expose, saies he, this single head
 ' To a Reception we may so much dread.
 ' But whilst I only do the shock sustain,
 ' Hasten thy flight, and my revenge obtain.
 ' King *Juba* is more generously enclius'd,
 ' Where thou thy Father, and my Sons shall find :
 " But if their Deaths should thee of them deprive,
 " Never despair while *Cato* is alive.
 While their contest on this was sad and kind,
Achilla's fatal boat their Vessel join'd :
Septimius then, to get him in his Pow'r,
 I'th Roman Language call'd him Emperour ;
 And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
 Let, Sir, says he, this Bark convey you hence ;
 The Shells and Sands which under water lye,
 To greater Vessels an access deny.
 The *Hero* saw, and smil'd at this abuse ;
 He then receiv'd his Wives and Friends adieu,
 Their stay commanded, and to death did go
 With the same look, as he did Crowns bestow :
 With the same Majesty writ in his Brow,
 He sat unmov'd among his Murderers, now
 His stedfast Courage did his Conduct seem,
Philip his Freed-man only follow'd him,
 Of whom, what I have told you, I did learn,
 But saw the rest my self with sad concern :
 And think (so mournful it to me appears)
Cæsar himself could not refuse it Tears.

CLEOPATRA.

But spare not mine, nor let them intercept
 A story, which I have already wept.

ACHOREUS.

Whilst toward Land they brought him, not a word
 To the unhappy *Pompey* they afford :
 In which contempt, he did foresee his end.
 At length arriv'd, they ask him to descend,

He

He rising, as *Achillas* stood behind
 Drawing his Sword, for what they had design'd,
Septimius, and three Romans more embrew'd,
 Their guilty hands in that heroick blood :
 Till ev'n *Achillas* was with horreur strook,
 Upon a Rage so barbarous to look.

CLEOPATRA.

You Gods who Nations do chastise with War,
 When you revenge this death, our Cities spare !
 And not the place, but Actors look upon,
 The crime of *Egypt* was by Romans done.
 But tell me what this Worthy said, and did.

ACHOREUS.

With his Robes border he his visage hid,
 Blindly his cruel destiny obey'd ;
 And would not see that Heav'n which him betray'd :
 Left any look of his, in such a stroke,
 Should its assistance, or revenge invoke.
 Not the least poor complaint fell from his Tongue,
 Or ought that spoke him worthy of his wrong :
 But that despising, made his last retreat
 To all that in his life was good or great :
 And held the treason, which the King had wrought,
 Too much below him to employ his thought.
 His Virtue, by their crime more brightly shone,
 And his last gasp, was an illustrious one.
 This great Soul fled, his body did expose
 To th' greedy Eyes of his inhumane Foes :
 His head, which tumbled on the blushing Deck,
 (By vile *Septimius* sever'd from his neck)
 Upon *Achillas* Lance we fixed see,
 As after Battels Trophies use to be :
 And to conclude a Destiny so sad,
 The Sea was all the Sepulchre he had.
 To fortune now, his slaughter'd Corps resign'd,
 Floats at the pleasure of the Wave and Wind,
 The Poor *Cornelia* at the dreadful view.

CLEO-

CLEOPATRA.

O Gods! What could she either say or do!

ACHOREUS.

By woful shrieks, she try'd his life to shield,
Then hopeless up to Heav'n her hands she held:
And by her mighty sorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly swoon.
In this distress her Ships employ their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit those horrid shores.
But infamous *Septimius* having thought
Cornelia's flight, rob'd him of half his fault:
Has with six Ships hasten'd to her pursuit,
And the dead *Pompey* still does persecute.
But whilst to th' King *Achillas* brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horror on the guilt reflect,
And a revenging Earthquake does expect:
This hears it thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution must receive.

Their Reason, troubled by the Crimes extent,
Cannot but dread as vast a punishment.

Philip mean while shews on the River side,
That his mean fortune a brave soul did hide:
He curiously examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treason to them gave:
That those lov'd bones he piously might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urn.
And with a little Dust a Tomb erect
To him who did the Universe subject.
But whilst *Cornelia* they one way pursue,
Another we might *Cæsar's* coming view,
A Navy which can hardly reckon'd be.

CLEOPATRA.

Ne're doubt it, *Achoreus*, it is he;
Tremble bad men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Destiny become.
Cæsar's come, I'm a Queen, *Pompey's* reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.

M m m

* But

"But let's with wonder on the Great reflect;
 "Pity their Fortune, and our own suspect:
 He who we thought ev'n Fate her self had sway'd,
 Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd:
 Whom his own *Rome* saw (almost Deifi'd)
 Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride;
 And who in the last hazards of his Fate,
 Saw both the Consuls on his Standards wait:
 As soon as Fortune one unkindness shows,
 Egyptian Monsters of his life dispose:
 And a *Photinus*, or *Septimius*, can
 Govern the Destiny of such a Man.
 A King who owes him, ev'n the Crown he wears,
 Exposing him to those base Flatterers.
 So fell the mighty *Pompey*, and so may
Cæsar himself perhaps another day.
 O may the Gods the Augury disprove!
 And make his Fortune constant as my Love.

CHARMION.

The King comes Madam, who may overhear.

SCEN. III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

PTOLOMY.

Know you what happiness is drawing near?

CLEOPATRA.

Yes I have heard it, the great *Cæsar's* come:
 And *Photin* shall no more pronounce my Doom:

PTOLOMY.

That faithful Subject you could ne're endure.

CLEOPATRA.

No, but am from his Projects now secure.

PTOLOMY.

Which of his Plots could you so much offend?

CLEO-

CLEOPATRA.

I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend:
For such a Polititian is not Nice,
And you are alwaies steer'd by his advice.

PTOLOMY.

If I believe him, I his prudence see,

CLEOPATRA.

And I who fear him, know his crueltie.

PTOLOMY.

For a Crown's safety all things just appear.

CLEOPATRA.

That kind of equity creates my fear,
My share of Power hath been by it lost,
And now it has the head of *Pompey* cost.

PTOLOMY.

Never a game of State was more advis'd;
For else by *Cæsar* we had been surpris'd:
You see his speed, and we had been subdu'd;
Before we could in our defence have stood.
But now I to a Conquerour so great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal seat.

CLEOPATRA.

Make your own Presents, Ile dispose of mine;
Nor others Interests with yours combine.

PTOLOMY.

Our Blood's the same, uniting me and you.

CLEOPATRA.

You might have said, our Rank unites us too;
We both are Sovereigns, yet 'twill be confess'd,
There is some difference in our interest.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, Sister, for my Heart is well content
Only with *Egypt's* narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty, *Cæsar's* heart does wound,
Tagus and *Ganges* must your Empire bound.

CLEOPATRA.

I have ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may surprize my Soul, but never blind.

Tup-

T'upbraid me with those bounds there is no need.
I know my reach, and shall not that exceed.

PTOLOMY.

Your Fortune smiles and you th'advantage use.

CLEOPATRA.

You may revile me, if I that abuse.

PTOLOMY.

I hope the best, Love no ill Fruit can bear.

CLEOPATRA.

You seem to hope, what really you fear.

But though the gods my just pretensions Crown,

You need not doubt, I'll ask but what's my own.

You ne're shall anger from your Sister find,

Though you're a cruel Brother, I'll be kind.

PTOLOMY.

But yet methinks you do discover pride.

CLEOPATRA.

Time is the Standard whereby things are try'd.

PTOLOMY.

Your present carriage that doth plainly shew.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsar is come and you've a Master now.

PTOLOMY.

I made him mine who the Worlds Master is.

CLEOPATRA.

Pay him your homage, while I look for his.

In this Address you may your self be seen,

But I'll remember that I am a Queen.

Photin will help you to receive him now,

Advise with him, he'll tell you what's to do.

ACT.

A&. II. SCEN. IV.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

P TOLOMY.

I have observ'd thy Counsel, but find since
 To flatter her, but swells her insolence.
 For with her Pride she did affront me so,
 That I at last fell into Passion too.
 This Arm enrag'd by her, could scarce forbear
 (Without a Thought that *Cæsar* was so near)
 Dispatching her (as safe as she does seem)
 To have complain'd to *Pompey*, not to him.
 She talks already at that haughty rate,
 That if great *Cæsar* please her Pride and Hate,
 And she o're him her boasted Empire have,
 Her Brother and her King must be her Slave.
 No, no, we needs must Frustrate that intent,
 Nor poorly wait the Ills we may prevent.
 Let's spoil her of her Power to disdain,
 And break those Charmes whereby she hopes to
 Nor after such indignities let's brook, (reign;
 That she should buy my Scepter with a look.

P H O T I N U S.

Do not for *Cæsar*, Sir, pretence provide
 That *Egypt* should be to his Triumphs ty'd:
 For this Ambitious Man which through the world,
 Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
 Swell'd with his Conquest, and a Rage so smart,
 As such a loss writes in a Lovers Heart:
 Though you but act, what Equity approves,
 Will thence ground his revenge for what he loves:
 As for a crime, Hee'l you to Bondage bring,
 Though you did only what became a King.

P T O L O M Y.

If *Cleopatra* sees him shee's a Queen.

N n n

P H O-

PHOTINUS.

But if the dye your Ruine is foreseen.

PTOLOMY.

Who ruines me should on my fall attend.

PHOTINUS.

To ruine her you must your self befriend.

PTOLOMY.

What? must my Crown upon her Temples shine?

No, if my Scepter I must needs resign,

The Conquerour shall rather it command.

PHOTINUS.

You'll sooner force it from a Sisters hand.

How great soever now his flames appear,

He must be gone, and leave You Master here.

Love in such Men, seldom that room can find,

Which to their Interest will not be resign'd.

With *Juba*, *Scipio*, and with *Pompey's* Sons,

Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with *Affrick* runs:

And while that Party are not yet o'rethrown,

He cannot safely call the World his own.

Cæsar's too great a Captain, to o'resee

The Pursuit of *Pharsalia's* Victory:

And leave such fierce Hearts on revenge intent,

To rise from their so late Astonishment.

If he his ends Obtain, and them o'recome,

He his gain'd Empire must secure at *Rome*:

And there the fruit of his success enjoy,

Whilst he at pleasure does her laws Destroy.

Judge in that time, what great things you may do,

See *Cæsar* then, and strive to please him too.

Resign him all, but yet this Rule intend,

That future things on accidents Depend.

Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,

And without murmur yield to his Command:

He will believe that Justice he shall do

If he your Father's Testament pursue;

Besides this signal service you have done;

Will give you still some Title to your Throne.

Entire

(25)

Entire submission to his Orders shew,
Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
That time for our Revenge will be most fit
When we can Act, as well as think of it.
With temper let these Passions then be born,
Which were excited by your Sisters scorn.
Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

PTOLOMY.

O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
A Prudent Counsellour's the bliss of Kings.
Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
And to save all, on *Cæsar* all bestow.
His Pride let's flatter with an empty State,
And with our whole Fleet on him hither Wait.

After the second Act, this Song is to be sung by two
Egyptian Priests on the Stage.

SEE how Victorious *Cæsar's* Pride
Does Neptune's Bosom sweep!
And with Thessalian Fortune ride
In Triumph o're the Deep.

2.
What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dare's do more than they?
Whose Feet the Fates themselves do kiss
And Sea and Land obey.

1.
What can the Fortunate withstand?
For this resistless He,
Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.
Since Gods as well as Men submit,
And *Cæsar's* favour woe,

Virtue

*Virtue her self may think it fit
That Egypt court him too.*

*1.
But Pompey's Head's a rate too dear,
For by that impious price
The God less Noble will appear
Than do's the Sacrifice.*

*2.
If Justice be a thing divine,
The Gods should it maintain,
For us t' attempt what they decline,
Would be as rash as vain.*

Chorus.

*How desperate is our Princes Fate?
What hazzard doe's he run?
He must be wicked to be great,
Or to be just, undone.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Charmion, Achoreus.

CHARMION.

YEs, whilst the King himself is gone to meet
Caesar, and lay his Scepter at his Feet,
To her Appartment *Cleopatra* went,
And there unmov'd expects his Complement.
What words have you to cloath this Humour in?

ACHOREUS.

'Tis Noble Pride and worthy of a Queen.
Who with Heroick courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I speak to Her?

CHAR-

CHARMION No, but she hath sent
Me to enquire this imbetting great event
How *Cæsar* on this Gift himself explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or disdain'd.
If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murderers could say.

ACHOREUS
The head of *Pompey* hath already cost
More than they will have any cause to boast
For whether *Cæsar* be or seem severe,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd *Ptolomy*, they serv'd him ill,
You saw him part, and I pursu'd him still.
When from the City his well order'd Fleet,
Advanc'd a League, that they might *Cæsar* meet;
He with spread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He still had been the Favourite of Mars
So *Neptune* to his Navy was so kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his Wind,
Our Prince was so astonish'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned head forget.
Through his false joy his terrour he confess'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts express'd.
I my self blush'd as at a shameful thing,
There to see *Ptolomy*, but not the King;
Cæsar who saw his Courage thus expire,
In pity flatter'd him to raise it higher.
He with low voice offering his fatal gift,
"Now Sir, says he, you have no Rival left."
"What in *Theffalia*, not the gods could do,
"I give you *Pompey* and *Cornelia* too.
"Here's one, and though the other flight did take,
"Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achilles then the great Head did expose,
Which still to speak it self seem'd to dispose.

At this new injury some warm remain
Did in imperfect groans seem to complain.

I thought his open mouth and ghastly look,
 Recall'd the Soul which scarce her leave had took;
 And his last anger seem'd with dying breath,
 To charge the gods with his Defeat and Death.
Caesar seem'd Thunder-stricken at this view,
 As not resolv'd what to believe or do.
 Immoveably on that sad Object ty'd;
 He long from us his inward thought did hide,
 And I would say, if I durst make a guess,
 By what our Nature uses to express:
 Some such malignant pleasure he enjoy'd,
 As his offend'd honour scarce destroy'd.
 That the whole World now in his power lies,
 Could not but bring some flattering surprize.
 But though a while this conflict he endur'd,
 Yet his great Soul it self soon re-assur'd.
 Though he loves Power, yet he Treason hates,
 Himself he judges; on himself debates.
 Each joy and grief at Reason's Bar appears,
 At length resolv'd, he first let fall some Tears.
 His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
 And noblest thoughts by that weak sign explains.
 The horrid present from his sight expell'd,
 His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.
 In a few words their insolence repress'd,
 And after did in pensive silence rest.
 Nor even to his Romans could reply,
 But with a heavy sigh and furious eye.
 At last with thirty Cohorts come to Land,
 To seiz the Gates and Ports he does command.
 The Guards he set, and secret Orders sent,
 Shew his distrust as well as discontent.
Egypt he speaks of as a Province won,
 And now calls *Pompey* not a Foe, but Son.
 This I observ'd.

CHARMION.

By which the Queen may find
 The just *Osis* to her Vows inclin'd:

Whilst

Whilst with this happy News to her I flye;
Do you preserve her your Fidelity.

ACHOREUS.

Ne're doubt it; but here *Cæsar* comes, go then
Describe the Consternation of our Men:
And whatsoever proves to be their Fate;
I'll first observe, and then to her relate.

SCEN. II.

*Cæsar, Ptolomy, Lepidus, Photinus, Achoreus, Roman
and Egyptian Souldiers.*

P T O L O M Y.

Great Sir, ascend the Throne, and govern Us.

C Æ S A R.

Do you know *Cæsar*, and speak to him thus?
What worse could envious Fortune offer me?
Who alike hate a Crown and Infamy.
This to accept, would all my boast confute,
That *Rome* did me unjustly persecute:
Rome, who both scorns, & gives Crowns every where,
And nothing sees in Kings to love or fear;
Nay, at our Birth does all our Souls enflame,
To slight the Rank, and to abhor the Name.
This truth you might have learn'd from *Pompey*, who
If he such Offers lik'd, could shun them too.
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, & afford
Service to him who had them both restor'd:
So glorious had been even ill success,
In such a Cause, that Triumphs had been less:
And if your Fortune safety had deny'd,
To have bestow'd it, had been *Cæsar's* pride:
But though you would not own so brave a strife,
What right had you to that illustrious Life?
Who that rich blood to wash your hands allow'd,
That to the meanest Roman should have bow'd?

Was

Was it for you *Pharsalia's* Field I won,
 Wherein so many Nations were undone?
 And did I purchase at so high a rate,
 That you should be the Arbiters of Fate?
 If I in *Pompey* that could ne're admit,
 Shall you escape o're him assuming it?
 How much is my success abus'd by you,
 Who attempt more than ever I durst do?
 What Name, think you, will such a blow become,
 Which has usurp'd the Sovereignty of *Rome*?
 And in one Person did affront her more,
 Than could the *Asian* Massacre before.
 Do you imagine I shall e're agree
 You would have been more scrupulous for me?
 No, had you *Pompey* here Victorious seen,
 My Head to him had such a Present been:
 I to my Conquest your Submissions owe,
 When all wrongs had pursu'd my Overthrow.
 You do adore the Conqueror, not me;
 I but enjoy it by Felicity.
 Dangerous Friendship! Kindness to be fear'd!
 Which turns with Fortune, and by her is steer'd.
 But speak; this silence does encrease your sin.

PTOLOMY.

Never hath my Confusion greater been;
 And I believe, Sir, you'll allow it me,
 Since I, a King born, now a Master see:
 Where at my frown, each man did trembling stand,
 And every word of mine was a Command;
 I see a new Court, and another sway,
 And I have nothing left, but to obey:
 Your very look abates my spirits force,
 And can it be regain'd by your Discourse?
 Judge how I can from such a Trouble cease,
 Which my Respects create, and Fears encrease:
 And what can an astonisht Prince express,
 Who anger sees in that Majestick Dress?
 And whose Amazements do his Soul subdue,

That

That *Pompey's* Death should be reverg'd by You:
 Yet I must say, whatever he bestow'd,
 We owe you more, then ever him we ow'd:
 Your Favour was the first to us express,
 And all he did, was done at your Request;
 He did the Senate move for injur'd Kings,
 And them that Prayer to our Assistance brings:
 But all that He for *Egypt* could obtain,
 Without your Mony, Sir, had been in vain:
 By that his Rebels our late King subdu'd,
 And you have Right to all our Gratitude:
 We *Pompey* as your Friend and Son rever'd,
 But when he your Competitour appear'd,
 When of your Fortune he suspicious grew,
 Tyranny sought and dar'd to fight with you—

CÆSAR.

Forbear, your hatreds Thirst his Blood supplies,
 Touch not his Glory, let his Life suffice
 Say nothing here that *Rome* still dares deny,
 But plead your Cause without a Calumny.

P.T.O.L.O.M.Y.

Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought;
 I only say, that in the Wars last fought,
 To which so many Wrongs did you perswade,
 Our Vows for your success were only made:
 And since he ever sought your Blood to spill,
 I thought his Death a necessary Ill:
 For as his groundless Hatted daily grew,
 He would, by all ways, the Dispute renew:
 Or if at length, he fell into your Hand,
 We fear'd your Mercy would your Right withstand:
 For to that Pitch your sense of Honour lies,
 As would to Fame your Safety sacrifice:
 Which made me Judge, in so extreme an Ill,
 We ought to serve you, Sir, against your will:
 My forward Zeal th' occasion did embrace,
 Without your leave, and to my own disgrace:
 And this you as a Crime in me disclaim,

But nothing done for you deserves that Name :
 I stain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
 Which Act you may enjoy, and disapprove ;
 Nay by my Guilt, my Merit higher grows ;
 Since I my Glory gave for your Repose,
 And by that greatest Victim have procur'd
 Your Glory and your Power to be assur'd.

CÆSAR.

You employ, *Ptolomy*, such Crafty Words,
 And weak Excuses as your Cause affords ;
 Your Zeal was false, if 'twere afraid to see
 What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods should be :
 And did to you such subtleties Convey,
 As stole the Fruit of all my Wars away ;
 Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
 Was of a Foe subdu'd, to make a Friend ;
 Where the worst Enemies that I have met,
 When they are conquer'd I as Brothers treat :
 And my Ambition only this Design'd,
 To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind ;
 How blest a Period of the War't had been,
 If the glad World had in one Chariot seen
Pompey and *Cæsar* at once to have fate
 Triumphant over all their former Hate !
 These were the Dangers you fear'd should befall ;
 O fear Ridiculous, and Criminal !
 You fear'd my Mercy, but that trouble quit,
 And wish it rather ; you have need of it.
 For I am sure strict Justice would consent
 I should appease *Rome* with your punishment.
 Not your Respects, nor your Repentance now,
 No nor your Rank, preserves you from that Blow :
 Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
 But *Cleopatra's* Blood must not be spilt :
 Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn ;
 And must expect you'l do me Right on them :
 For what in this I shall observe you do,
 Must be the Rule of my Esteem for you :

To

To the great *Pompey* Altars now erect,
 And to him pay, as to the Gods, Respect.
 By Sacrifices your Offence expel,
 But have a Care you chuse your Victims well.
 Go then, and whilst you do for this prepare,
 I must stay here about another Care.

SCEN. III.

Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidus.

CÆSAR.

Antonius, have you this bright Princess seen?

ANTONIUS.

Yes, Sir, I have; and shee's a matchless Queen;
 With such proportion Heaven never yet
 All Beauties both of Mind and Body knit;
 So sweet a Greatness in her Face does shine,
 The Noblest Courage must to it resign;
 Her Looks and Language with such ease subdue,
 If I were *Cæsar*, I should love her too.

CÆSAR.

How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd?

ANTONIUS.

As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd:
 She modestly declin'd her highest aims,
 And thinks she merits, what she most disclaims.

CÆSAR.

But can I hope her love?

ANTONIUS.

Can she have yours?

As that your Joys, so this her Crown secures.
 To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
 Whose kindness you with Empire can reward?
 Then let your Passion all its Doubts disband,
 For what can *Pompey's* Conquerour withstand?
 But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,

How

How little, *Rome* hath ever valu'd Kings;
 And more then that, the dreads *Calphurnia's* Love;
 But both these Rubs your presence will remove,
 And your successful Hope all Mists will break;
 If you vouchsafe but for your Self to speak.

CÆSAR.

Let's go then, and these needless scruples quit,
 Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it:
 Come let us stay no longer.

ANTONIUS.

But first know,

Cornelia is within your Power now:
Septimius brings her, boasting of his Fault,
 And thinks by that he hath your Favour bought;
 But once ashore your Guards (by Orders taught)
 No notice took, but hither both have brought.

CÆSAR.

Then let her enter: Ah unwelcome News!
 Which my Impatience does so roughly use!
 O Heaven! and am I not allow'd to pay
 My Love this small remainder of one day?

SCENE IV.

Caesar, Cornelia, Antonius, Lepidus, Septimius.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir. —

CÆSAR.

Go *Septimius* for your Master look,
Caesar a Traytors presence cannot brook;
 A Roman, who to serve a King could be
 Content, when he had *Pompey* serv'd and me.
 [Exit *Septimius*.]

CORNELIA.

Caesar, that envious Fate which I can brave,
 Makes me thy Prisoner, but not thy Slave:

Expect

Expect not then my Heart should ere afford
 To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord:
 How rude soever Fortune makes her blow,
 I *Crassus* Widow once, and *Pompey's* now;
 Great *Scipio's* Daughter, (and what's higher yet)
 A Roman, have a Courage still more great;
 And of all strokes her cruelty can give,
 Nothing can make me blush, but that I live,
 And have not follow'd *Pompey* when he dy'd;
 For though the means to do it were deny'd,
 And cruel Pity would not let me have
 The quick assistance of a Steel or Wave,
 Yet I'm asham'd, that after such a woe,
 Grief had not done as much as they could do:
 Death had been glorious, and had set me free,
 As from my Sorrow then, so now from thee.
 Yet I must thank the gods, though so severe,
 That since I must come hither, thou art here:
 That *Cæsar* reigns here, and not *Ptolomy*;
 And yet, O Heaven! what Stars do govern me?
 That some faint kind of satisfaction 'tis,
 To meet here with my greatest Enemies;
 And into their hands that I rather fall,
 Than into his that ow'd my Husband all.
 But of thy Conquest, *Cæsar*, make no boast,
 Which to my single Destiny thou ow'st;
 I both my Husbands Fortunes have defac'd,
 And twice have caus'd th' whole World to be dis-
 My Nuptial Knot twice ominously ty'd, (grac'd;
 Banish'd the Gods from the uprighter side;
 Happy in misery I had been, if it,
 For *Rome's* advantage, had with thee been knit;
 And on thy House that I could so dispense
 All my own Stars malignant influence:
 For never think my hatred can grow less,
 Since I the Roman Constancy profess;
 And though thy Captive, yet a heart like mine,
 Can never stoop to hope for ought from thine:

Command, but think not to subject my will,
Remember this, I am *Cornelia* still.

CÆSAR.

O Worthy Widow of a Man so brave!
Whose Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe;
And we may find by your hearts glorious frame,
Both to, and from what Families you came;
Young *Crassus* Soul, and noble *Pompey's* too,
Whose Vertues Fortune cheated of their due:
The *Scipio's* Blood, who sav'd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and sparkle in your Eyes;
And *Rome* her self hath not an ancient Stem,
Whose Wife or Daughter hath more honour'd them:
Would to those Gods your Ancestors once sav'd,
When *Hannibal* them at their Altars brav'd,
That your dear Hero had declin'd this Port,
And better known a false Barbarians Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our ancient love rely'd;
That he had suffered my successful Arms,
Only to vanquish his unjust Allarms;
Then he without distrusting me, had stay'd
Till he had heard what *Cæsar* could have said;
And I, in spite of all our former strife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of life;
Forget my Conquest, and that Rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:
Then I, with a content entirely great,
Had pray'd the gods to pardon his Defeat;
And giving me his Friendship to possess,
He had pray'd *Rome* to pardon my success.
But since Fate, so ambitious to destroy,
Hath rob'd the World and Us, of so much Joy,
Cæsar must strive t'acquit himself to you,
Of what was your illustrious Husbands due:
Enjoy your self then with all freedom here,

Only

Only two days my Prisoner appear;
 And witness be, how after our debate,
 I shall revere his Name, revenge his Fate;
 You this account to Italy may yield,
 What Pride I borrow from *Thessalia's* Field;
 I leave you to your self, and shall retire;
Lepidus, furnish her to her desire;
 As Roman Ladies have respected been,
 So honour her, (that is) above a Queen,
 Madam, command; all shall your Orders wait.

CORNELIA.

O Gods! how many Virtues must I hate!

After the third Act, to *Cornelia* asleep on a Couch,
Pompey's Ghost sings this in Recitative Air.

*From lasting and unclouded Day,
 From joys refin'd above allay,
 And from a spring without decay.*

*I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd beams
 To visit my Cornelia's Dreams,
 And give them yet sublimer Theams.*

*Behold the Man thou lov'd'st before,
 Pure streams have wash'd away his Gore,
 And Pompey now shall bleed no more.*

*By Death my Glory I resume;
 For 'twould have been a harsher doom
 To outlive the Liberty of Rome.*

*By me her doubtful fortune try'd,
 Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride;
 I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.*

*Nor shall my vengeance be withstood
 Or unattended with a Flood,
 Of Roman and Egytian Blood.*

Caesar

*Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His daies shall troubled be and few,
And he shall fall by Treason too.*

*He, by severity Divine
Shall be an offering at my Shrine;
As I was his, he must be mine.*

*Thy stormy Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waft thee soon a shore,
And to thy Pompey thee restore.*

*Where past the fears of sad removes
We'll entertain our spoileſs Loves,
In beauteous and immortal Groves.*

*There none a guilty Crown shall wear,
Nor Cæsar be Dictator there,
Nor shall Cornelia shed a Tear.*

After this a Military Dance, as the continuance
of her Dream, and then Cornelia starts up, as wa-
ken'd in amazement, saying.

*What have I ſeen? and whither is it gone?
How great the Viſion! and how quickly done!
Yet if in Dreams we future things can ſee,
There's ſtill ſome joy laid up in Fate for me.*

Exit.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Ptolomy, Achilles, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

(which had
What ? with that Hand, and with that Sword
 A Victim of th' unhappy *Pompey* made,
 Saw you *Septimius*, fled from *Cæsar's* hate,
 Give such a bloody period to his Fate ?

ACHILLAS.

He's dead, Sir, and by that you may collect,
 What shame (foreseen by him) you must expect :
Cæsar you may by this slow anger know,
 The violent does quickly come and go :
 But the consider'd indignation grows
 Stronger by age, and gives the fiercer blows ;
 In vain you hope his fury to assuage,
 Who now secure, does politickly rage ;
 He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey alive abhor'd, he dead reveres :
 And of his Slaughter by this Art doth chuse,
 To act the vengeance, and yet make the use.

PTOLOMY.

Had I believ'd thee, I had never known
 A Master here, nor been without a Throne :
 " But still with this imprudence Kings are curst ;
 " To hear too much Advice and chuse the worst ;
 " At the Pits brink Fate does their Reason blind ;
 " Or if some hint they of their danger find,
 " Yet that false light amiss their Judgment steers,
 " Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

PHOTINUS.

I must confess I *Cæsar* did mistake,
 Since such a Service he a Crime does make :
 But yet his side hath streams, and those alone
 Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.

R r r

I no more say, you silently should bear,
 And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer :
 No, I a better Remedy esteem,
 To justifie his Rivals death on him.
 When you the first Act by the last make good,
 And *Cæsar's* shed, as well as *Pompey's* Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
 But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.

PTOLOMY.

Yes, yes, to this all Reasons do perswade ;
 Let's fear no more the greatness we have made :
Cæsar shall still from Us receive his Doom,
 And twice in one day we'll dispose of *Rome* ;
 As Bondage first, let's Freedom next bestow ;
 Let not thy Actions, *Cæsar*, swell thee so ;
 But call to mind what thou hast seen me do,
Pompey was mortal, and so thou art too ;
 Thou envy'dst him, for his exceeding thee,
 And I think thou hast no more lives than he ;
 Thy own compassion for his Fate, does shew
 That thy heart may be penetrable too :
 Then let thy Justice threaten as it please,
 'Tis I, must with thy Ruine, *Rome* appease ;
 And of that cruel mercy vengeance take,
 Which spares a King, but for his Sisters sake.
 My Life and Power shall not exposed be
 To her Resentment, or thy Levity ;
 Lest thou, to morrow, should'st at such a rate
 Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate :
 More noble Maximes shall my fears expel ;
 Thou bad'st me once to chuse my Victims well,
 And my Obedience thou in this shalt see,
 Who know no Victim worthier than thee,
 Nor th' Immolation of whose Blood will draw,
 Better acceptance from thy Son in law.
 But vainly, friends, we thus foment our Rage,
 Unless we knew, what strength we could engage ;
 All this may be unprofitable heat,

The Tyrants Forces being here so great,
But of our Power let us be first agreed,
And in what time and method to proceed.

ACHILLAS.

We may do much, Sir, in our present State,
Two miles from hence, six thousand Souldiers wait;
Which I, foreseeing some new Discontents,
Have kept in readiness for all Events;
Cæsar with all his Arts, could not foresee
That underneath this Town a Vault should be,
By which this night we to the Palace may
Our Men with Ease, and without noise convey;
T'assault his life by open force alone,
Would be the only way to lose your own:
We must surprize him, and act our design,
When he is Drunk with Pleasure, Love, and Wine:
The People are all ours, for when he made
His entry, horror did their Souls invade;
When with a Pomp so arrogantly grave,
His Fasces did our Royal Ensigns brave;
I mark'd what Rage at that injurious view,
From their incensed Eyes, like sparkles, flew;
And they so much did with their fury strive,
That your least Countenance may it revive.
Septimius Souldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the terror of their Leader's Fate,
Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captains Person, so contemn.

PTOLOMY.

But what way to approach him can be found!
If at the Feast his Guards do him surround?

PHOTINUS.

Cornelia's Men, who have already known
Among your Romans Kindred of their own,
Seem to perswade us they would help afford
To Sacrifice their Tyrant to their Lord;
Nay have assur'd ir, and much better may
Than we, to *Cæsar* the first stabs convey;

His

His Clemency (not only false but vain)
Which courts *Cornelia*, that he *Rome* may gain,
Will to his Person, give them such access,
As may assure our Plot of a success.

But *Cleopatra* comes ; to her appear
Only possess'd with weakness, and with fear :
Let us withdraw, Sir, for you know that we
Are Objects she will much abhor to see.

PTOLOMY.

Go wait me.——

SCEN. II.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Brother, I have *Cæsar* seen,
And have to him your intercessour been.

PTOLOMY.

I never could expect an act less kind
From you who bear so generous a Mind.
But your great Lover quickly from you went.

CLEOPATRA.

'Twas to the Town, t'appease some discontent,
Which he was told had newly raised been
Betwixt the Souldier and the Citizen :
Whilst I with joyful haste come to assure
You, that your life and Kingdom were secure ;
Th'illustrious *Cæsar* on the course you took,
Does with less anger than compassion look,
He pities you, who such vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd ;
Whose Souls the baseness of their birth confess,
And who in vain great Dignities possess :
For Slavish Spirits cannot guide the Helm,
Those too much Power would quickly overwhelm.

That

That hand, whose Crimes alone do purchase Fear,
Will soon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.

P T O L O M Y.

Those Truths, and my ill Fate do me perswade
How bad a choice of Counsellours I made :
For had I acted Honourable things,
I had as Glorious been, as other Kings ;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, so unworthy of your Care ;
Cæsar and *Pompey* had been here agreed,
And the Worlds Peace in *Egypt* been decreed ;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had seen ;
Nay, he perhaps, an Arbiter had been.

But since to call this back is past our Art,
Let me discharge to you my Troubled heart ;
You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
Could yet Preserve me both my Life and Crown ;
Be truly great and vanquish all your Hate,
By changing *Photin's* and *Achilla's* Fate.
For their offending you, their Death is due,
But that my Glory suffers in it too ;
If for their Kings Crimes they should punish'd be,
The Infamy would wholly light on me ;
Cæsar through them wounds me, theirs is my Pain,
For my sake, therefore, your Just Hate constrain :
Your heart is Noble, and what pleasure then
Is th' abject Blood of two unhappy Men ?

Let me owe all to you, who *Cæsar's* charm,
And, with a Look, his Anger can disarm.

C L E O P A T R A.

Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
My scorn is great enough to let them live :
But I with *Cæsar* little can prevail,
When *Pompey's* Blood lyes in the other scale
I boast no Power to Dispose his will,
For I have spoke, and he hath shun'd it still,
And turning quickly to some new Affair,
He neither does refuse, nor grant my Prayer.

Yet I'll once more on that harsh Theam proceed,
In hope a New attempt may better speed;
And I'll believe.—

PTOLOMY.

He comes, let me be gone,
Lest I should chance to draw his anger on;
My presence may enflame what t'would make less,
And you alone, may act with more success.

SCEN. III.

*Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion,
Achoreus, and Romans.*

CÆSAR.

The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
Which had alarm'd with little reason been;
Nor need they fear the troublesome event
Of Souldiers Pride, or Peoples Discontent:
But O great Gods! when absent from your Eyes,
A greater Tumult did within me rise;
When these unwelcom Cares snatcht me from you,
My heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew;
And I my own Renown began to hate,
Since it my parting did necessitate:
But I forgave all to the single Thought
How much advantage to my Love it brought:
For 'tis to that, I owe the noble Hope
Which to my Flame does give so fair a scope,
And perswades *Cæsar* that his Heart may prove
Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
And that he may pretend to that, since he
Nothing above him, but the Gods, can see.
Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
That with more glory could your fetters bear;
Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
By Conquering its King, appear more bright,

Lefs

Less for his Throne would I the Man pursue;
Than to dispute the Right of serving you.

'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
That my Ambitious Arm did alwayes fight;
And in *Pharsalia* rather my Sword drew
To preserve that, than *Pompey* to subdue.
I Conquer'd, and the God of Battles, less
Then your bright Eyes, afforded me success.
They rais'd my Courage, and my hand did sway,
And I owe them that memorable day.
As the effect of heat by them inspir'd,
For when your beauties had my passion fir'd,
That a return might your great Soul become,
They made me Master of the World and *Rome*.
I would ennoble that high stile I wear,
By the Addition of your Prisoner,
And shall most happy be, if you think fit
That Title to esteem, and this permit.

CLEOPATRA.

I know how much I to my fortune owe,
Which this excess of Honour does bestow,
Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal;
Since I know both, you, and my self so well.

Your Love did in my earliest Youth appear,
And I my Scepter as your Present wear:
I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withstand?
No; Sir, my Heart cannot resist your siege,
Who so much merit, and so much oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Rank, and the Command
Which I have now regain'd in *Egypt's* Land,
The Scepter, by your Hand restor'd to mine,
Do all against my innocent Hopes combine;
To my desires injurious they have been,
And lessen me, by making me a Queen:
For if *Rome* still be as she was before,
T' ascend a Throne, will but debase me more;
These Marks of Honour will be but my Shame

And

And ruine my Pretences to your Flame :
 But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
 Might all my Fears with ease enough destroy,
 And I would hope, that such a Man as you,
 May justly *Romes* Capriciousness subdue,
 And her unjust aversion for a Throne
 She might see cause, for your sake, to disown :
 I know that you can harder things effect,
 And from your Promise Wonders I expect ;
 You in *Pharsalia* did much greater do,
 And I invoke no other Gods but You.

C Æ S A R.

There's nothing humane can my Love withstand ;
 'Tis but the over-running *Affricks* Land,
 To shew my Standards to the rest of those,
 Who did me with so ill a Fate oppose ;
 And when *Rome* can no more of them Advance,
 She will be forc'd to study Complaisance :
 And you shall see her with a solemn State,
 At your Feet sacrifice her Pride and Hate :
 Nay I must have her, at your Royal Seat,
 In my behalf, your Favour to entreat ;
 And with so much Respect these Beauties view,
 That the young *Cæsars* shall request from you ;
 This is the only Fortune I desire,
 And all to which my Lawrels do aspire :
 How blest were my Condition, if I might
 Obtain those Wreaths, and still enjoy your sight !
 But yet my Passion its own harm procures,
 For I must quit you, if I will be yours ;
 While there are flying Foes, I must pursue,
 That I may them defeat, and merit you.
 To bear that absence therefore, suffer me
 To take such Courage from the Charms I see,
 That frighted Nations may, at *Cæsars* name,
 Say, He but came, and saw, and overcame.

C L E O P A T R A.

This is too much ; but if I this abuse,

The

The fault which you create you must excuse:
 You did my Crown, and perhaps life restore,
 And yet your love (I trust) will grant me more;
 And I conjure you, by its strongest Charms,
 By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
 By all my hopes, and all your high desert,
 Dip not in Blood the bounties you impart;
 Great Sir, forgive those that have guilty been,
 Or else by that let me appear a Queen;
Achillas and *Photinus* blood disdain,
 For they endure enough to see me reign;
 And their Offense——

CÆSAR.

Ah! by some other way
 Assure your self how much my Will you sway,
 As you rule me, if I might you request,
 You better should employ your interest;
 Govern your *Cæsar*, as a lawful Queen,
 And make him not partaker of their Sin;
 For your sake only, I the King durst spare;
 'Twas love alone that——

SCEN. IV.

To them *Cornelia*.

CORNELIA.

Cæsar, have a care,
 For Traytors have against thy life combin'd,
 And sworn thy Head shall be to *Pompey's* join'd.
 If to prevent them thou should'st be remiss,
 Thy blood will speedily be mixt with his.
 If thou my Slaves examine, thou may'st know,
 The Author, Order, and the Actors too.
 I yield them thee.

CÆSAR.

O truly Roman heart!

T t t

And

And worthy him of whom you were a part !
 His Soul, which sees from its exalted State,
 How I endeavour to revenge his fate,
 Forgets his hate, and is become so kind,
 To save my life, by what he left behind.
 Whatever Treason could to *Pompey* do,
 Yet he does still subsist, and act in you :
 And prompts you to a thing so brave, that he
 May vanquish me in generosity.

CORNELIA.

Cæsar, thou art deceiv'd in my intent,
 If thou think'st Hate yields to acknowledgment :
 No, *Pompey's* blood must all commerce deny,
 Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
 And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
 That to thy ruine I might it employ.
 Nay, I shall make new business for thy Sword,
 If thou dar'st be so just to keep thy Word.
 But though so much on thy destruction bent,
 Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
 I have thy death with too much justice sought,
 That it should now be with a Treason bought.
 Who knows and suffers does partake the guilt,
 Nor should thy blood be infamously spilt.
 But when my Husband's Sons, and Kindred do
 Attempt thy death, then I shall wish it too.
 And that some brave Arm, which I shall excite,
 May in the Field, and in thy Armies fight,
 Offer thee nobly to that *Hero's* Ghost,
 In whose revenge thou so much zeal bestowest.
 My restless thirst for such a day as this,
 By thy untimely fall its end would miss.
 But whatsoe're hopes from abroad I may
 Receive, yet I am rack'd by their delay.
 " For distant satisfaction is half lost :
 " And long expected joies too dearly cost.
 I shall not wander on the *Affrick* Strands ;
 To seek the vengeance ready in thy hands,

Which

Which does the head it threatens best besit;
 For I could thine have had instead of it;
 But that my hatred saw the difference great;
 Betwixt my Husbands murther and defeat:
 And I an earlier Punishment would see
 On their presumption, than thy Victory:
 This is *Romes* wish, Whose venerable brow
 To this affront, too just a blush would owe:
 If her two Noblest heads should (after all
 Her Triumphs) with so much dishonour fall.
 She, upon whom thou never could'st impose;
 Would sooner punish Criminals than Foes:
 Her Liberty would a misfortune grow,
 If upon *Tiber Nile* should it bestow.
 None but a Roman could her Master be,
 And but a Roman none should set her free.
 Here thou would'st fall to her unsacrific'd,
 And would'st be murther'd so, but not chastis'd.
 Nor would succeeding Tyrants frighted be,
 For the Example too would die with thee.
 Revenge her thou, on *Egypt's* wrong, and I
 Will her revenge upon *Pharsalia* try.
 Adieu, no time in this should wasted be,
 Go then, and boast I once made vows for thee.

SCEN. V:

*Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus,
 Charmion.*

CÆSAR.

Her Vertue, and their Crime alike amaze,
 Queen, you perceive for whom your goodness pray.

CLEOPATRA.

That, now, no more against your justice fights,
 Go (Sir) revenge all violated rights:
 My ruine, they much more than yours desire:

The

The Traytors do against my Right conspire.
 As my support, against you they design,
 And by your death, would make their way to mine :
 But though all this be to my anger known,
 Yet 'tis my Brother still that leads them on.
 Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
 It your deserved furie may restrain ?

CÆSAR.

Yes, I'll remember, your heart is so great,
 That for his Births sake, you his Crime forget.
 Adieu, fear nothing, for these are not foes,
 That can the fortune of my Arms oppose.
 Them, and their Party, I shall quickly rout,
 When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out :
 They shall not Souldiers, but Tormentors see,
 And now my Axes shall my Ensigns be. *Exit. Cæsar.*

CLEOPATRA.

Dear *Achoreus*, after *Cæsar* go,
 With him prevent my threatned overthrow :
 And when he punishes our worthless Foes,
 Make him remember what his promise owes.
 Observe the King, when he in fight appears,
 And spare his blood, that you may spare my tears.

ACHOREUS.

Madam, his fortune shall no sorrow need,
 If all my care and service can succeed.

After the fourth Act, *Cleopatra* sits hearkening to
 this SONG.

PRoud Monuments of Royal Dust !
 Do not your old Foundations shake,
 And labour to resign their trust ?
 For sure your mighty Guests should wake,
 Now their own Memphis lies at stake :

Alas ! in vain our dangers call ;
 They care not for our Destiny,

Nor

Nor will they be concern'd at all
 If Egypt now enslav'd, or free,
 A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did?
 And what of all they had design'd,
 Now death the busie Scene hath hid?
 Where but in story shall we find
 Those great disturbers of Mankind?

When Men their quiet Minutes spent
 Where Mirtles grew and Fountains purld,
 As safe as they were Innocent:
 What angry God among them hurl'd
 Ambition to undoe the World?

What is the charm of being Great?
 Which oft is gain'd and lost with Sin,
 Or if w^e attain a Royal seat,
 With Guiltless steps what do we win,
 If Love and Honour fight within?

Honour the Brightness of the Mind!
 And Love her noblest extasie:
 That does our selves, this others bind.
 When you great Pair shall disagree
 What Casuist can the Umpire be?

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
 With gentle, but resistless sway;
 Yet Honour must that govern too:
 And when thus Honour wins the Day,
 Love overcomes the bravest way.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and *Philip*.

CORNELIA.

MAY I believe my Eyes? or does this sight
Delude me, with *Chimera's* of the Night?
Do I behold Thee *Philip*? and didst Thou
Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow?
His Ashes does this Urne contain? O view!
At once so terrible and tender too!
Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate,
All of Great *Pompey* that is spar'd by fate.
Expect not I a Tear to you should pay,
For Great Souls ease their Griefs another way.
Shallow Afflictions, by Complaints are fed:
And who laments, would fain be Comforted.
But I have sworn by all that we Adore;
And by your self (sad Object) which is more:
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you submit,
Then to those Gods who so ill-guarded it.)
By you I swear it then (Mournful remain,
My only Deity, now he is slain)
That no extinction or decay, shall be
In that revenge which must enoble me.

To *Cæsar*, *Proton*, by base surprize,
Rome, of thy *Pompey*, made a Sacrifice.
And I, thy injur'd walls will never see,
Till Priest, and God, to him shall offer'd be.
Put me in mind, and my just hate sustain,
O Ashes! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to assist me in that great design,
Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
But Thou, who on so infamous a shore,
Gav'st him a flame, so Pious, though so Poor:
Tell me, what God thy Fortune made so great,
To pay to such a *Hero* such a Debt?

PHIL-

PHILIP.

Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead then he;
 When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery,
 My wandering Beet were by my grief convey'd,
 Where yet the wind upon the Water plaid:
 After long search, I on a Rock did stand,
 And saw the Headless Trunk approach the Sand:
 Where th' angry Wave, a pleasure seem'd to take
 To cast it off, and then to snatch it back:
 I to it leap'd, and thrust it to the banks;
 Then gathering a heap of Shipwrack'd Planks,
 An hasty, artless Pile, I to him rais'd,
 Such as I could, and such as Fortune pleas'd.
 'Twas hardly kindled, when Heaven grew so kind
 To send me help, in what I had design'd.
Codrus, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
 Returning from the City, spy'd me there.
 And when he did a headless Carcass view,
 By that sad mark alone he *Pompey* knew:
 Then weeping said, O thou who e're thou art,
 To whom the Gods such honours do impart,
 Thy fortune's greater then thou dost believe,
 Thou shalt rewards, not Punishments receive.
Cæsar's in *Egypt* and Revenge declares,
 For him to whom thou pay'st these Pious Cares,
 These Ashes to his Widow thou may'st bear
 In *Alexandria*; for now she is there.
 By *Pompey's* Conquerour so entertain'd,
 As by a God it would not be disdain'd.
 Go on till I return: this said, he went,
 And quickly brought me this small Monument.
 Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd,
 That *Hero's* Ashes which the fire had made.

CORNELIA.

With what great Praises should this act be crown'd!

PHILIP.

Entring the Town I great disorders found.

A numerous People to the Port did flye;

Which

Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
 The eager Romans fiercely these pursu'd,
 Rage in their eyes, their hands with blood imbrew'd.
 When *Cæsar* with brave Justice did Command,
Photin to perish by a Hangmans hand ;
 On me appearing, he vouchsaf'd to look,
 And with these words my Masters Ashes took.
 Remainers of a Demi-god ! whose Name
 I scarce can equal Conquerour as I am ;
 Behold guilt punish'd, and till Altars call
 For other Victims, let these Traytors fall.
 Greater shall follow. To the Court go thou,
 On *Pompey's* Widow this from me bestow,
 And whilst with it she makes with grief some truce,
 Tell her how *Cæsar* her Revenge pursues.
 That great Man, fighting, then from me did turn,
 And humbly kissing did restore the Urne.

CORNELIA.

O Formal Grief ! how easie is that Tear,
 That's shed for Foes whom we no longer fear !
 How soon revenge for others fills that brest,
 Which to it, is, by its own danger prest ?
 And when the Care we take to right the dead
 Secures our Life and does our glory spread.
Cæsar is generous 'tis true, but he
 By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
 Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,
 What he would do were *Pompey* yet alive.
 His courage, his own safety does provide,
 Which does the Beauty of his actions hide.
 Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight
 In *Pompey's* Cause for *Cleopatra's* Right.
 So many Int'rests with my Husband's met,
 Might to his Virtue take away my debt.
 But as Great Hearts judge by themselves alone,
 I chuse to guess his honour by my own ;
 And think we only make his fury such,
 Since in his Fortune I should do as much.

SCEN.

SCENE II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

CLEOPATRA.

I come not to disturb a grief so due
 To that affliction which hath wounded you :
 But those remains t'adore, which from the wave,
 A faithful freed-man did so lately save:
 To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to swear
 You'd still enjoy'd a man so justly dear,
 If Heaven which did persecute you still,
 Had made my power equal to my will.
 Yet if to what that Heaven sends you now,
 Your grief can any room for joy allow :
 If any sweetness in revenge there be,
 Receive the certainty of yours from me.
 The false *Photinus* — But you may have heard.

CORNELIA.

Yes, Princess that he hath his just reward.

CLEOPATRA.

Have you no comfort in that news discern'd?

CORNELIA.

If there be any you are most concern'd.

CLEOPATRA.

All hearts with joy receive a wish'd event.

CORNELIA.

Our thoughts are, as our int'rests, different.
 Though *Cæsar* add *Achillas* death, 'twill be
 To you a satisfaction, not to me :
 For nobler Rites to *Pompey's* Ghost belong,
 These are too mean to expiate his wrong.
 No reparation by such blood is made,
 Either to my grief, or his injur'd shade ;
 And the revenge which does my Soul enflame,
 Till it hath *Cæsar*, *Ptolomy* doth claim ;

X x x

Who

Who though so much unfit to reign or live,
Cæsar I know will for his safety strive.

But though his love hath dar'd to promise it,
 Yet juster Heaven dares it not permit.

And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
 They shall both perish by each others Sword:

Such an event would my hearts grief destroy,
 Which now is such a Stranger grown to joy.

But if ye gods think this too great a thing,
 And but one fall, O let it be the King!

CLEOPATRA.

Heaven does not govern as our Wills direct.

CORNELIA.

But gods, what causes promise, will effect,

And do the guilty with revenge pursue.

CLEOPATRA.

As they have justice, they have mercy too.

CORNELIA.

But we may judge as here events have past,

They now the first will act, and not the last.

CLEOPATRA.

Their Mercie oft does through their Justice break.

CORNELIA.

Queen, you as Sister, I as Widow speak.

Each hath her cause of kindness and of hate,

And both concern'd are in this Princes Fate.

But by the blood which hath to day been shed,

We shall perceive whose vows have better sped.

Behold your *Achorens*.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

To them *Achoreus*.

CLEOPATRA.

But alas !
 I read no good presages in his Face ;
 Speak *Achoreus*, let us freely hear
 What yet deserves my sorrow, or my fear.

ACHOREUS.

As soon as *Cæsar* did the Treason know :—

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis not his Conduct I enquire of now,
 I know he cut and stopt that secret vault
 Which to him should the Murtherers have brought,
 That to secure the Streets his men he sent,
 Where *Photin* did receive his Punishment :
 Whose sudden fall *Achillas* so amaz'd,
 That on th' abandon'd Port he quickly seiz'd ;
 Whom the King follow'd, and that, to the land
Antonius all his Souldiers did command.
 Where *Cæsar* join'd him, and I thence do guess
Achillas punishment, and his success.

ACHOREUS.

His usual Fortune her assistance gave.

CLEOPATRA.

But tell me if he did my brother save,
 And kept his Promise.

ACHOREUS.

Yes with all his might.

CLEOPATRA.

That's all the News I wish'd you to recite.
 Madam, you see the Gods my prayers heard.

CORNELIA.

They only have his punishment deferr'd.

CLEOPATRA.

You wish'd it now ; but they have him secur'd.

ACHO-

ACHOREUS.

Or *Cæsar* had, if he had life endur'd.

CLEOPATRA.

What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?

Oh! quickly your obscure Discourses clear.

ACHOREUS.

Neither your cares nor ours could save him, who
 Would die in spite of *Cæsar*, and of You:
 But Madam, in the noblest way he dy'd,
 That ever falling Monarch dignifi'd:
 His restor'd Vertue did his Birth make good,
 And to the Romans dearly sold his blood.
 He fought *Antoine* with such noble heat,
 That on him he did some advantage get:
 But *Cæsar*'s coming alter'd the event;
Achilles there after *Photinus* went:
 But so as him did too much honour bring;
 With Sword in hand he perish'd for his King.
 O spare the King, in vain the Conquerour cry'd;
 To him no hope but terrour it imply'd.
 For frighted, he thought *Cæsar* did intend
 But to reserve him to a shameful end.
 He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to shew
 What Virtue armed by despair can do.
 By this mistake his vexed soul abus'd,
 Still fought the death which still was him refus'd.
 Breathless at last, with having fought and bled,
 Encompass'd round, and his best Souldiers dead,
 Into a Vessel which was near he leaps,
 And follow'd was by such tumultuous heaps,
 As by their number, overprest, the Ship
 With all its freight was swallow'd in the Deep.
 This death recovers all his lost Renown,
 Gives *Cæsar* Fame, and You th' *Ægyptian* Crown:
 You were proclaim'd, and though no Roman Sword
 Had touch'd the Life so much by you deplor'd,
Cæsar extreamly did concern'd appear;
 He sighs, and he complains: but see him here,

Who

Who better can then I his Griefs relate;
For the unhappy Kings resistless Fate.

SCEN. IV.

To them *Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidus.*

CORNELIA.

Cæsar be just, and me my Gallies yield,
Achillas and *Photinus* both are kill'd ;
Nor could thy softned heart their Master save,
And *Pompey* here, no more revenge can have.
This fatal shore nothing does me present,
But th' Image of their horrible Attempt,
And thy new Conquest, with the giddy noise
Of People who in change of Kings rejoyce :
But what afflicts me most, is still to see
Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
Release me then from this inglorious pain,
And set my Hate at liberty again.
But yet before I go I must request
The Head of *Pompey* with his Bones may rest:
Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honour at thy hands intreat.

CÆSAR.

You may so justly that Remainder claim;
That to deny it would be *Cæsar's* shame :
But it is fit, after so many Woes,
That we should give his wandering Shade repose;
And that a Pile which You and I enflame,
From the first mean one rescue *Pompey's* name.
That he should be appeas'd our Grief to view ;
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May (the Pomp done, and fire extinct again)
His re-united Ashes entertain.
This Arm, which did so long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Vertue dedicate,

Y y y

Offer

Offer him Vows, Incense and Victims too,
 And yet shall give him nothing but his Due.
 I but to morrow for these Rites require,
 Refuse me not the Favour I desire ;
 But stay till these solemnities be past,
 And then you may resume your eager haste.
 Bring to our *Rome* a Treasury so great,
 That Relique bear——

CORNELIA.

Not thither *Cesar* yet.
 Till first thy ruine, granted me by Fate,
 To these lov'd Ashes shall unlock the Gate ;
 And thither (though as Dear to *Rome* as me)
 They come not till Triumphant over thee.
 To *Affrick* I must this rich burthen bear,
 Where *Pompey's* Sons, *Cato* and *Scipio* are.
 Who'll find, I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
 Fortune as well as Justice on their side :
 And thou shalt see, there with new fury hurl'd,
Pharsalia's Ruines arm another World.
 From Rank to Rank these Ashes I'll expose
 Mixt with my Tears, t' exasperate thy Foes.
 My Hate shall guide them too, and they shall fight
 With Urns, instead of Eagles in their fight ;
 That such sad Objects may make them intent
 On his Revenge, and on thy Punishment.
 Thou to this *Hero* now devout art grown,
 But, raising his Name, do'st exalt thy own.
 I must be Witness too ! and I submit ;
 But thou canst never move my Heart with it.
 My Loss can never be repair'd by Fate,
 Nor is it possible t' exhaust my Hate.
 This Hate shall be my *Pompey* now, and I
 In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
 But as a Roman, though my Hate be such,
 I must confess, I thee esteem as much.
 Both these extremes Justice can well allow :
 This does my Virtue, that my Duty show.

My

My sense of Honour does the first command;
 Concern, the last, and they are both constrain'd.
 And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
 Where I should hate, makes me such value pay:
 My Duty so my Anger does create,
 And Pompey's Widdow makes *Cornelia* hate.
 But I from hence shall hasten, and know then,
 I'll raise against thee Gods, as well as Men.
 Those Gods that flatter'd thee, and me abus'd,
 And in *Pharsalia* Pompey's Cause refus'd;
 Who at his Death could Thunder-bolts refrain,
 To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
 If not his Soul will give my Zeal such heat,
 As I without their help shall thee defeat.
 But should all my Endeavours prosper ill,
 What I can not do, *Cleopatra* will.
 I know thy flame, and that t' obey its force
 Thou from *Calphurnia* study'st a Divorce:
 Now blinded, thou wouldst this Alliance make,
 And there's no Law of *Rome* thou dar'st not break.
 But know, the *Roman* Youth think it no sin
 To fight against the Husband of a Queen.
 And thy offended Friends will at the Price
 Of thy best Blood revenge their scorn'd Advice.
 I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love;
 Adieu; to morrow will thy Honour prove.

SCEN. V.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Charmion, Antonius, Lepidus,
Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather then You to this expos'd should be,
 With my own Ruine I would set you free.
 Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happiness;
 For that's the greatest that I can possess;
 Though

Though far unworthy to be *Cæsar's* Bride,
Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

C Æ S A R.

Those empty projects, Queen, are all now left
To a great Heart of other Help bereft ;
Whose keen desires her want of Strength confess,
Could she perform more, she would wish it less.
The Gods will these vain Auguries disprove,
Nor can they my Felicitie remove.
If your Love stronger then your Grief appears,
And will for *Cæsars* sake dry up your Tears ;
And that a Brother, who deserv'd them not,
May for a Faithful Lover be forgot.
You may have heard , with what Regret of mine
His Safety to Despair he did resign ;
How much I sought his Reason to redeem
From those vain Terrors that surrounded him,
Which he disputed to his latest Breath,
And cast away his Life for fear of Death.
O shame for *Cæsar* ! Who so eminent !
And so solicitous for your Content !
Yet by the Cruel Fortune of this Day
Could not the First of your Commands Obey :
But vainly we resist the Gods, who will
Their Just Decrees on guilty men fulfil.
And yet his Fall your Happiness procures,
Since by his Death *Ægypt* is wholly Yours.

C L E O P A T R A.

I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him ;
But as the Fate of humane things is such,
That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
Excuse me, if the Crown conferr'd by You
As it obliges, does afflict me too ;
And if to see a Brother justly kill'd,
To Nature I as well as Reason yield.
No sooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.

I meet my Fortune with a secret Groan,
Nor dare without Regret ascend the Throne.

ACHOREUS.

The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
Who with great shouts demand to see their Queen,
And many signs of their Impatience give,
That such a Blessing they so late receive.

CÆSAR.

Let them so just a Happiness obtain,
And by that Goodness, Queen, commence your reign.
O may the Gods so favour my Desire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire ;
That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me :
Whilst my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day.
When all such Noble Offices may owne,
Pompey t' appease, and Cleopatra Crown.

To her a Throne, to him let's Altars Build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.

Exeunt.

After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Priests as after
the second.

Ascend a Throne Great Queen ! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune due ;
And let the World adore

One who Ambition could withstand,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Honours single score.

2.

Ye mighty Roman shades, permit
That Pompey should above you sit,
He must be Deifi'd.

Z z z

For

(64)

*For who like him, e're fought or fell?
What Hero ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly dy'd?*

1.

*What cannot Glorious Cæsar do?
How nobly does he fight and woe!
On Crowns how does he tread!*

*What mercie to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living Foes,
How pious to the dead?*

2.

*Cornelia yet would challenge Tears,
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave,*

*That it exalts her Honour more,
Then if she all the Scepters bore,
Her Generous Husband gave.*

Chorus.

*Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey raise;*

*Set Cleopatra on the Throne;
Let Cæsar keep the World h'has won;
And sing Cornelia's praise.*

*After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before
Cæsar and Cleopatra, made (as well as the other
Dances and the Tunes to them) by Mr. John Ogilby.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Written by Sir *Edward Dering* Baronet.

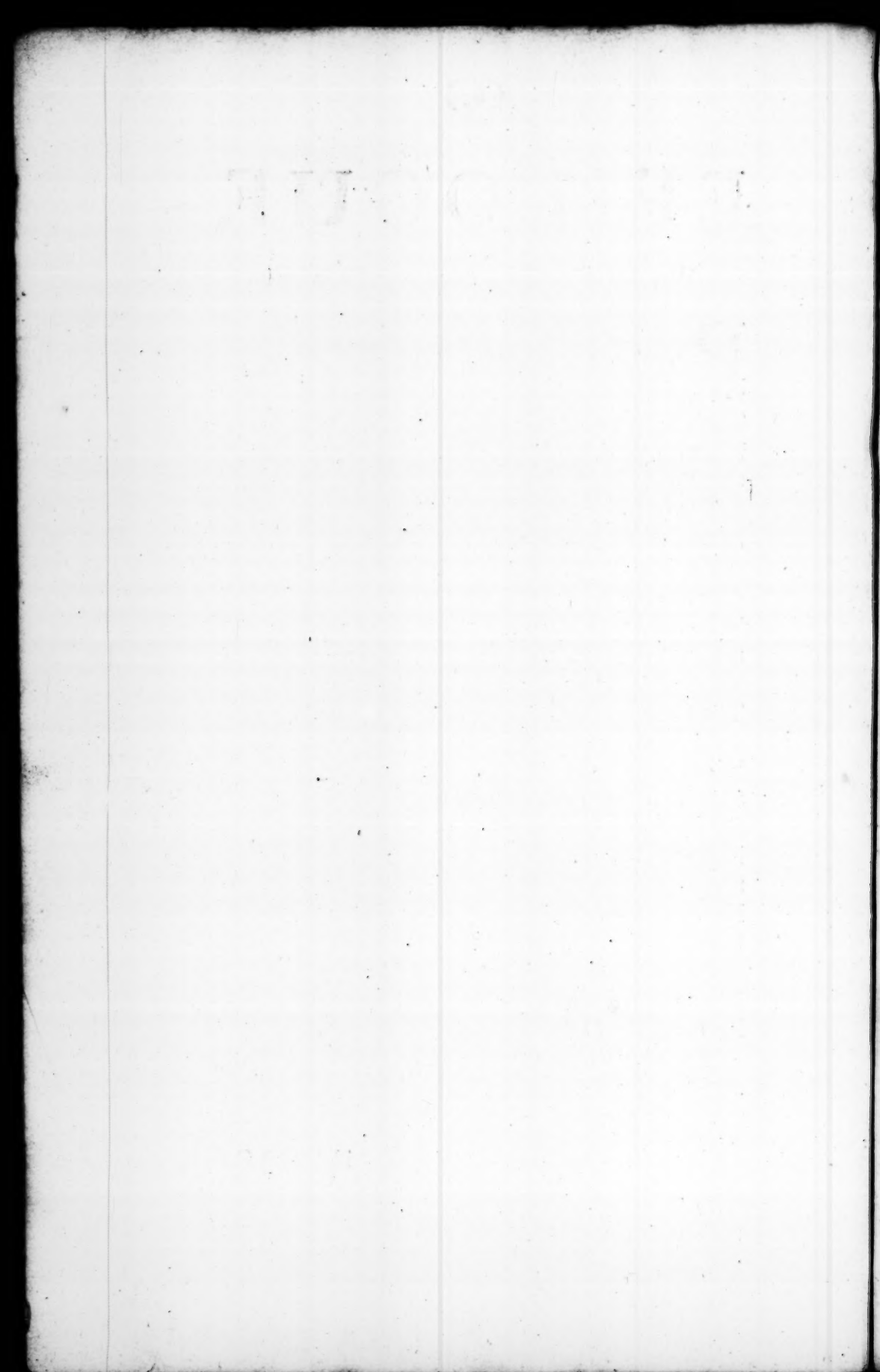
PLeas'd or displeas'd, censure as you think fit,
The Action, Plot, the language or the wit :
But we're secure, no Bolder thought can tax
These Scenes of Blemish to the blushing Sex.
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes espie
One line severest Virtue need to flye :
As Chast the words, as harmless is the sence,
As the first smiles of Infant Innocence.

Yet at your Feet, *Cæsar's* Content to bow,
And *Pompey*, never truly Great till now :
Who does your Praise and kinder Votes prefer
Before th' applause of his own Theatre :
Where fifty Thousand Romans daily blest
The Gods and him, for all that they possess.

The sad *Cornelia* says, your gentler breath
Will force a smile, ev'n after *Pompey's* Death.
She thought all Passions bury'd in his Urn,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears return :
Undone in *Egypt*, *Thessaly* and *Rome*,
She yet in *Ireland* hopes a milder Doom :
Nor from *Iberian* Shores, or *Lybian* Sands
Expects relief, but only from your hands.

Ev'n *Cleopatra*, not content to have
The Universe, and *Cæsar* too her Slave,
Forbears her Throne, till you her right allow ;
'Tis less t' have rul'd the World, then pleas'd you.

HORACE



HORACE.

A

Tragedy.

Translated from

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.



L O N D O N;

Printed for H. Herringman, and are to be sold at his
Shop, at the Blew-Anchor in the lower walk of
the new Exchange, 1667.

A a a a

The Actors.

Tullus, King of *Rome*.

Old *Horace*, a Roman Knight.

Horace, his Son.

Curtius, a Gentleman of *Alba* in love with *Camilla*.

Valerius, a Roman Knight in love with *Camilla*.

Sabina, Wife of *Horace* and Sister of *Curtius*.

Camilla, Mistress of *Curtius* and Sister of *Horace*.

Julia, Roman Lady, confidant of *Sabina* and *Camilla*.

Flavian, an *Alban* Souldier.

Proculus, a Roman Souldier.

The Scene in the House of *Horace* at *Rome*.

HORACE.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Sabina and Julia.

SABINA.

EXcuse my weakness, and my grief permit
In that distress, which so much merits it :
When such a storm does its approaches
make,

It may become the strongest heart to shake ;
And Constancy will now admit dispute,
Ev'n in the Breast that is most resolute :
But yet how rude so'er the shock appears,
Though not my Sighs, I can command my Tears ;
Though so much sorrow may my heart surprize,
Yet Vertue still is regent in my Eyes :
If to my heart, I can confine my woe,
Though less than Man, I more than Woman do.
To stop my tears in an assault so rough,
For our weak Sex will sure be brave enough.

JULIA.

It is for vulgar Souls I must confess,
Who create grief from every slight distress ;
But a great Heart would blush at that defect,
And all things dares from doubtful Fate expect :
Under our Walls two Armies we survey,
But Rome ne're yet knew how to lose the day ;
Applause, not grief, we to her Fortune owe ;
Who whilst she fights must needs the mightier grow.
Then let vain terrors from your breast depart,
And find out Vows worthy a Roman heart.

S A:

SABINA.

My heart I gave to *Horace*, and 'tis true,
 Since he's a Roman, I must be so too :
 But yet that Knot a Fetter would be thought,
 If my dear Country should be quite forgot.
Alba where I began to see the light,
Alba my native place, and first delight,
 When I behold a War 'twixt us and thee,
 As much as loss, I dread a Victory :
Rome if by this thy anger I create,
 Find out a Foe whom I may justly hate ;
 When at thy Walls two Armies in thy sight,
 Shew me my Brothers with my Husband fight,
 What Prayers can I make ? how can I be
 Without impiety concern'd for thee ?
 I know thy growing Empire, yet so young,
 By War alone must make her sinews strong ;
 Thy future grandeur is by Fate design'd,
 Not to the Latines to be long confin'd :
 The gods the suppliant World for thee intend,
 And 'tis by Arms thou must attain that end :
 Far from repining at that noble heat
 Which serves thy Stars, and helps to make thee great ;
 I wish thy Troops may still new Triumphs claim,
 And over-run *Pyrenian* Hills to Fame.
 Go, Eastern Conquests for thy Sword design,
 And settle thy Pavillions in the *Rhine* ;
 Let all Lands tremble where thy Ensigns go,
 But her to whom thou *Romulus* dost owe ;
 Subdue the utmost Regions of the Earth,
 But spare the Town where *Romulus* had birth ;
 Forget not her from whom thy City draws,
 Her Name, and all her strength, but Walls and Laws :
Alba's thy Parent, let that thought arrest
 Thy greedy Sword, nor pierce thy Mother's breast,
 For thy triumphant Arms make other choice,
 And in her Children's Fortune shee'll rejoice,
 Nay, would with natural concern disown

All Enemies of thine, were she not one.

JULIA.

This Language much surprize to me affords,
For since these Cities first unsheath'd their Swords,
You have so unconcern'd for *Alba* stood,
As if your birth had been of Roman blood ;
I wonder'd at a Vertue so refin'd,
Which to your Husband, *Alba* had resign'd,
And therefore so proportion'd my relief,
As if our *Rome* alone had caus'd your grief.

SABINA.

Whilst such a shock my reason did assail,
As was too weak to weigh down either Scale ;
Till all my flattering hopes of Peace were lost,
To be entirely Roman was my boast.
If at *Rome*'s Fortune I displeas'd have been,
I quickly chid that mutiny within :
And when her destiny was not so kind,
If, for my Brothers, joy seduc'd my mind,
By Reason's help that motion I suppress'd,
And wept for all the glory they possess'd.
But now these Cities must be lost or sav'd,
That *Rome* must sink, or *Alba* be enslav'd ;
And after battel there no hope remains
To the subdu'd, nor stop to her that gains :
I should too barbarously my Country treat,
If I could be a perfect Roman yet.
A little less to one man's love resign'd,
To neither City I will be confin'd ;
I fear for both, and whilst their Fate is try'd,
I still will be on the afflicted side ;
Equal to each, whilst they unequal are,
And must their Grief, but not their Glory share.
For I resolve in such a sharp debate,
To mourn the Conquer'd, and the Victor hate.

JULIA.

How oft does Fortune with an equal blow,
On different Souls different effects bestow !

B b b b

How

How distant is *Camilla's* way from this?
 Your Brother loves her, her's your Husband is,
 Yet in each Army with another eye,
 She can a Lover and a Brother spie :
 When in *Rome's* Fortunes you were most involv'd,
 She was as much confus'd and unresolv'd :
 She fear'd the storm from every cloud would spread,
 And the success of either side did dread :
 The most unfortunate she did bemoan,
 And whosoe're prevail'd she was undone.
 But when the day, she knew, was drawing nigh,
 And one great Battel should the Quarrel try,
 A sudden gladness breaking from her brow—

S A B I N A.

Ah *Julia*! how that joy alarms me now,
Valerius yesterday she smil'd upon,
 And for his sake, she *Curtius* will disown ;
 A nearer Object snatches her esteem,
 And two years absence hath deformed him !
 But though my Brother be to me so dear,
 By care of him, I must not injure her ;
 My groundless jealousy concludes amiss,
 Who can change love at such a time as this ?
 How can a heart, receive a wound that's new,
 When such great shocks give it so much to do ?
 Yet from joy too, this fatal day deters,
 And from contentments which resemble hers.

J U L I A.

In me it equal wonder does produce,
 Nor do I know what can be her excuse ;
 'Tis Constancy enough, if we can wait
 Without impatience so severe a Fate,
 But 'tis too much, if we shall chearful grow.

S A B I N A.

See some good Genius sends her hither now,
 Her thoughts on this, engage her to reveal,
 From you her Friendship nothing can conceal ;
 I'll leave you—Sister talk with *Julia* now,

For

For I'm ashamed my weakness to avow ;
 And so much sorrow does my heart invade,
 That I must hide it in some secret shade. *Exit.*

SCEN. II.

Julia, Camilla.

CAMILLA.

Why does she wish I should with you converse,
 Does she believe my trouble less than hers ?
 Or more insensible of this sad day,
 Does she conclude I have no tears to pay ?
 With equal terrour I am threaten'd too,
 And I shall lose as much as she can do :
 The man to whom I did my heart resign,
 Must for his Country die, or ruine mine :
 And all that I can love (such is my fate !)
 Must now deserve my sorrow or my hate.
 Alas ! —

JULIA.

Yet her affliction is more strange,
 We may a Lover not a Husband change ;
 Receive *Valerius* love, *Curtius* forget,
 And you'll no more the other side regret ;
 But wholly Ours, and recompos'd within,
 You'll nothing have to lose, when *Rome* does win.

CAMILLA.

Ah give me Council more legitimate,
 Nor teach me with a Crime to shun my Fate ;
 For though my tide of Woes I scarce can stem,
 I rather would endure than merit them.

JULIA.

Can you believe a prudent change a fault ?

CAMILLA.

And can you think a Perjury is not ?

JULIA.

What can engage us to our mortal foes ?

CAMIL-

CAMILLA.

But what can disengage what honour owes?

JULIA.

You would in vain disguise a thing design'd,
And which *Valerius* yesterday did find;
For the reception you to him did give,
Hath made his late repining hope revive.

CAMILLA.

If to *Valerius* I then paid respect,
You nothing thence must for his hope collect;
Another subject did my joies produce,
But I your error now will disabuse;
And for my *Curtius* keep a flame too sure,
Such a suspicion longer to endure.

You know his Sister was no sooner led,
By happy marriage, to my Brother's Bed,
But that my Father (prest by him) desir'd,
I should reward the love I had inspir'd:
That time produc'd happy and fatal things;
At once our marriage, and the War resolv'd,
Our hopes created, and those hopes dissolv'd;
It promis'd all, and then snatch'd all away,
It makes us Foes, and Lovers in a day:
How violent our grief did then appear,
How many blasphemies Heav'n then did hear,
And from my Eyes how many Rivers fell,
I tell you not, you saw our last farewell.
The trouble of my Soul, you since have seen,
And of my vows for Peace have witness been;
At every news in my distracted breast,
My Country and my Lover did contest;
Toss'd with uncertain thoughts, I fled for ease
To the relief of sacred Oracles:
Judge if what yesterday I did obtain,
Might not assure my drooping heart again;
That famous Greek who at the *Aventine* dwells,
And Heav'n's dark purposes to men foretels,
He whom *Apollo* never yet betray'd,

By

By this reply my stormy thoughts allay'd.

" *Alba* and *Rome* to morrow changing face

" Shall to thy wish'd for peace at last give place;

" And to thy *Curtius* thou shalt then bety'd,

" So as no Fortune, ever shall divide.

I wholly on this answer did depend

And finding it my utmost hopes transcend,

My Soul to raptures of Contentment flew,

Beyond what happiest Lovers ever knew.

Judge of their height; *Valerius* then I met,

And could ev'n him behold without regret:

He spoke of Love too, and I that could hear,

And never thought *Valerius* had been there;

His Courtship could from me no anger draw,

For every thing seem'd *Curtius* that I saw.

I thought all sounds told me how he did burn,

And all my answers Eccho'd my return.

The general Field which must to day be fought,

I yesterday had heard, but minded not;

My Soul those fatal Objects did reject,

And still on peace and marriage did reflect:

But Night those charming errors has expell'd,

And made my Soul to dreadful Visions yield,

Wherein vast heaps of horror, Floods of Gore

Did rob my Joy, and all my fear restore:

I saw men dying, and then lost the fight,

A Ghost appear'd, and then it took it's flight;

The fatal shades, each others shape suppress,

And by confusion terror did increase.

JULIA.

An opposite construction dreams require:

CAMILLA.

I would believe what I so much desire;

But I and all my hopes of good success

Find this a day of Battel, not of Peace.

JULIA.

'Twill end the War, and then a peace is sure.

C c c c

CAMILLA

CAMILLA.

The pain is less then such a guilty cure.
 If *Rome*, or *Alba* must defeated be,
 Dear *Curtius* can have no pretence to me ;
 No it *Camilla* never can become
 To wed the Conquerour, or Slave of *Rome*.
 But what new Object does my sight surprize !
 Is it thee *Curtius* ? may I trust my Eyes ?

SCEN. III.

Curtius, Camilla, Julia.

CURTIUS.

Camilla doubt it not, that Man is come
 Neither the Conquerour, nor Slave of *Rome* ;
 Nor think he could before your face have stood
 With Roman Fetters charg'd, or Roman blood.
 Glory and *Rome*, you love at such a rate,
 You would despise my chain, and Conquest hate ;
 And since alike in an extream so great
 I fear'd a Victory, and a defeat—

CAMILLA.

'Tis enough *Curtius*, I can guess thy aim,
 Thou fly'st a Field so fatal to thy Flame ;
 Rather then me, thy amorous heart would lose,
 It to thy Countrey does thy Sword refuse.
 Let others make reflections on thy Fame,
 And if they please, so great a passions blame ;
 I can no quarrel have to this design,
 What most thy Love shews, most obliges mine :
 And if to *Alba* succour that denies,
 'Tis to make me the greater Sacrifice.
 But hast thou seen my Father ? and could he
 Allow his house should thy retirement be ?
 Does Policy or Nature him o'recome ?
 And which is dearest to him, me, or *Rome* ?

And

And to assure our Fortune let me know,
Did he appear a Father, or a Foe?

CURTIUS.

With as much Kindness my approach he saw
As could be challeng'd by a Son-in-Law :
But me, he hath not by a treason seen,
Which had unworthy his alliance been.
I quit not *Alba*, by adoring you,
But keep my passion, and my honour too;
And all the War, your *Curtius* hath not been
A better Lover than a Citizen ;
Nor to his Countries Cause could Love prefer,
But whilest he sigh'd for you, he Fought for her.
And if we must that sad contest renew,
I still must fight for her, and sigh for you.
Yes, and in spite of all my passions charms,
Did the War last, I should be now in Arms.
But a new Peace gives me this free access,
And 'tis to that, we owe this happiness.

GAMILLA.

O! Who can faith to such a wonder give?

JULIA.

At least you may, your Oracle believe,
And may discover by this good success,
This day of battel ha's produc'd a peace.

CURTIUS.

Who could have thought it? the two Armys met,
And Both to Fight resolv'd with equal heat,
When our Dictator 'twixt both Armys stands,
And a short audience from your Prince demands.
"Romans (said he then) whence comes all this rage?
"What fury makes us thus in Arms engage?
"At least let Reason our Instructor be,
"Our daughters are your Wives, your Neighbors
"Hymen so much our union did pursue, (we;
"That our Sons challenge Grand-Fathers in you:
"We but one Kintred, and one People are,
"Why should we tear our selves with Civil Wars?
"Where

" Where he that Conquers loses too, and wears
 " His noblest Lawrel water'd with his Tears.
 " Our common Foes expect this Bloody Day,
 " That they that win it, may become their Prey ;
 " Nor can the Guilty Conqu'rouer that avoid,
 " Having himself his own defence destroy'd.
 " They smile to see us thus our Force abuse,
 " Which against them we should more Nobly use :
 " Let us these little discords then forsake,
 " Which so bad Kinsmen of good Souldiers make.
 " But if a thirst of Empire be the Cause
 " Which either People to this madness draws,
 " If with less Slaughter that may be supply'd,
 " It will unite us, rather than divide :
 " Let either City Combatants design,
 " And all her Fortune to their Swords resign,
 " And as of them the Gods shall then ordain,
 " Let the weak yield, and let the stronger Reign ;
 " But so, as blushes to the Loser sav'd,
 " They may Subjected be, but not enslav'd,
 " And to no shame, or Tribute condescend,
 " But on the Victor's Standards to attend.
 " Thus our two States, we may one Empire call :
 He said no more, but this affected all :
 Each on the hostile Ranks casting his Eyes,
 A Friend, a Kinsman, or a Brother spies ;
 They wonder how their greedy anger flew,
 In their own blood their weapons to embrew ;
 And this reflection on each brow did write,
 Heat for the choice, and horror for the Fight.
 At length this offer through the Squadrons born,
 On these conditions, the wish'd peace was sworn ;
 Three fight for each, but the Commanders take
 More leisure this important choice to make :
 Ours to the Camp, yours to the Senate went.

CAMILLA.

Oh Gods ! how much you study my Cotnent !

CUR.

CURTIIUS.
 'Tis the agreement, that within two hours
 Our Champion's Fortune must determine; Ours is
 Till they are nam'd; I we freely go and mingle;
 Rome in our Camp is; and our Camp in Rome;
 And since no Orders now access refuse, as
 His old acquaintance every man renews;
 I (by my passion led) your Brothers found;
 And my Love since, with such success is crown'd;
 That now your Fathers word my hope allows;
 We shall to-morrow joyn our Marriage Vows;
 You'll not, I trust, dispute what he commands;

CAMILLA.

A Daughters duty in obedience stands;
CURTIIUS.
 Come then, that pleasing Order now receive
 Which must an end to all my sufferings give.

CAMILLA.

I go, in hope my Brothers there to see, nor
 And know the Period of our Misery.

JULIA.
 Be that your way, the Temple shall be mine;
 Where for you both, I'll praise the powers divine.

Exit.

ACT II. SCEN. I.

Horace, and Curtius.

CURTIIUS.
THus Rome hath not divided her esteem;
 Another choice to her unjust would seem;
 You, and your Brothers, this proud City calls;
 The greatest Souldiers that are in her Walls;
 And whilst before all, she you three prefers;
 She all our Houses braves with one of hers;
 And one may think, as this Election runs,

Rome hath no Souldiers, but your Fathers Sons :
 By this, three Families must raise their Name,
 And nobly consecrate themselves to Fame :
 Yes, by this choice we so much Honour see
 Giv'n to one House, as might Eternize three ;
 And since in yours, my Fortune and my Flame
 Hath plac'd a Sister, and a Wife does claim,
 You justly may expect Concerns in me,
 From what I am, and what I am to be :
 But yet another reason does constrain
 My Joy, and mingles with it much of pain ;
 For your fam'd courage to that pitch is flown,
 That *Alba's* fall already I bemoan.
 Her loss is certain now ; and naming you,
 Ev'n Destiny her self hath sworn it too.
 In this Election I read *Alba's* doom,
 And count my self a Subject now of *Rome*.

HORACE.

'Tis *Rome*, not *Alba*, your compassion claims,
 Viewing whom she rejects, and whom she names ;
 Her partial favour may her Fortune lose,
 Who having so much choice, so ill does chuse :
 A thousand braver Sons she had then we,
 Who might with more success her Champions be.
 But though my ruine in this choice I find,
 With noble Pride it elevates my Mind ;
 My Heart's assurance gathers mighty scope,
 And from my little courage, much I hope ;
 Which howsoever fate intends to treat,
 I cannot think my self your subject yet :
Rome hopes too well of me, and therefore I
 Will answer that great trust, or for it dye.
 He yet will dye, or vanquish, seldom fails ;
 That brave despair most commonly prevails :
 How e're it be, she never shall obey
 Till my last gasp says, I have lost the Day.

CURTIUS.

Alas ! my Fortune only calls for Tears,

Since

Since what my Countrey hopes, my friendship fears;
 Cruel extreams ! *Alba* must be subdu'd,
 Or else her Triumph with your blood embrew'd,
 And all the Glory for which she has fought,
 Can onely with so dear a Life be bought;
 What can I wish, or what event desire,
 Since either so much sorrow will require
 And every way I see my hopes deny'd.

HORACE.

Would you regret me if for *Rome* I dy'd ?
 A Death so noble, lovely does appear;
 And is too Glorious to endure a Tear:
 Nay I should court it, and my ruine bless;
 If *Rome* by my defeat would suffer less.

CURTIUS.

But yet you may allow your friends to fear
 What will to them at least be so severe;
 They suffer in your glory, and one fate
 Makes you Immortal, them unfortunate.
 He loses all, who such a Friend must lose.
 But hither *Flavius* comes, and brings us news.
 Hath *Alba's* Council yet her Champions chose ?

SCEN. II.

Horace, Curtius, Flavius.

FLAVIUS.

I come to tell you.

CURTIUS.

Well, and who are those ?

FLAVIUS.

You, and your Brothers.

CURTIUS.

Who ?

FLAVIUS.

Ev'n they, and you :

But

But why so stern, and so unpleas'd a Brow?
Does this offend you?

CURTIVS. No, but does surprize;

The honour much above my Merit flies;

FLAVIVS. Must the Dictator (who me hither sent)
Be told you hear it with this discontent?

This cold reception me too does surprize.

CURTIVS. Tell him in spite of Loves and Friendships ties,
Yet *Curtius*, and his Brothers mean to fight
Against the *Horaces*, for *Alba's* Right.

FLAVIVS. Against them! 'tis too much! but tell me how.

CURTIVS. Carry my answer back, and leave me now.

Exit Flavins

SCEN. III.

Horace, and Curtius.

CURTIVS.

Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, now all engage
To act against us their united rage;
Let Gods, and Men, and Fate, and Devils too,
Prepare against us all that they can do;
Yet to reduce us to a worse Estate,
I dare defie Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, and Fate:
Horror it self, hath somewhat less severe
Then this our dismal Honour does appear.

HORACE.

Fortune hath careful of our Glory been,
And gives a noble Scene to shew it in;
Laboriously she forms us a distress
Somewhat proportion'd to our Courages:
No vulgar thought she dots in us survey,

Exit

And

And therefore treats us in no common way.
 For publick safety to attaque a Foe,
 And singly fight a man we do not know;
 Is what a vulgar vertue may beget,
 Thousands have done it, and may do it yet;
 Who would not for their Country lose their breath?
 Nay would not factious grow for such a death?
 But to resign her all that can be dear,
 And from our bosoms half our hearts to tear;
 With a destructive fury to pursue
 A Sister's Lover, a Wife's Brother too,
 And breaking all these knots to fight with him,
 Whose life we would, with our own blood, redeem;
 This is a vertue only fit for us,
 And for which few will be solicitous:
 Few men have hearts of that exalted frame,
 That dare at such a rate pretend to Fame.

CURTIUS.

'Tis true, time never shall our names deface,
 And we the brave occasion must embrace;
 Of a rare Vertue we shall mirrours be,
 But yours seems somewhat barbarous to me:
 There are not many Heros would grow vain
 By this harsh way, Eternity to gain.
 How much soe're you prize that empty noise,
 Obscurity were now the better choice:
 I dare avow it; and you might have seen
 I have not doubtful in my duty been:
 Nor could my friendship, nor my love prevail,
 To hold my Mind in an uncertain Scale.
 But since my Country by her Vote does shew
 She values me as much as yours does you:
 I hope to do, what you; or dare, or can,
 My Heart's as great, but I am still a man.
 I see my death alone your Fame secures,
 And that my honour lies in acting yours;
 I must shed blood, with which I would combine,
 So cross are all my Country's Stars to mine:

Though no weak terrour can my heart dissuade,
 Yet dismal horror does it now invade ;
 I mourn my fate, and envy theirs that are
 Already swallow'd by this greedy War.
 I would not call this sad, fierce honour back,
 Which can't o'rethrow the heart it does attaque ;
 What I gain thence I like, mourn what I miss,
 And if *Rome* calls for firmer thoughts than this,
 I thank the Gods that I no Roman am,
 Lest all things humane I should then disclaim.

H O R A C E.

Though you're no Roman, yet deserve to be,
 And better shew how much you equal me ;
 That solid Virtue which I make my boast,
 By any weaker tincture would be lost :
 His race of Honour is but ill design'd,
 Who at first start begins to look behind ;
 Our suffering to the highest pitch is brought,
 I can see through it, but I tremble not.
 Where e're my Country will my arm employ,
 I must accept it with implicate joy ;
 The glory of receiving such Commands,
 Every reflection but it self withstands ;
 He who room then for other thoughts can find,
 Does what he ought with too remiss a mind ;
 That sacred tie, must others uncreate,
Rome arming me, I nothing must debate ;
 Nor did I wed thy Sister with more joy,
 Than now I'll seek her Brother to destroy :
 And this superfluous language to give o're,
 Yare *Alba's* choice, nor must I know you more.

C U R T I U S.

Yet to my torment, I must still know you,
 But this rough Virtue yet I never knew ;
 And in this sad extremity of Fate
 Let me admire it, but not imitate.

H O R A C E.

No, no, embrace not Virtue by constraint ;
 And

And since you find such pleasure in complaint,
 Freely enjoy it, and for your content,
 My Sister comes to help you to lament :
 I'll visit yours, and hope to make her know
 What generous things becomes my Wife to do ;
 That if I fall, she may to you be kind,
 And bear her sorrows with a Roman mind.

SCEN. IV.

Horace, Curtius, Camilla.

Horace to Camilla.

Know you how glorious *Curtius* is to be?

CAMILLA.

Alas ! how treacherous is my Destiny !

HORACE.

Now by your constancy your birth confess,
 And if my death allows him the success,
 Let him not be your Brother's Murtherer thought,
 But a brave man that does but what he ought,
 Who serves his Country nobly, and does shew
 By that great way how much he merits you ;
 Conclude your match as if I were alive ;
 But if this Sword shall him of life deprive,
 My conquest then with equal candour use,
 Nor of your Lover's death my hand accuse.
 I see your grief by your approaching tears,
 Exhale with him your sorrows and your fears ;
 Quarrel with Heaven and Earth, of Fate complain ;
 But the fight done, no more regret the slain ;
 You but a minute must with her bestow, (*To Curtius*)
 And then where Honour calls us let us go.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

*Camilla, Curtius,***CAMILLA.**

But wilt thou go, and this sad *Fame* possess
At the expence of all our happiness?

CURTIUS.

Alas! what'ere I do, I find that I
Must by my grief, if not by *Horace*, die;
But as my Torture I this Honour see,
And curse the favour *Alba* does to me;
I hate that courage which she so esteems,
Nay my despairing passion impious seems,
And dares accuse the gods for all this woe,
I mourn our Fortune, but yet I must go.

CAMILLA.

No, thou would'st have me all my interest use,
And thee to *Alba* by my power excuse:
Thy former Acts have thee so famous made,
That to thy Country all thy debts are paid;
None better hath than thou the War upheld,
Nor with more deaths cover'd the guilty field.
Thy Name can be no greater than it is,
Suffer some other now t'ennoble his.

CURTIUS.

What shall my Eies anothers Temples see
Bound with those Lawrels *Fame* prepares for me:
Or by Posterity shall it be thought,
Alba had conquer'd, if I would have fought?
No, since to me she dares entrust her doom,
She shall by me or fall, or overcome:
A good account I'll of her Fortune give,
And die with honour, or with conquest live.

CAMILLA.

But to betray me then, thy love endures!

CURTIUS.

I was my Country's ere I could be yours.

CAMILLA.

Wilt thou thy Sisters misery create,
And widow her ? —

CURTIUS.

Such is my cruel Fate :

Brother and Sister, names so sweet before,
By *Alba's* choice, and *Rome's*, are so no more.

CAMILLA.

Wilt thou present me with my Brother's head,
And on that step mount to the Bridal bed ?

CURTIUS.

All I dare think (so dear my fame will cost)
Is still to love, though all my hope be lost.
You weep my Dear —

CAMILLA.

How can I tears avoid,
Who by my cruel Lover am destroy'd ?
When *Hymen* would his kindled Torch have lent,
He puts out that, to dig my Monument ;
This savage heart, my ruine can decree,
And says he loves, when yet he murders me.

CURTIUS.

How eloquent are tears from eyes we love !
How strong does Beauty with that succour prove !
My heart dissolves at such a mournful sight,
Nor against that can all my vertue fight :
Strike not my Fame in this subduing shape,
But let my honour from your tears escape ;
I feel it shake, and scarce defend the place,
For *Curtius* to the Lover yields apace ;
With Friendship it hath had enough to do,
And must it strive with Love, and Pity too ?
Go, love me not, nor one tear more expose
For him that dares offend such charms as those ;
I better with your anger should have fought,
And to deserve it all, I love you not :
Punish this treacherous, this ingrateful heart,
At such an injury do you not start ?

F f f f

I

I do not love you, can you me endure?
Needs there more yet? my Faith I here abjure.
O! rigid Virtue! at whose shrine I fall,
Must thou a Crime to thy assistance call?

CAMILLA.

Commit no more, and I the gods attest,
My love shall not be lessen'd, but increas'd,
My kindness shall ev'n in thy falshood live,
All but a Brother's death I can forgive:
Why am I Roman? or why art thou none?
That I my self might put thy Lawrels on;
I should thy valour heighten not forbid,
And treat thee just as I my Brother did:
But ah! how blind I now those vows esteem,
Since against thee were all I made for him!
But he returns, O! may *Sabina* be
More prevalent with him than I'm with thee.

SCEN. VI.

Curtius, Camilla, Horace, Sabina.

CURTIUS.

Sabina too! my heart to undermine,
And with *Camilla* must you Sister join?
Leaving her tears her Brother to attaque,
Hope you by yours to call my purpose back?

SABINA.

No Brother, no, I only visit you
To give you my embrace and last adieu;
Your blood's too good, nor need you apprehend
From me what can your great resolves offend;
If either were by this brave shock o'rethrown,
He that first yielded, I should first disown.
But may not I one favour beg of you,
Worthy this Brother, and this Husband too?
I wish your quarrel might less impious grow,
And would refine the glory of the blow,

That

That free from guilt, it might no splendour miss,
 I would fain make you lawful Enemies :
 I the sole link am of your sacred knot,
 Which will unty, as soon as I am not ;
 Break then the chain whence that alliance grows,
 And since your Honour now will have you Foes,
 Buy by my death right to each others hate,
 And *Rome's* and *Alba's* Vote legitimate ;
 Your hand destroying, his revenging me,
 Your Combat will appear no Prodigy ;
 And one at least will justly stake his life,
 That he may right his Sister, or his Wife :
 But what? you think your Fame would be less bright,
 If for another quarrel you should fight;
 Your Country's cause will no new heats admit,
 Did you love less, you would act less for it.
 A Brother you must kill, a lov'd one too,
 Well then, defer not what you ought to do ;
 But by his Sister him begin to kill,
 Or by his Wife his blood begin to spill ;
 And by *Sabina's* blood, if her you prize,
 Make your own lives the braver sacrifice :
 You are a Foe to *Rome*, to *Alba* you,
 And my aversion to them both is due.
 What must I live to such a Victory,
 Whose highest triumph will but let me see
 A Brother, or a Husband Lawrels wear,
 Reeking with blood that is to me so dear ?
 How shall I then decide my inward strife,
 Or well express the Sister and the Wife ?
 The Conqueror embrace, the conquer'd grieve ?
 No, no, *Sabina's* death shall her relieve,
 From whomsoever my grief that blow procures,
 And my hands must bestow it, if not yours.
 Go then, what does your savage hearts restrain,
 Against your will, I my desire shall gain,
 For you no sooner shall begin your blows,
 But you shall see this bosom interpose :

Nor

Nor shall your impious Swords your rage pursue,
Unless through me they make their way to you.

HORACE.

O Wife!

CURTIUS.

O Sister!

CAMILLA.

Courage! they dissolve!

SABINA.

What can you sigh? paleness your cheek involve?
What makes you shrink? are these the hearts so brave
Who in their hands the fates of Empire have?

HORACE.

Tell me *Sabina* what thy quarrel is,
That could deserve so sharp revenge as this?
Or against thee, what could my honour do,
That thou shouldst it so cruelly pursue?
But be content t'have forc'd it to a Bay,
And let me finish this important day;
Thou hast o're me a strange advantage got,
But as thou lov'st thy Husband triumph not;
Go then, a doubtful Victory were here unfit,
'Tis shame enough to have dispatched it.
O let me bravely end my daies at least.

SABINA.

Go, fear not me, thy party is increas'd.

SCEN.

And our greatest hope would be too dearly bought
If we were charged with one unworthy thought.

SCENE VII

Old HORACE, and all the rest.

OLD HORACE.

How's this my Son? trifling with Womens charms,
When Rome and Alba call you to your Arms?
You must shed blood, then why should tears surprize?
But shun th' infectious sorrow of their Eyes:
For if you stay, their cunning tenderness,
Will on you both, obtain the first success;
And in such Wars to flie is to subdue.

SABINA.

Fear nothing, Sir, they are too worthy you,
In spite of us, you in them both shall see,
All that your Son, and Son-in-law should be;
If our tears could an impression give,
We'll them to your severer vertue leave.
Come Sister, come, let's no more sorrow lose,
These Rocks will still resist such floods as those;
'Tis to despair alone that we must flie;
Go Tygers fight, we'll find a way to die.

SCENE VIII.

Old Horace, Young Horace, Currius.

YOUNG HORACE.

Sir, by your prudence their escape prevent;
Or they'll pursue us with their discontent,
And with a noise unwelcome and abrupt,
Their love and grief our fight will interrupt,
Which may give envy a pretence to stick
Upon our names, that poor and crafty trick?

G g g g

And

And our great choice would be too dearly bought,
If we were charg'd with one unworthy thought.

Old HORACE.

I shall be careful, go, your Brothers stay,
Think only what your Countries claim to day.

CURTIUS.

How shall I bid adieu, or by what art—

Old HORACE.

Ah! do not quite dissolve my trembling heart,
My tongue so sad a farewell does deny,
Nor can my heart thoughts strong enough supply;
See! ev'n my Eyes swell with unwilling tears,
Go, do your parts, and let the gods do theirs.

ACT III. SCEN. I.

Sabina alone.

I Must my party chuse in this sad strife,
And either be all Sister, or all Wife;
I'll no more vain divided cares express,
But somewhat wish, and fear a little less:
Yet ah! what party in this dismal Fate?
Can I a Husband, or a Brother hate?
Nature and love for each does intercede,
And sence of Honour for them both does plead:
Let their sublimer thoughts yet govern mine,
And so my different duries will combine:
Their Honour is the Object I'll adore,
Their Vertue imitate, and fear no more.
Since there's such beauty in the death they court,
I must unmov'd encounter the report,
And no more think my Fate compassion wants,
But weigh the Cause, and not the Combatants:
The Conquerors I'll with that gladness view,

As

As will from all their Family be due ;
 And not reflecting at whose bloods expence,
 Their Vertues raise them to that eminence,
 I'll in their Houses fame concern'd appear;
 Here I am Wife, and am a Daughter there,
 And to each party am so strictly ty'd,
 That I must be on the triumphant side,
 Fortune though thou art studious in thy spight,
 Yet I have had thy grace to extraordinary delight,
 And now can I see thee in the fight,
 Without despair, the Victors without pain.
 Flattering delusion I sweet, but gross deceit,
 My labouring Spirits, weak and flying, cheat;
 By whose false light my dazled Soul's misled,
 Alas how quickly is thy comfort fled!
 A flash of Lightning thus relieves the night,
 Making that darker by its hasty flight,
 As these faint beams of joy my Soul betray'd,
 But to involve it in a thicker shade,
 For Heav'n which saw my griefs; by this decrease,
 Hath dearly sold me this short minutes peace,
 And my griev'd heart from no one wound is free'd;
 At which a Husband, or a Brother bleed;
 Which sad reflection so much terror draws,
 I only view the Actors, not the Cause:
 Nor can the Conquerours fame salute my thought,
 But to remember with whose Blood 'twas bought;
 The vanquish'd Family claims all my care,
 Here I'm a Wife, and am a Daughter there,
 And to each party am so strictly ty'd,
 That I must be on the unhappy side.
 Is this the Peace I thought so long deferr'd?
 And thus great Gods have you my Prayers heard?
 What Thunder-bolts then can your anger find,
 Since you are thus cruel when you would be kind?
 Or which way will you punish an offence,
 If thus you treat the Vows of innocence?

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Sabina and Julia.

SABINA.

Is it done *Julia*? and what fatal news?
 Must I a Husband, or a Brother lose?
 Or to their impious Arms does this befall,
 That angry Heav'n has sacrific'd them all?
 And left my horror for the conquering side,
 Should ease my woes, must that too be deny'd?

JULIA.

To what is past are you a stranger yet?

SABINA.

I am; and can you be surpriz'd at it?
 Know you not *Julia*, that the House you see,
 A Prison for *Camilla* is and me?
 They here confine us both, and are afraid
 Our pious tears their fury should dissuade,
 And that the sorrows of our spotless love,
 Should in both Armies some compassion move.

JULIA.

They needed not such Orators as you,
 For they were hinder'd at their interview:
 No sooner they appear'd prepar'd to fight,
 But either Army murmur'd at the sight,
 To see such friends, persons so near ally'd,
 Their Country's quarrel chosen to decide;
 This man's with pity, that with horror fir'd,
 Another highly their brave heat admir'd;
 One with his praises imps their spacious Fame,
 Another calls it by a guilty Name.
 But yet their different thoughts have but one Voice
 To blame their Leaders, and detest the choice.
 All did this barbarous Combat so condemn,
 That with united haste they parted them.

SABI-

SABINA.

O Gods! what Incense my contentment owes!

JULIA.

Stay yet Sabina, ere you pay your Vows;

You may increase your hopes, abate your fears,

But there's enough still to deserve your Tears.

In vain, alas! the Champions they would save;

For they remain as obstinate as brave;

And their ambitious Souls were so much touch'd

With the great Glory which they now approach'd,

That what the Souldiers pity'd they ador'd,

And seem affronted, when they are deplor'd:

They think that kindness does their fame no right,

And with both Armies they will rather fight,

And by the hands that sever'd them be slain,

Than give their Countreys honours back again.

SABINA.

Can so much cruelty their bosoms fill!

JULIA.

It did, but yet both Armies marmur'd still,

And universally their purpose held

To ask new Champions, or a general Field:

The Leaders presence they no longer fear'd,

Their power scarce valu'd, or their Voices heard:

Th' amazed King this mischief to oppose,

Since every one (says he) enraged grows,

Let us on this consult the powers above;

What impious man dares their command disown,

When they in sacrifice have made it known?

He us'd no more words, but these were commands;

They snatch the Arms from the six Champions hands,

And that blind thirst of Fame they so intend,

Sence of Religion does a while suspend;

By some new scruple, or a great respect,

Our Princes Counsel they resolve t' effect;

Which in both Camps so great a Reverence found,

As if both Nations had our Tullus Crown'd.

The Victims death will give us farther light.

H h h h

S A

SABINA.

The Gods will never own that Guilty Fight;
From this delay some new hopes may be drawn,
And sure my happiness begins to dawn.

SCENE III.

SABINA.

I have news sister, that will please you much.

CAMILLA.

I think I know it, if you call it such;
My Father heard it now, and so did I;
But nothing thence my hopes can fortify:
This delay'd mischief threatens fiercer blows,
And does but lengthen out too certain woes;
And by the hinderance of this new Contest,
Our tears are but suspended, not suppress'd.

SABINA.

This Tumult was not vainly stirr'd.

CAMILLA.

But vainly they have of the Gods enquir'd;
For the same Gods guided our Princes choice;
Nor speak they often in the Peoples Voice;
Their counsel shines not in a Vulgar Brest,
But Kings that represent them know it best;
In whose Supream Authority we see
A secret Ray of their Divinity.

JULIA.

You will contribute to your own distress
To seek their will, but in their Oracles;
And that which yesterday believ'd your Care,
May serve to day to banish your despair.

CAMILLA.

An Oracle is so wrapt up in doubt,
The more we guess, the less we find it out;

There's

There's nothing certain in this world, but this remark, who
Who thinks all clear, must know that all is dark.

Let's give our confidence a larger scope,

And entertain a reasonable hope;

When Heaven begins to grant what we have sought;

They that distrust its smiles deserve them not;

We hinder often what we so suspect,

And send back comfort by that rude neglect.

Heaven governs us without our own consents,

And we are passive in these great events.

Hope then with me, that when we meet again,

A gentler Thean our thoughts shall entertain;

And that this evening with a welcome care,

We for your marriage only shall prepare.

I hope as much!

Th' event will shew us whose presage is true.

Th' event will shew us whose presage is true.

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SCEN. IV.

Sabina, Camilla.

SABINA.

Sister, your sorrows I must needs condemn;

Unless their causes did more warrant them;

What would you do, and at what rate lament;

Had you my reason for your discontent,

And if from what these fatal Arms design,

Your losses could be thought as great as mine?

Let both our sorrows equally be known;

For

For we are all too partial to our own ;
 But when compar'd to my distress'd extreams,
 Your griefs will seem but melancholy dreams :
 A Husband's danger is your only care,
 With whom your Brothers never can compare,
 When to another Family ally'd,
 From our own kinred we are quite unty'd :
 Parents with Husbands no dispute admit,
 To follow these, we those can gladly quit :
 But love when by a Father's will made good,
 Is less than marriage, yet not less than blood ;
 And so betwixt them our concern is lost,
 Our choice suspended, and our wishes lost.
 But you may find a way amidst your fears,
 To raise your wishes, and restrain your tears :
 When if Heav'n still its cruelty intend,
 I can wish nothing, but all apprehend.

S A B I N A.

Against each other when such foes are bent,
 There's small conviction in your argument ;
 For blood as well as marriage is a Knot,
 We quit our Kinred, but forget them not :
 Never does *Hymen* Nature undermine,
 Who loves her Husband, does not hate her Line.
 Since neither tie will their pretensions lose,
 When life's concern'd, one knows not what to chuse ;
 On this side, and on that, by turns we fall,
 Extremity of sorrow equals all :
 Whereas a Lover most esteem'd, is still
 But a dependent on your sovereign will,
 And a capricious or a jealous hour
 May make your rigour equal to your power ;
 What fancie can, your reason may persuade,
 So love no more will Nature's rights invade ;
 For 'tis a crime to pay no more respect
 To ties born with us, than those we elect.
 Thus if Heav'n's angry cloud will farther spread,
 I nothing have to hope, but all to dread.

But

But duty offers, (to dry up your Tears)
Aim for your wishes, Limits for your fears.

CAMILLA.

Ah! Sister, I perceive your settled Heart
Never knew Love, nor felt his venom'd Dart:
At first indeed we may the Boy resist,
Who once receiv'd, can never be dismiss'd;
When Duty to his flame does fuel bring,
He grows a Tyrant from a Lawful King;
He enters gently, but by force he reigns;
And when a heart once wears his golden chains,
To cast them off our wills too weak are grown,
Because that will no longer is our own:
The fetters glitter, but are fetters still—

SCEN. V.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla.

Old HOR.

Daughters I bring you news that's very ill;
But it would be in vain now to forbear,
Since you the fatal story soon must hear.
Your Brothers fight—for so the Gods ordain:

SAB.

I must confess it horror does contain;
And the Divinity had once my trust
To be more kind at least, if not more just.
Comfort us not, for reason tedious grows,
When such a tide of sorrow 't would oppose:
In our own hands, our remedy we have;
For who dares dye, may all misfortunes brave.
Perhaps we our despair might seem to scorn,
And with false constancy our selves adorn;
But when without a blush we may admit
Of grief, 'twere weakness to dissemble it:

Iiii

We

We to your sex can such a cunning spare,
 And will pretend only to what we are ;
 Nor expect we a courage of your strain
 Should stoop by our example to complain :
 Receive this cruel news without a groan,
 Behold our tears, and never mix your own ;
 And in a Fortune that is so Forlorn,
 Be still unmov'd, but suffer us to mourn.

OLD HORACE.

I think your tears so due to your distress,
 That all my Courage scarce can mine suppress;
 And ev'n that Virtue might surrender too,
 Were I as much concern'd in it, as you.
 Not that the *Alban* choice makes me so stern, [*To Sab.*
 To rob your Brothers of my first concern ;
 But friendship would in vain pretend to sway,
 When Love and Nature will dispute the Day ;
 And my heart no such tenderness receives,
 By which a Sister, or a Mistress grieves ;
 I can look on them as the publick Foes,
 And give my Sons, my undivided Vows ;
 I thank the Gods their Countrey without shame
 May assert them, as they have done their Fame ;
 I saw what Glory all their Brows adorn'd,
 When the compassion of both Camps they scorn'd ;
 If any weakness had that pity sought,
 Nay had they not abhorr'd so poor a thought,
 My arm for such a wrong to Vengeance bent,
 Had punish'd that degenerate content.
 But when the Field would needs the choice renew,
 I must confess, I then desir'd it too,
 And if relenting Heav'n had heard my voice,
Alba had been reduc'd to other choice ;
 The *Horaces* had then triumphant stood
 With Swords unstained in the *Curtian* Blood,
 And by a Combat less to Natures shame,
 Had sav'd the Honour of the Roman name.
 But otherwise the mighty Gods design,

And

And their high pleasure must determine mine.
 With generous thoughts I build my great resolve,
 And in the publick Int'rest mine involve ;
 Take you that course to stop your sorrows growth,
 Rememb'ring this that you are Romans both.
 *You are by birth, what *you by vows became *to Cam.
 And there's a noble Fortune in that Name. *to Sab.
 Rome shall hereafter to that Empire grow,
 That the whole World shall to her Ensigns bow ;
 The trembling Universe her Yoke shall bear,
 And Kings shall court the Title that you wear.
 This our *Æneas* from the Gods obtain'd. —

SCEN. VI.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla, Julia.

Old HOR.

Well, *Julia* know you, who the Day has gain'd?

JULIA.

I know how Fatally it does conclude,
 Rome now must stoop to *Alba's* servitude :
 Two of your Sons are by the *Albans* slain,
Sabina's Husband only doth remain ;
 Who startling at this too unequal fight,
 Himself preserv'd hath by his speedy flight.

Old HOR.

Ah fearful Courge ! heat without a flame !
 Thou to thy house hast brought Eternal shame !
 I those regret not who for their Country's slain,
 But him whose fear suffers to live ; in vain
 He hopes, by this base act, his Life to save,
 I'll quickly send him to his Brother's grave :
 I to Revenge am now so fully bent,

My

My steady heart will never it relent.

JULIA.

Can you him blame, in this unequal strife,
When hope is gone, to flye to save his life?
Valour o'repower'd, who will of fear condemn,
To shun that tyde of woes he cannot stem?
What would you have had him done?

HORACE.

Have dy'd,

And spent his life by his brave Brothers side.
Ah treacherous Destiny! that thou should'st give
A Son to me, *Rome's* freedom to our live.
The fight, true Courage never will forsake,
When his own Country's freedom lies at stake.

CAMILLA.

But has his hasty flight his life then sav'd?
Is famous *Rome* by *Alba* quite enslav'd?

JULIA.

After this passage I made no delay,
To tell you th' news I hastened away.

Old HORACE.

His fearful flight has so my honour stain'd,
That it by him can never be regain'd.

JULIA.

He fled not 'till all hopes were lost and vain,
His want of courage you need not complain.

Old HORACE.

He should have fought still, rous'd his Valour now,
Trusting to what the Pow'rs above might do;
If he had fallen, he had with honour dy'd,
And to his Name eternal Fame had ry'd.
But since he's fled, if I him ever see,
This hand his Executi'ner shall be,
And by that deed shall to the world make known,
At what a rate his action I disown.

SABINA.

Ah Sir! a little check this generous heat,
And do not make our miseries compleat.

Old

Old HORACE.

Your grief *Sabina* easie help endures,
 Since our afflictions are no longer yours;
 Heaven in our Sorrows yet excusing you,
 Hath sav'd your Husband; and your Brothers too:
 We are betray'd, but they have overcome,
 And 'tis your Country hath subjected Rome;
 And in the lustre of your Brothers fame,
 You lose the sight of all our loss and shame:
 But your concern for this unworthy Man shall give
 You quickly cause as well as us to grieve;
 Your tears for him will no protection prove,
 For here I swear by all the powers above,
 These very hands, e're night invade the day,
 Shall in his Blood wash *Rome's* disgrace away. *Exit.*

SABINA.

Let's follow him, lest rage his reason blind;
 O Gods! and will you never more be kind!
 Must every hour new blows to us impart,
 And still from hands that much increase the smart?

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Old *Horace*, and *Camilla*.

Old HORACE.

Go, no more breath for such a Coward lose,
 Let him flye me as he has done his foes;
 To save that wretched Life he held so dear,
 He has done little; if he now appear,
Sabina may prevent it, or I vow
 By all the Powers to which we mortals bow-----

CAMILLA.

Oh Sir! this cruel thought no more pursue,
 Or *Rome* her self will kinder be than you,
 K k k k And

And she as much as she by this does lose;
Valour oppress'd by number will excuse.

Old HORACE.

I'm not concern'd what mercy Rome confers,
I have a Father's rights distinct from hers;
And know what genuine Vertue would have done;
It might be worsted, but not trampled on;
True valour never knows a base alloy,
And though it lose, can never yield the day.
But let us hear what does *Valerius* bring.

SCEN. II.

Old *Horace*, *Camilla*, *Valerius*.

VALERIUS.

I'm sent to wait upon you from the King,
Who mourns your loss—

Old HORACE.

That merits not his care,
And I the needless complement can spare;
I my Sons deaths rather than shame would know,
And tears than blushes better can allow;
They that are slain, like men of honour dy'd,
And that's enough—

VAL.

But they are all supply'd
By him that lives, and his immortal Fame.

Old HOR.

Would he had perish'd too, and all my Name!

VAL.

Can only you his Virtue dis-esteem?

Old HOR.

'Tis I alone that ought to punish him.

VAL.

And what offence has in his conduct been?

Old HOR.

But what great Vertue in his flight was seen?

VAL.

V.A.L.
Flight in this case wears an illustrious Name.

Old H.O.R.
Why do you cover my gray hairs with shame?
Th' Example's rare indeed, and few would die,
If men could catch bright honour when they fly.

V.A.L.
Do you a shame, and a confusion call,
T' have had a Son who has preserv'd us all;
Who with new triumphs did Rome's Empire save?
What greater honour could a Father have?

Old H.O.R.
What Honours and what Triumphs brings he home,
When *Alba* must dispose the Fate of *Rome*?

V.A.L.
What great success of *Alba* has appear'd?
Or have you yet but half the story heard?

Old H.O.R.
Was not the Combat ended by his flight?

V.A.L.
So *Alba* thought at that mistaken fight,
But she soon found, he fled but as became
A man entrusted with his Country's Fame;

H.O.R.
Does *Rome* triumph?

V.A.L.
O! his great story hear;

To whom you so unjustly are severe.
When he against three Foes was left alone,
Each of them having wounds, he having none;
Too weak for all, too strong for either's rage;
He dext'rously himself did dis-engage;
The stratagem of seeming flight he try'd,
And so th' abused Brothers does divide;
They all pursue, yet not with equal haste,
But as their wounds permit them, slow or fast:
Horace looks back his scatter'd Foes upon,
Whom he already thinks half overthrown.

He

He waits your Son-in-law, for he was first;
 Who much incens'd to see that so he durst,
 His utmost braving does in vain express,
 For his lost Blood deny's him the success;
Alba, whose hopes with *Curtius* strength decay'd,
 Soon his next Brother summons to his aid,
 Who hastening to his rescue finds too late,
 He was preceded by his Brother's fate.

CAMILLA:
Alas *VALERIUS*:

Yet breathless his revenge begun,
 But quickly gives new conquest to your Son;
 Who soon defeated all the Arts he try'd,
 And laid him gasping by his Brothers side:
 The Air resounds with noises thither sent
 From *Roman* Joy, and *Alban* discontent.
 Our Hero, when so near his triumph drew,
 Not only conquers now, but braves them too:
 I to my Brothers shades give what is past,
 But to thee *Rome* I sacrifice this last;
 Accept dear Country; this so noble Blood;
 (Says he,) and flies to make his promise good.
 The victory did scarce admit suspense,
 The wounded *Alban* making small defence,
 But as a Victim to the Altar goes,
 And his Throat offers to the deadly blows;
 So he gave up his undefended breath,
 Securing *Rome's* Dominion by his Death.

Old HORACE:
 O! my brave Son! true heir of all renown,
 Onely supporter of a falling Crown!
 O Vertue worthy of *Rome's* boast and mine!
 Thy Country's succour, glory of thy Line!
 When into tenderness shall I convert,
 All my injustice to thy great desert?
 When shall I my repenting kindness show,
 And with glad tears bathe thy victorious Brow!

VAL

V A L.

That your Endearments may soon find a place;
 The King will hasten him to your Embrace;
 And therefore till to morrow is delay'd
 The Sacrifice which must to heav'n be paid;
 This day no other Gratitude allows,
 But Songs of Triumph, and the publick Vows;
 Where *Horace* waits the King, by whom I'm sent
 To ease your Grief, and heighten your content:
 But this is not enough for him to pay,
 He'll come himself, and that perhaps to day.
 This noble action does oblige him so,
 That his own thanks he will on you bestow,
 Who have resign'd your Sons to save his Throne.

Old H O R.

That honour is too great for me to own;
 And I'm requited, by what you have said,
 For all the Blood my Sons have spilt or shed.

V A L.

The King, who no imperfect bounty knows,
 His rescu'd Scepter from insulting Foes
 Values so much, that all that he can do,
 He thinks below either your Son or You:
 But I shall tell him with what noble fire
 Heroick Vertue does your Soul inspire,
 And how much Loyal Zeal to him you bear.

Old H O R.

You'l much oblige me by so kind a care.

SCEN. III.

Old Horace, Camilla.

Old H O R.

Daughter, your Tears are out of season now,
 And misbecome the place where Honours grow;

Domeſtick loſſes we may well excuſe,
 When they do publick Victories produce :
 It is enough, *Rome* does o're *Alba* ſway,
 And all our ſufferings that one word muſt pay :
 You but a man loſt when your Lover fell ;
 Whom you may quickly now repair as well.
 What noble Roman after this ſucceſs,
 But would be proud to make you an addreſs ?
 But to *Sabina* I this news muſt bear,
 Whoſe blow muſt needs be very rude to her ;
 And her three Brothers by her Husband ſlain,
 Will give her much more reaſon to complain :
 But I deſpair not to appeaſe her yet,
 And ſhe who is ſo brave, and ſo diſcreet,
 Will without pain her generous Soul diſpoſe
 To that ſubmiſſion which her honour owes.
 Till when ſuppreſs your grief you now reſent,
 Nor entertain him with this diſcontent :
 In brief, let him a Siſter meet, and find
 In the ſame blood, the ſame heroick mind.

SCEN. IV.

CAMILLA.

Yes, I ſhall quickly to that Brother prove,
 That none can fear to die, who dares to love ;
 Nor can ſubmit to thoſe ſtern Parents ſway,
 Whom cruel Heav'n condemns us to obey.
 You blame my grief, you call it mean and poor,
 But in revenge I'll cheriſh it the more.
 Relentleſs Father ! and my tears ſhall flow,
 Till their ſtreams rapid as their cauſes grow ;
 Never did Fortune ſhift her treacherous part
 So many times to break a ſingle heart ;
 Sometimes ſhe flatter'd, and ſometimes did fright ;
 Never in one day, did one heart appear

So

So tofs'd, from grief to joy, from hope to fear :
 An Oracle assures, a Dream torments,
 The Battel threatens, and the Peace contents.
 Just on my Marriage Eve, the Cities chose
 My Lover and my Brother to be Foes :
 The Souldiers murmure, and revoke the choice,
 The gods again confirm it by their voice ;
 Rome seems subdu'd, and with my Brothers blood,
 My *Curtius* only unpolled stood.
 But did my Heart too little grief contain,
 To see my Country sloop, and Brothers slain ?
 Or did my Fancy give too large a scope,
 To love yet guiltless, and yet living hope ?
 His death revenges on me that abuse,
 With the sad way wherein I heard the news :
Valerius tells it, and to brave my Fate,
 The sad event does odiously relate :
 An open gladness did his visage dress,
 Less by *Rome's* glory caus'd than my distress ;
 Since by his Rival's death his hopes renew,
 He seems to share my Brother's triumph too.
 But this is nothing to my present wo,
 I am requir'd, with joy, to meet the blow :
 I to the Conqueror must my praise impart,
 And kiss a hand that stabs me to the heart :
 And when my grief so justly great appears,
 They place an infamy upon my tears :
 I must rejoice at what afflicts me thus,
 And to be noble, must be barbarous.
 But from this Father I'll degenerate,
 And will deserve this gallant Brother's hate :
 For humane frailty sure illustrious grows,
 When brutishness, for vertue they impose.
 Appear my griefs, why should you now forbear,
 When all is lost, what hath one left to fear ?
 This savage Conqueror I will not flye,
 But will upbraid him with his Victory ;

Offend

Offend his Conquest, irritate his rage,
And if ought can, let that my grief assuage :
He comes, let my just sorrow now disclose,
What to a Lover slain a Mistress owes.

Horace, Camilla.

HORACE.

Sister, this arm our Brothers has reveng'd,
And Rome's declining Destiny has chang'd ;
Has to Rome's sway subjected *Alba's* Fate,
And in one day dispos'd of either State.
Behold what Trophies I have won, and pay
What's due from you to such a glorious day.

CAMILLA.

Receive my tears then, which are all I owe.

HORACE.

Rome in her Triumphs will not those allow :
Bloud hath too well appeas'd our Brothers slain,
For you by tears to wash away their stain,
A loss that is reveng'd, should be forgot.

CAMILLA.

Since then our hapless Brothers need them not,
I shall not think my tears to them are due,
Who are so fully satisf'd by you.
But who will make my happiness return ?
Or call that Lover back for whom I mourn ?

HORACE.

How's that ?

CAMILLA.

My *Curtius*, ah too brave ! too dear !

HORACE.

Ha ! what are those audacious words I hear ?
Can my degenerate Sister then retain
Love for a publick Foe, whom I have slain ?

This

Thy guilty passion to revenge aspires,
 But govern better thy unjust desires;
 Remove my blushes, and thy flame suppress,
 And be in love only with my success:
 Let these great Trophies thy delight confine.

CAMILLA
 Give me, Barbarian, then, a heart like thine;
 And since my thoughts I can no more disclaim,
 Restore my *Curtius*, or excuse my flame;
 All my delight with his dear life is bound,
 I lov'd him living, and lament him dead.

If thou the Sister seek'st thou left'st behind,
 An injur'd Mistress only thou wilt find,
 Who like a Fury still must thee pursue,
 And still reproach thee with his murder too.
 Inhumane Brother! who forbid'st my tears;
 To whom my ruine such a joy appears:
 Who of thy cruel slaughters growing vain,
 Would'st have me kill my *Curtius* o're again:
 May such incessant sorrows follow thee,
 That thou may'st be reduc'd to envy me,
 And by some wretched action soon defame,
 Thy so ador'd, and yet so brutish Name.

HORACE.

O Heavens! who ever saw such raging love!
 Believ'st thou nothing can my temper move?
 And in my blood can I this shame permit?
 Love, love that blow which so ennobles it;
 And the remembrance of one man resign,
 To th' interests of *Rome*, if not to mine.

CAMILLA.

To *Rome*! the only object of my hate!
 To *Rome*! whose quarrel caus'd my Lover's Fate!
 To *Rome*! where thou wert born, to thee so dear,
 Whom I abhor, 'cause she does thee revere.
 May all her neighbours, in one knot combine,
 Her yet unsure foundations undermine;
 And if *Italian* Forces seem too small,

May East and West conspire to make her fall,
 And all the Nations of the barbarous World,
 To ruine her, b're Hills and Seas be hurl'd,
 Nor these loath'd Walls may her own fury spare,
 But with her own hands her own bowels tear;
 And may Heaven's anger kindled by my wo,
 Whole deluges of fire upon her throw;
 May my eyes for her Temples overturn'd,
 These Houses ashes, and thy Lawrels burn'd;
 See the last gasp which the last Roman draws,
 And die with joy for having been the cause.

HORACE.

CAMILLA.

Ah Traitor!

HORACE.

Perish, and be that their doom,
 Who dare lament an Enemy of Rome.

SCEN. VI.

Horace, Proculus.

PROCLUS.

What have you done?

HORACE.

An honourable act,
 Such an offence does such revenge exact.

CAMILLA.

FINIS.

